PREFACE.

The Bookſellers *to the* Reader.

IN *this Age of Learning, when the* WORKS *of the* Ingenious *are perpetually Collected and ſought after, by moſt Curious Perſons, we doubt not but the* Dramatick Writings *of the Famous Mr.* MOUNTFORT, *will be acceptable to all Encouragers of theſe Entertainments.*

The PLAYS *of this Gentleman have moſt of them paſs'd the Teſt of the Politeſt Audiences with Applauſe, and been favourably receiv'd by the greateſt Judges of Wit: The Criticks may find Fault with*

some Things; but upon the whole, the Impartial Reader will have a Pleasure, not generally to be met with in Plays that have appear'd since the Time he wrote.

To the Four Pieces under his Name, The Injur'd Lovers, *the* Successful Strangers, Greenwich Park, *and* Dr. Faustus, *we have annex'd,* King Edward the Third, *and* Henry the Second; *which tho' not wholly composed by him, it is presum'd he had, at least, a Share in fitting them for the Stage, otherwise it cannot be supposed he would have taken the Liberty of Writing Dedications to them; which we hope is sufficient Authority for this Freedom, notwithstanding* * *one of them was afterwards own'd by another Author.*

---

* Henry 2d by Mr. Bancroft.

SOME

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE

OF

Mr. W. MOUNTFORT.

R. *William Mountfort* was the Son of Captain *Mountfort*, a Gentleman of a good Family in *Staffordshire*; and he spent the greatest Part of his Younger Years in that County, without being bred up to any Em-

ployment; But on his arriving to Manhood, his Gaiety of Temper and Airy Disposition, which were very conspicuous, could not be easily restrain'd to the solitary Amusements of a Rural Life.

HE quitted the Country for the Town, and in the latter, made the THEATRE his Choice, to Recommend himself the more universally to the World: He first appear'd on the Stage in *Salisbury-Court*, and soon gain'd a great and deserved Reputation, as a Player; particularly in Acting the part of Sir *Courtly Nice*, in Mr. *Crown's* incomparable Play of that Name. He was a Person of a great deal of good Nature, and perfectly well bred; He well understood Musick, could sing very agreeably, and he Danc'd finely: His Company was desir'd by Persons of the best

Figure

Figure and Fashion, whom he was sure to Entertain, at the same time he Improv'd from them.

His great Ambition off the Stage as well as upon it, was to render himself acceptable to the Town: His Endeavours were at no time wanting to please, and he was generally as happy in pleasing, as in endeavouring it. He was very graceful in his Person, and for Vivacity, equal'd the greatest Comedian of his Time. As he had a good Share of Wit, he at length ventur'd to commence Author, having a Genius for Writing, and great Natural Abilities.

The Injur'd Lovers was his First Play, and Acted in the Year 1688. His Successful Strangers appear'd on the Stage in the Year 1690; and was

very well accepted by the Town; but his GREENWICH PARK, an excellent Comedy, first Represented *Anno* 1691, met with a Universal Applause, and is still acted with great Approbation. Thus his Fame had a gradual Encrease, the best Assurance of its being Lasting.

THE Life and Death of Doctor FAUSTUS has a great deal of low, but Entertaining Humour; it sufficiently shews his Talents that way; And as an Instance of his Satyrical Wit, on the Vices of the Age, particularly incident to the Pair Sex, I shall here insert part of the Character of *Don Francisco*, in his *Successful Strangers*: Speaking of a Match for his Son, he thus expresses himself.

" I have a confounded Old
" Rogue to deal with; he has no
" more Conscience than a Soldier
" in free Quarters; and as fond of
" his Money as a Priest of a fresh
" Convert; as proud as a Darling
" Statesman; as positive as an af-
" fected Wit; as sullen as neglected
" Merit; and more troublesome, if
" possible, than the Civil Law. It
" has cost me the Devil and all to
" maintain this Amour: A con-
" founded extravagant Rogue of a
" Son too, has presented her pro-
" fusely.——A Pox of her Pride,
" it has cost me Five thousand
" Crowns the Wooing of her. By
" St. *Jago*, in *ENGLAND* a
" Man might have lain with half
" the Nation for less Money.

AND

AND in *Greenwich-Park* he brings Young *Reveller* Singing.

Cælia was Coy and hard to Win,
With artful Cunning play'd the Virgin's Part;
But when she once had try'd the Sin,
She hug'd the charming tingling Dart.

BUT these Lines, and the two following, are a little severe on that agreeable Sex.

HIS INJUR'D LOVERS has a PROLOGUE spoken by himself, wherein, after he has with great Modesty express'd his Apprehensions of publick Censure, on Account of his Youthful Performance, he concludes with this good-natur'd Couplet.

Execute

Execute as you please your Tyrant Will,
His Character's, Your Humble Servant
(still.

HIS Fame encreas'd on the THEATRE 'till the Time of his unhappy Misfortune, concerted by Mr. *Hill*, and the late Lord *Mohun*; the melancholly Circumstances whereof are so well known, that they need not be repeated: But 'tis very remarkable, that the Night after he was kill'd he was to have Acted the Part of *Busy D'Amboys*, in Mr. *Chapman's* PLAY, bearing that Title; wherein he was to be Shot through the Back in the Catastrophe, and his own Murder was accomplish'd by a Wound in that Part with a Sword; so that the same Tragedy, at least with very little Variation, was actually

ally effected on himself, which he was only intended to represent on the THEATRE.

THE Period of this unfortunate Accident, was as I have been inform'd, about the Year 1696. in the Prime of his Years, not exceeding the Age of 35. His Death was very much lamented in General; but it had so great an Affect on his Dear Companion, Mr. LEE the Comedian, that he did not survive him above the space of a Week.

HE was Buried in the Vault of St. *Clement Danes* in the Strand, Mr. *Purcell* performing the Funeral Anthem; a great many Gentlemen attended his Obsequies, as the last Office they could do for one whom they Lov'd and Esteem'd. He was Married to a Daughter of Mr. *Percival* the Player,

Player, by whom he left two Daughters; one whereof is an excellent Actreſs, but ſhe has lately quitted the Stage.

THE *Injur'd LOVERS*: OR, THE Ambitious Father.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED

By their Majesties Servants.

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL.

By *W. MOUNTFORT*, Com.

LONDON:
Printed for *G. STRAHAN* in *Cornhill*, and *W. MEARS* at the *Lamb* without *Temple-Barr*. MDCCXIX.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES

EARL of *ARRAN*,

Son to His GRACE the Duke of *HAMILTON*;

One of the Lords of His MAJESTY's Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the Honourable and Ancient Order of the THISTLE.

My LORD,

THE abundance of indulgent Favours I have received from your Lordſhip, and the Noble Family to which you are now ally'd; made me preſume, humbly to crave your kind Acceptance of this Firſt Fruits of a *Young Muſe*: And tho' I cannot aſſure my ſelf of deſerving ſo great an Encou-

ragement as your *Lordship*'s Espousal of this Trifle; yet I will, to my utmost Endeavours, satisfy the World, how much a generous Patronage may increase a natural Genius, and that an indifferent Beginning may, by the Assistance of so great a Person, extremely improve it self.

For what bold Censurer (tho never so Malicious) dares question what your *Lordship* takes into your Protection: Safe, I'm sure, it will remain, as plac'd upon an Altar: And indeed, when I call to mind how many, less deserving than your *Lordship*, have been stiled *Hero's*, and *Demi-Gods*, it makes me accuse the Ingratitude of our Age, and call much in Question its Judgment.

Give me leave, my *Lord*, but to call to mind (tho' far too worthy for my Pen) the famous, and never to be enough praised Actions of your Ancestors, the *Douglasses*, whose Personal Valours have always been so great, that they seem'd the Souls of Armies, as having Life only where they charged: And whatsoever Quarrel they espous'd, Victory always dwelt there: Their Courages were such, that what is in ancient Legends of others Romantick, was really justly true of them.

And since they are gone to increase the Number of the *Hero's* above, Who does not

not see the true Image of their Souls in your *Lordship's?* Every thing you undertake must have Success, for what you do, is with such a noble Assurance, that Fortune seems afraid to contradict it; and you carry her with you always bound, and in Subjection to your Pleasure.

Indeed every thing in you is extraordinary: To witness only your first early Valour with a Person of Honour, which shew'd an Example of your exact Niceness and Gallantry, and was the true Test of Courage.

Give me leave to add to the rest of the Virtues, the Loyalty of your self and Family; the never-to-be-forgotten Transactions (now fresh in Memory) of your two illustrious Relations, the Dukes of *Hamilton*; one sacrificed for his Prince, by the barbarous and detestable Rebels; and the other, regardless of his Life in so meritorious a Cause, dying in endeavouring the late King's Restauration.

And tho' their Sufferings are as well set forth as an Original Collection, and an ingenious Historiographer could well model; Yet the secret Virtues of that inestimable Pair, which, but themselves, and the glorious Martyr they liv'd and dy'd for, knew: Imagination cannot reach, or if known, 'twould tire Fame to sound 'em.

And ſtill to add to your never-dying Name: This laſt happy Union, with a Family of ſuch Worth, that Fortune ſeem'd proud of the Match, and contrived it as an Honour to both Parties.

What a vaſt Happineſs do I enjoy that have a Perſon of ſo unparallel'd a Family as your *Lordſhip*, to countenance my feeble Endeavours; and tho' the Worthies of the World might juſtly claim the Honour I ſue for; yet, as the *Widow's Mite* was acceptable, ſo may this poor Performance be to your *Lordſhip*'s unbounded Goodneſs.

Perhaps ſome *Momus's* of this Time, may immediately (without further Thought) decry this Paper, and call it Flattery; but thoſe that will impartially judge, muſt own that Flattery and Truth were never ally'd; and I have ſaid nothing here but what the well-known Merits of the Perſons will juſtify.

May the noble Partner of your Heart live like her Virtues, which were a ſufficient Security (if Heaven would ſuffer her Abſence) for an Immortality on Earth: May the Excellencies of both Generations wait on you Two; may Goodneſs, Honour and Loyalty never depart, from whence they have ſeem'd to take their Dwelling, but with that un-

tir'd

tir'd Sincerity (which your Predecessors have still perform'd to their Soveraign) attend you; whilst I, at a Distance, shall rejoice, and with all Humility crave the Title of,

Your Lordship's most Obedient

and Dutiful Servant,

Will. Mountfort.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

To the *Injur'd Lovers*; Spoken by Mr. *Mountfort*.

JO. Haynes's *Fate is now become my Share,*
For I'm a Poet, Marry'd, *and a* Player:
The greatest of these Curses *is the* First;
As for the latter Two, *I know the* worst;
But how you mean to deal with me to Day,
Or how you'll Massacre *my harmless Play,*
I must confess distracts me every Way:
For I've not only Criticks *in the Pit,*
But even in the upper Gallery they sit,
Knaves that will run down Mr. Mountfort's *Wit;*
I'm the unlucky'st Dog *that ever writ.*
Some Care then must be taken, that may save
This Dear, *my First-begotten, from the Grave:*
Some Friends Advise, like Brother Ben *declare,*
By God 'tis good, *deny't the Slave that dare.*
Were I but sure 'twould Take, *I'd do my best;*
But to be kick'd, you know, would spoil the Jest.
However, I must still my Play maintain,
Damn *it who will,* Damn me, *I'll write again;*
Clap down each Thought, nay, more than I can think,
Ruin my Family in Pen *and* Ink.
And tho' my Heart should burst to see your Spite,
True Talboy *to the last, I'll Cry and Write,*
That's certain.
Or since I am beset so by my Foes,
I beg your Favours, Friends, Brother Beaux;
Join with the Ladies, to whose Power I bow,
Where I see Gentleness on every Brow;
To whose acuter Judgments I submit,
O! save me from the Surlies *of the Pit:*

These

PROLOGUE.

Those Nauseous *Wretches which have not the Taste*
Of Wit or Gallantry, if nicely dreſt.
I never writ till Love *firſt touch'd my Brain,*
And ſurely Love *will now* Love's *Cauſe maintain,*
Beſides my Natural Love *to write again.*
Yet as you pleaſe, Ruin *or* Pity *bear,*
Sir Courtly *fears no Enemy ſo fair:*
Execute as you pleaſe your Tyrant-Will,
His Character's, Your humble Servant ſtill.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING of *Sicily*.	Mr. *Williams*.
Rheusanes, his General, and betroth'd to *Antelina*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Ghinotto, the Ambitious Father.	Mr. *Griffin*.
Dorenalus his Son, Friend to the General, and in Love with the Princess.	Mr. *Mountfort*.
An old Collonel belonging to the Army.	Mr. *Sandford*.
Several Soldiers.	Mr. *Lee*. Mr. *Jevon*. Mr. *Underhill*, &c.

WOMEN.

The Princess *Oryala* in Love with *Rheusanes*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Antelina, Daughter of *Ghinotto*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Pages and Attendants.

SCENE, *Sicily*.

THE

THE Injur'd Lovers.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Discovers the King lying on a Couch; After a Song he Rises.

I.

LUcinda *Close or Veil your Eye,*
Where thousand Loves in Ambush lye;
Where Darts are Pointed with such Skill,
They're sure to Hurt, if not to Kill.
Let Pity move thee to seem Blind,
Lest seeing, thou destroy Mankind.

II.

Lucinda *hide that swelling Breast,*
The Phœnix *else will change her Nest:*
Yet do not, for, when she Expires,
Her Heat may light in the soft Fires
Of Love and Pity, so that I
By this one Way may thee Enjoy.

KING.

O Love! like Death no Difference (thou know'st,
The Heart thou strik'st must to thy (Power submit,
Tho' satisfyed the Yielding Ruins it:
Not *Alexander* could withstand thy (Dart,
Yet he had baffled Millions with his Shield;
The God of War thy Arrows did Disgrace,
Making him languish at thy Mother's Feet:
No wonder if our Hero's were thy Slaves,
When you subdu'd the Deity they serv'd.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Ghinotto waits your Majesty's Commands.
King. Bid him enter.

Enter Ghinotto.

Oh my *Ghinotto*, dost thou bring me Comfort?
Or must Despair consume thy Master, speak?
Ghi. What might be urg'd to serve your Ma- (jesty
This Brain has studied, and this Tongue per- (swaded;
But still the Coyness of a slighted Maid,
Seduc'd by the false Vows of her first Lover,
To all besides she bears;

Nor

Nor Power, nor Pomp can bring her to my Will.
King. Thou dost not sure the Art of Courtship (know,
That canst not with Preferment win a Woman.
Ghi. Perhaps Proposals from your Majesty (might tempt her;
But from me, tho' Duty should instruct her to
Yet she despises the utmost Hopes (obey;
My Cunning can invent.
King. I'll see her then my self:
They say there's a Power in Majesty,
Which Woman can't withstand;
And if a Crown can win her, [*Aside.*
I will exchange it for the moments Bliss,
And be content to serve my After days.
How does she bear the Marriage of *Rheusanes?*
Ghi. As gaping Courtiers do the Rise of those
Who take it o'er their Heads: she sighs,
And coldly says, She's glad *Rheusanes* Fortune
Has provided a Beauty in all points
So much above her to share his Heart,
So much more worthy in his Master's Eye, so....
King. What now? [*Shout*
Ghi. 'Tis for *Rheusanes*, Sir.
The crouded Streets smoak with his Acclamations,
And he their Sun sucks up the ambitious Fog.
King. *Ghinotto* he must be clouded, set in a (Winter's Sky,
Where sometimes he may shine, but weakly warm.
Ghi. Success in Soldiers makes 'em popular,
Nay oft disturbs the State which once they serv'd:
So 'tis a Prince's Safety to remove 'em
Still as they grow familiar with their Country,
Into a private Life;
Which to the full shall recompence the Publick,
And keep 'em with just Duty to their Prince.
King. 'Tis well advis'd.
You once were great i'th' Military Cause,
Deserv'd,

Deserv'd, and did receive Applauses too.
Thy Son being grown fit for the honour'd Field,
I took thee to my self my Bosom-Friend.

Ghi. So warm a Climate Virtue does encrease,
My Care, have ever been to serve my Masters.

King. Thou art a worthy States-man.
Rheusanes on his Marriage shall resign his Staff,
Which to thy Son descends: Let him Example
From his Father take, and well I shall be guarded:
This Night I'll see thy Daughter.
If thou canst bring her to accept my Offers,
I'll make thee Father of thy Prince, *Ghinotto.*

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. The General waits for Admittance, Sir.

King. Conduct him in *Ghinotto.*

[*Exit* Ghi. *and* Gent.

I must enjoy her:
Great is the Interest of this General,
As great I know the Love is he bears her;
My Sister first presented him to me,
And now expects to reap what she has sown,
Tho' Kings would glory in so rich a Bride:
Yet for my own Content she marries him;
I have no Hopes to compass *Antelina*
But by this Snare:
For when Love once for Greatness is despis'd,
Still the neglected by that Scorn's advis'd,
And when *Rheusanes* Falshood she has known,
How will she catch the Offer of a Crown.

Enter Ghinotto, Rheusanes, Dorenalus, *Attendants.*
[Rheusanus *kneels.*]

Rhe. Success and Plenty wait upon my Prince,
And still when-e'er his Country wants Relief,

May

May Fortune prove as favourable as now.

(Man,

King. Welcome most fortunate, most wish'd for
Thy Prince's Guardian, and thy Country's Prop:
Rise and look like the Conqueror thou art.

Rhe. You pay my Duty much above its Merit;
Nor could my Life, tho' lost in your Defence,
Be worthy of such Title, or such Praise;
I've serv'd my Prince, but as a Subject ought,
When he commands his Service;

King. *Dorenalus!* thour't welcome,

[Dor. *Kneels.*

May still good Fortune wait upon thy Youth,
Encouraging thy Endeavours with Success. (me,

Dor. Long as the Favour of my Prince waits on
I need not fear the want of Heav'n's Assistance.

King. *Rheusanes*, since Heaven has bless'd us
With Victory, and thy Safety,
I think it were Presumption more to tempt it;
Thou hast discharg'd thy Office well and nobly;
And how to recompence thy Merit we have studied:
But if thy Fancy would reward thy Service
With a particular Choice it most delights in,
Proclaim thy Wishes to our grateful ear,
With a most worthy and just Assurance.

Rhe. So well I know the Goodness of my Master,
That on his Choice I wholly will depend,
For fear my Wishes meet with his Intentions,
Which rudely might interpret that I knew
My own Deserts as well as does my Prince.

King. My Wishes hope to agree with thy De-

(sires.

[*Goes to the Door and brings in* Oryala.

Can this reward thee?

Dor. Ha!

[*Aside.*

King Why so surpriz'd *Rheusanes?* 'tis real and

(thy Merit;

Here

Here take her, and the next Sun shall see you
Join'd much faster..... Still Senseless!

Rhe. Such Blessings, Sir, must be receiv'd
With all Humility and Admiration. (Publick;

King. Courtship, I know, is troublesome in
We'll leave you to the Eyes and Ears
Only of each other.

Dor. The Use of mine forsake me
At this moment. [*Exit* King, Dor. Ghin.
Manent Ory, *and* Rhe.

Rhe. What shall I do, or, how shall I approach
Most gracious Princess! (her?

Ory. Most worthy Lord. (Offer,

Rhe. By Heavens, she spoke as if she lik'd my
And prompts me to go on. [*Aside.*

Ory. Some pitying God now stand a Virgin's (Friend,
Inspire him with Affection towards my Love,
That neither my Desires may be refus'd, [*Aside.*
Nor Greatness slighted.

Rhe. Since, Madam, by the King I here am left
To win your Favour, or receive your scorn;
I would entreat (e'r I presume to talk
Of that nice Subject we must enter on)
You would resolve me one material Point, [*Kneels.*
Which my Fears urge me thus to beg of you.

Ory. Rise, my Lord, so well I know the Good- (ness of your Soul,
That whatsoever it dare ask, I need not blush to (grant;
I guess his Measures, and am prepar'd to meet 'em. [*Aside.*

Rhe. Oh, *Antelina!* [*Aside.*
'Tis, Madam, whether by Inclination or Command
You do permit this single Conference?

Ory. My Lord! (Respect,

Rhe. Pardon me, Princess, if I err, impute it to
And

And much of Honour :
'Tis probable your Choice is made already;
If so, what Happiness can I expect
From an entangled Love, or forc'd Compliance ?
(doubt
Ory. If it were so, (tho' you've no Cause to
But if it were, I say,
In kind Obedience to the King's Command,
I would correct the Errors of my Will,
And with Content accept what he thought fit.
Rhe. Load me not, Madam, with too many
(Favours,
Left I want Power to recompence your Goodness.
Honour and Beauty I have fought for long,
Yet never did my Ambition swell so high,
To think my Duty worthy of such Greatness.
Ory. Since, General, 'tis the Opinion of your
(Prince,
Your Princess too complying with his Thoughts,
You should be proud that he esteems so well ;
And blow the Flame which kindles thus your
(Glory.
Rhe. Hold, now my Honour, Faith, and Love
(stand fast.
[*Aside.*
Ory. Why pause you so ?
Rhe. My Fortunes, Madam, crowd so fast up-
(on me,
I am surpriz'd and puzzl'd to receive 'em.
Ory. 'Tis probable your Choice is made already;
Else, why this subtle distance in your Speech ?
Why, palls your Spirit when I grant it Freedom ?
Think to what envy'd Glory thou art climbing,
Kings have been Proud but to be thought my Sui-
(tors;
And he was happiest whom I smil'd on most.
Rhe. If happily from Kings I had descended,
With a bold Joy I should embrace this offer ;
I but

I but indifferent Parentage can boast ;
A private Gentleman by you preferr'd,
Your Favour was the Sun that warm'd my Hopes,
And ripen'd with Applause my Undertakings;
I am a Cloud will sully the bright Glory
Which from your Eyes gives Comfort to the World.

Ory. Honour atchiev'd is reckon'd the most (noble,
The *Romans* thought the Merits of the Sword,
Excell'd the Nobleness of long Succession;
The famous *Marius* of *Plebian* Race,
The Dignity of *Consul* bore seven times; (Dirt,
Why should not Diamonds bear their Worth in
Equal with those the flattering Artists set?
But in this Age fantastick Ornaments,
Baffles the honest, plain and solid Virtue.

Rhe. There's no avoiding of her Meaning now,
Through all my cunning Shiftings she has cours'd (me,
And hunted my Excuses to a Bay: [*Aside.*
Madam, like all your former Favours, is this last,
The generous Encouragement you give me,
Upbraids my Sense for wanting Words to thank (you;
Grant me a little Time to weigh this Goodness
And I should study how to answer it.

Ory. Had *Anselina* made this Invitation,
You would have had one ready.

Rhe. I do not understand.——

Ory. 'Twere better if you had:
But remember and curse your Folly.

Rhe. I have disturb'd her Soul, and in her Eye
I see neglected Greatness threaten high.

Ory. Make me no lower stoop thou Tyrant Love,
I thought no possibility for this: [*Aside.*
Does your Guilt make you dumb?

Rhe. I dare not speak, I see your Anger,
And I dread your Frown: would I had never been.

Ory.

Ory. Why?
Rhe. Or else been yours.
Ory. Ha! (shew:
Rhe. Oh! do not strike me dead, but Mercy
[*Kneels.*
I see Revenge preparing for the blow,
And fear there's no avoiding of it now. (am I?
Ory. Shame and Dishonour of my Soul; What
What is a Princess slighted by a Slave?
But think you I will bear it tamely, Traitor?
No, if my Power can purchase me Revenge,
Your *Antelina* quits the World this Moment;
In everlasting Solitude shall dwell,
And Cloister'd be for ever from Mankind.
Rhe. Oh hold! I had forgot her Power, and with my forward Zeal undo my Hopes.
Ory. Unhand me.
Rhe. I cannot till you recall your Doom. (firm.
Ory. Till you renounce her, my Decree stands
Rhe. Take then, O! take the fatal Secret from (me,
For Death I know must wait on the Confession;
My Faith to her was plighted long before
I knew the least Intentions for this Match:
Allow my Heart some Warning e're it leave her;
For tho' I see my Fortune's mended much,
I can't forget she once was all I hop'd for.
Ory. Will you resolve? or,------
Rhe. I will.------
Ory. What?
Rhe. Study to love------
Ory. Whom?
Rhe. Oh! *Antelina*!
Ory. Villain. [*Stamps.*
Rhe. Yet stay. (shall controul,
Ory. I will not, Mercy nor Love, my Passion
But as thou hast mine, I will torment thy Soul.

Rhe.

Rhe. Yet Mercy.
Ory. *Antelina*?
Rhe. Mercy.
Ory. Forſake her then.
Rhe. Would you not think it hard to have a claim
Below your own, deprive you of the Crown?
In love Pretenſions like to thoſe take Place,
Nor durſt I think of any to your Highneſs.
Ory. Can'ſt thou neglect the Glories of a Princeſs
For mean delights in her indifferent Arms?
Rhe. Indifferent Beings ſhould their Equals chooſe;
The meaneſt ſort: ------
Ory. Can then thy Soul be ſtinted to a being
And Covet nothing more beyond a Woman?
This mean Confeſſion has alarm'd my Pride,
Ignoble Wretch! go Languiſh by her ſide:
The Honours which my favour on thee ſet,
Go lay 'em all at *Antelina*'s Feet:
Forget the Court and to a Cell retreat.
Oh! I betray my ſelf, I muſt not ſtay;
Leaſt I want Power to take my ſelf away. [*Exit.*
Rhe. How croſs a fate has Heaven appointed me,
[*Aſide.*
Was I preſerv'd abroad to periſh here,
Through all the hazards which my Life has run,
Fortune befriended me, and led me on,
But now when moſt I want her, ſhe is gone.

Enter Dorenalus *with his Sword drawn.*

Dor. So is *Dorenalus*.
Rhe. Ha!
Dor. Draw *Rheuſanes*.
Rhe. Wherefore? [cheap,
Dor. Oh! thou haſt bought a ſpot of Earth ſo
That the whole World will envy the vaſt Purchaſe
The Fruit it bears, like that of the firſt Tree,
Which did betray mankind, has Poyſon'd me;

If

If therefore you would keep it undisturb'd,
The everlasting springing Sweets still chaste,
Immortal, like the Power design'd 'em so;
Cut off the Serpent which would blast its Virtues,
Would leave it a corrupted Root of Lust,
Where Sins would multiply with every Thought.
Rhe. Your mystick Meaning yet I cannot guess;
But if in me there's ought can make you happy,
By all our Friendship you shall reap the Blessing.
Dor. Friendship be ever banish'd from our Hearts,
I hate thee more than thou canst love thy Comfort;
Draw, or by the Power which thus distracts my (Temper,
I'll kill thee like a Slave which wrongs Man's Ho- (nour;
And then wants Courage to redress the Affront.
Rhe. Thou knowest I do not fear: [*Draws*
But for thy Sister's sake whom I have lov'd.----
Dor. Whom thou hast lov'd,----- thy Heart.
Rhe. Through it ungrateful, have I nurs'd thy (Youth
With all the tender Care of Friendship's Eye;
And this my Recompence disclose your Heart:
Lay forth the Troubles which afflict it thus,
Then if I have the Power to heal your Wrongs,
And do refuse, I'll meet thy Passion
As becomes *Rheusanes.*
Dor. Thou wilt not.
Rhe. Try me, you never found me faithless yet.
Dor. Do not urge me.
Rhe. I must.
Dor. Let thy Sword rip my Breast up.
And in my Heart thou'lt find the Secret written.
Rhe. Friendship forbid it:
Delay no longer.
Dor. Oh! I am lost. [*Falls in* Rhe. *Arms.*
Rhe. Thou art not, here's thy Guide.
Dor. *Oryala.*

Rhe.

Rhe. What of her?
Dor. You'll laugh at me.
Rhe. Hate me then justly,
Dor. Do you not love her?
Rhe. No.
Dor. But she does you.
Rhe. Is it my Fault? Would you kill me for (that?
Dor. No, I would not now, but not long since I love her Friend. (I could;
Rhe. Thy Friend resigns her to thee.
Dor. Oh! she has given *Rhenusanes* all her Heart;
And for *Dorenalus*, she has no room.
Rhe. Approach her, make thy Sufferings known,
Who knows but Heaven may plead in thy behalf,
Or, she when knowing how our Loves are crost;
May by thy Tongue be mov'd to set 'em right.
Dor. Ye pitying Powers befriend me but in this,
And all my Days I'll sacrifice in Thanks.
Can you forgive?
Rhe. What?
Dor. The unruly Method which I us'd just now.
Rhe. Forgive, I thank the Occasion which has (set us right.
And prov'd how strong my Faith is to your Sister.
No more: Haste to the Princess, and relate your (Passion,
May all the Charms of Love and Youth wait on (thee.
Dor. I have full Power to work her as I please.
Rhe. I'll bless the Skill that cures my Friends (Disease.
[*Exeunt.*

End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Rheusanes *and* Antelina.

Rhe. OH! *Antelina*, why this strange Disorder?
Why, are thy Eyes in which our Loves (have plaid,
And mov'd with Pleasure as thy Fancy taught 'em?
Now overcast with such a dismal Change,
As quite confounds my Senses with the Wonder.
Ant. How can you ask the Cause of my Af (fliction,
When you the Author of it know too well?
Rhe. By all our Vows you tax me most unjustly,
Oh! may I perish when I wrong my Love;
Or never more be happy in my Wishes. (Name,
Ant. *Oryala*, the Princess, Oh! that mighty
Has cancel'd all your Promises to me; (now.
A Crown, a Crown, *Rheusanes*, is your Mistress
Rhe. Be Witness for me, he that made us love,
I would not leave thee for an endless Life;
Of endless Youth.
Ant. Oh! you flatter me.
Rhe. Unkind Suspector.
Durst my Tongue express my prompting Fancy,
I fear I should blaspheme in praising you;
So much above all things I do esteem you.
Ant. Oh! for *Rheusanes* too, I've that Esteem:
The original Impression of my Heart,
Who first taught Fondness in my tender Soul;
And linkt it to unspeakable Desire:
But you'll not have the Power to shun her Love,

For

For there is ſuch Temptation in her Face;
It might perſwade a ſecond Angel's Fall.

Rhe. Not have the Power, Yes?
Were ſhe bright as the firſt Glorious Angel,
Fair as Imagination could preſent her?
Could tire Fancy to relate her Beauties,
I have a Soul that would deſpiſe her Charms.

Ant. My Soul diſdains a greater than the Princeſs;
The King, *Rheuſanes* has declar'd he Loves me:
This Night I am Commanded to receive him;
Nay, order'd to approve his Royal Offers.

Rhe. By whom? (rant;

Ant. My Father, what he intends, I yet am Igno-
But I muſt meet him.

Rhe. Muſt *Antelina*?

Ant. Yes I muſt, *Rheuſanes*,
Yet tho' my Fathers Will ſide with the Kings,
And the King thinks he may compel through him;
I'll meet him with ſuch Faith to what I love,
That he ſhall never cheriſh hope in me. (neſs,

Rhe. I find the Purpoſe now of the Kings kind-
And ſeparating Miſchiefs are contriving
Oh *Antelina*! Therefore hear me ſwear,
If our intentions ſhould be fruſtrated,
By the deſigns I gueſs in Agitation;
By that moſt glorious Ornament of Heav'n,
Which beautifies the Cœling of the World?
The Moment that I looſe thee, [*Points to his Sword.*
This ends me.

Ant. And here I ſwear by the dear, [*kneels.*
Freedom which this Glaſs contains: [*Pulls out the Viol.*
(Which I deſign'd for eaſe hadſt thou been falſe)
By all the hopes we may not be prevented, if we are,
This Spirit gives me a Releaſe from being.

Rhe. The Gods prevent the fatal proof of it.

Ant. *Amen* with all my Soul.

Rhe. Your Brother now is with *Oryala*,

Thou

Thou art not dearer to my Soul, than is that Name
I promiss'd him Assistance in his Passion, (to his;
And he has vow'd the same where I am Captive;
This Night then Oh! my comfort lets remove,
All fears that may afflict us with our falshoods.

Ghinotto *appears in the Balcony.*

Ghi. Ha!

Ant. I fear it will be difficult to do,
For since the King has publish'd his Intentions;
The Clergy will refuse to License us.

Rhe. Without the Walls, you know, there is a (Chappel,
That is confirm'd to the Worship of our Swains;
There only, and only theirs:
This is their Time of Festival and Marrying,
With Rural Sports the Nymphs the Shepherds treat;
And 'tis the Custom of that happy Race,
To chuse their Lovers by their Excellence.

Ant. As how?

Rhe. As thus, their Ceremonies are attended,
With Antick Measures by the Nymphs perform'd;
Whose Motion best delights the Eye,
Is pitched on for a Bride, the Swain whom
She affects is streight made hers:
So they proceed to others in their Turn,
Continuing celebrating for three Days;
So masqu'd and dreft we will perform amongst 'em,
So choose the Priest shall ratify our Vows.

Ghi. They shall be ratified to my Desires.

Ant. Then are you constant? Oh! you abus'd (dear Man,
My fearful Soul with Doubts has been perfect
Perswaded by my Father thou wert false.

Rhe. Would he were half so just as I shall prove,
Were less ambitious. ----

Ant. Or would let me love.

Rhe. In spite of him we will our Loves compleat,
Then Triumph o'er the Envy of the Great;

This Night at Nine, within the *Cyprus* Grove,
Your Father will be busied then at Court.
Ghi. Do you think so? (of my Life,
Ant. Fail not, the everlasting Peace or Troubles
Depend upon thy Truth.
Rhe. Off with these needless Fears,
Oh! that the Hour were come to usher in
The yet untasted Joys, how I will gaze upon
Thy Charms, and die in the admiring.
Ant. You must not. ---
Rhe. What?
Ant. Behold me till to Morrow.
Rhe. Ha!
Ant. Virgins have Eyes too tender for the Light,
Prithee excuse my Modesty some time:
Let us i'th' Dark receive each others Love.
Rhe. Thou shalt, I will not shame thee with a
(Lover's
Question, I will not speak to thee; the Thought
Of what's to come does almost silence me;
If Apprehension has such Influence,
How will the real Pleasure wrap my Sense?
Ant. Away.
Rhe. I cannot.
Ghi. I must. [*Retires from the Balcony.*
Ant. This will not hold thee long;
I shall grow Old. [*Embraces her.*
Rhe, Thou wilt be ever Young.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, your Father and the King.
Ant. Then we must part.
Rhe. Adieu.
Ant. Till Nine.
Rhe. That happy Hour,
Shall lead our Loves beyond my Father's Power.
[*Exit. Rhe.*
Ant.

Ant. Now for this King, O! my ambitious (Father.
Destructive Greatness has bewitch'd his Soul;
And mine must be a Sacrifice to gain it:
Hard Fate of Children which are bound to love,
Not what themselves, but Parents do approve.

Enter King *and* Ghinotto.

Ghi. 'Tis the securest Way that can be thought of,
About it then use all thy Art, my Power,
Or what thou shalt think fit. [*Exit. Ghi.*
Ant. How he surveys me?
Ye Powers that favour constant Lovers,
Direct his Heart to one not yet engag'd.
King. Fair Excellence.
Ant. My most honoured Prince, (know;
King. What brings me here, I'm sensible you
Your Father having told you by my Order;
Oh! slight not therefore thou all conquering Maid,
The faithful Offerings of a Love-bound Heart;
Unhappy only in not being the first,
Was taken Prisoner by those resistless Eyes.
Ant. Since by your Royal Order I am sent,
By my own Father here, to wait upon your Pleasure;
To hear (as you are pleas'd to say) your Love
Far fitter for an equal Royalty;
With such Respect I'll entertain your Story,
As does a double Duty now require.
King. The Entertainment of a double Duty,
Can never satisfy my greedy Passion:
Oh! give me but your single Love to feed on,
'Twill gratify my Soul luxuriously;
But Duty without Inclination starve me.
Ant. To love my Prince I ever was instructed,
'Twas in my early Grounds of Living taught;
And nourish'd by a natural Inclination.
King. That Love is but an awful Duty still,

Which for a Love like mine I will pay you;
Thus, be commanded, thus, become your Subject,
[*Kneels.*
Thus, ever pay you Tribute as my Soveraign.
Ant. Justly you do disgrace me with this Usage,
Putting my backward Duty in remembrance
[*Kneels.*
Of its Neglect in doing thus no sooner.
King. How cunningly she seems to avoid my
(Meaning;
Rise subtle Beauty, I know this Part's as hard
For you to act, as me to like:
Throw off this Art of Distance in Behaviour,
And give my plain and worthy Meanings welcome!
Oh! do not shun the Merits of my Love,
But meet 'em with a generous Gratitude.
Ant. Impossible!
King. Pity a Prince who never begg'd before;
Nay, never lov'd 'till *Antelina* charm'd him:
As the rich *Indies* in their secret Pride,
Whilst undiscover'd flourisht and were great;
So was my Heart 'till Love surpriz'd it quiet,
My richer Peace was fatally betray'd;
And by thy powerful Beauty Captive made. (du'd,
Ant. The *Spaniards* who that wealthy Soil sub-
As the first Conquerors still their Titles keep;
I was besieg'd long time ago by one,
Who came in the Pursuit of unknown Land:
It was my Heart, he was first that found it,
He put such strong Possession in the Place,
That nothing e're can master it again. (destroy
King. Why, I can force thee, storm thee, and
His weak Resistance and thy obstinate Will;
As easily as I can take my Rival's Life:
But I by gentler Means would gain thy Heart,
And mercifully treat so fair a Foe;
Prithee resign.
Ant. I dare not.

King.

King. I will protect thee for it;
I'll make thee all Ambition can invent,
My Crown, my Glories at thy Feet I'll lay.
Ant. I will not yield, tho' for the Crime I perish.
King. Do not provoke my Rage,
Think on thy Duty, on my Power. (not conquer,
Ant. They're great Temptations, but they can-
There's something irresistible within,
Which baffles Reason by stubborn Fancy;
The Rules of what we ought to do despises,
Or coming all with positive Desire.
King. When two Desires, both positive alike,
Meet with a Resolution to destroy each other,
Or bring both to one Opinion;
'Tis certain one must lose,
Mine has a Power to back what it pretends to;
And erring Beauty thou shalt find too late
What slighted Love join'd with that Power can do.
Ant. Alas, I know it makes a dreadful Tyrant,
Yet I will bear its utmost Persecution,
Rather than prejudice my plighted Faith.
King. Its Persecution will not light on you;
Suppose I long'd to taste of a fair Fruit,
A sordid Miser would not part with,
Should I for that destroy the Tree that bore it?
No, cut the Keeper off whose Interest guards it,
Then satisfie my Longings uncontroul'd:
Rheusanes is the Dragon guards this Tree,
Which e're I can possess, first he must die. [*Exit*
Ant. He's gone, yet wherefore shou'd I drea
(him
Rheusanes Interest cannot want Protection, (him
Nor dare this King without good Grounds destro
The Hour draws on will make him ever mine,
And banish all my Cares: Oh, Time!
Thou ever marching, yet untired Spirit
Of unaccountable Eternity, start from thy
Constant Course to help my Love;

Haste but this once, to give my Longings ease,
And be as slow hereafter as you please. [*Exit.*

Enter King *and* Oryala.

Ory. I beg it may not be; yet break it off.
King. It must be done, *Oryala*, 'tis too far gone
To be prevented now; you know he has forsaken
Antelina.
Ory. Indeed he has not, Sir, she still remains
The Idol of his Heart; 'tis not an Hour since
He parted from her with all the Assurance of
His Constancy.
King. No matter for his Constancy;
You follow my Directions;
Embrace the Offers which I have propos'd,
Or all your Interest to the Crown forsakes you.
Ory. For Honour sake, Sir, let me stand at Distance,
Let me not make so mean a Condescension.
King. State Policy enforces me to do it;
He's grown too popular, and shakes my Safety,
Unless I do unite his Power with mine.
Ory. What Comfort can I hope from one that hates me?
King. I know that you love him.
Ory. I must acknowledge my Desires are towards him,
Did but his Inclinations wait on mine.
But when I think of future Disrespect,
Hereafter Slights, and distant Entertainment,
I of my Love will make a Sacrifice,
Rather than wed the least of these Disturbers.
King. When it is done, as well he may curse Heav'n,
As meditate indifference towards thy Merit.
Ory. I fear the Event.
King. Whom I protect methinks should scorn to fear.
No more of these Excuses, but accept it;
Heirs I must have: I will not marry for 'em,

Un-

Unless thy Obstinacy force me to it.

Ory. Be witness Heav'n in what I must perform
I cross my own Desire to pleasure yours.

King. About it speedily;
If you refuse, consider I must wed,
Accept, my Crown devolves upon your Head.
[*Ex*

Ory. What shall I do? I long, and yet I fear,
Hate him when present, fond of him not near;
Oh! I am lost between these harsh Extreams,
Love drives me downward its impatient Streams
And e're a perfect Voyage I can make,
My Will against the Rock of Pride does shake,
Ambition storms, and Honour drives me back.
[*E*

Enter Chinotto *at one Door*, Dorenalus *at anoth*

Chi. Why this disorder'd Carriage in my Sol
Heavy Disquiet sits upon his Brow,
With an unusual Solitude admir'd,
I will observe him.

Dor. How am I curst with that Disturber, L
My wretched Heart, 'twixt Hope and Fear, is wr
And yet I dare not own what may relieve me.

Chi. How's this?

Dor. If I should tell her of my Sufferings,
This eating Fever which consumes my Youth
And then instead of pitying, she should scorn
Why what a Mock of Mankind would it mak
Who'd point, and say, That is the haughty
Who thought his Passion worthy of a Princes
And fond of the Conceit, Undid himself.

Chi. Dorenalus!

Dor. My Lord.

Chi. You seem surpriz'd.

Dor. I did not think of any One so near

Ghi. You were discoursing with your self *Dor-*
nalus, What was the Subject?
Dor. Only contriving something for the Army.
Ghi. Is it in Love then?
Dor. Sir.
Ghi. My Son!
Dor. The Army in Love! (cess and Conceit,
Ghi. Ay, in Love; you talkt of Passion, Prin-
Are such things proper for an Army?
Dor. Proper for an Army! (Questions?
Ghi. Ay, proper, Boy; why dost thou baulk me
With these Shiftings, unmannerly Repeatings?
Dor. Duty forbids ill Manners to my Father.
Ghi. Give proper Answers then.
What is the Cause of your Retirement?
Your shunning Conversation?
Somewhat usurps the Custom of your Heart,
Which sullies all your Manly Qualities.
Dor. We are not always Masters of one Temper,
'Tis as the Blood's inconstant Method pleases:
For from its Springs the Fancy takes her Current.
Still changing with its Motion.
Ghi. But still there is a Reason why it changes:
The Ocean never storms without a Wind,
Nor does hot *Ætna* burn without a Fire;
But why this strange impertinent Argument?
Do you distrust the Friendship of your Father?
That erringly you would conceal your Troubles.
Dor. I never had a Thought so base within me;
I was considering on *Rheusane*'s Falshood,
The Injuries my Sister would receive
By his proud Marriage with *Oryala*.
Ghi. He has this Night, in private, sworn to
Dor. Whom, Sir. (Marry her.
Ghi. Your Sister, 'tis near his Hour of Promise,
And see he's coming this Way; although I wish
(the Match,
I will not own it, nor would I have you seen in it,
Let

Let him accomplish his Designs alone,
Least the Displeasure of the King should seize us;
I must attend him instantly. [*Exit.* Ghi.

Enter Rheusanes.

Rheu. Dorenalus!
Dor. My Lord!
Rhe. My Friend, what still in Sadness?
How does the Progress of your Love succeed?
How does *Oryala* take the charming Sound?
Dor. By Heav'n I could not tell her that I lov'd;
My Resolution was with Fears o'er prest,
And I stood gazing only on a Picture.
Rhe. Had you no Talk?
Dor. A few uneasie Passages o'th' War,
Join'd with the troublesom Praise of your Desert;
How many excellent Faculties were in you:
She ask'd me if you were not brave, discreet,
Sincere, gentle, impartial, friendly, pitiful,
I know not what; her whole Discourse,
All Questions were of you, and much ado
I answer'd Yes to all.
Rhe. Come, lead me to thy Sister; when I'm hers,
Who knows but the Exchange may raise
The Passion of the deluded Princess to that Height,
She may in Scorn to me accept thy Love,
Thinking thy Greatness may my Ruin prove.
Dor. The Hope of that is all my Comfort now.
I must attend my Father, who tho' he knows
The Depth of your Design would have it thought,
He does not; that when the Business is declar'd
To th' King, he may with equal Srangeness be
(surpriz'd.
Rhe. Farewel, then 'till to Morrow;
Oh, *Dorenalus!* The Fears I have, my Wishes may
Miscarry, nothing can recompence;
But, *Anteline.*

Dor. She is by this time in the *Cypress* Grove,
May Secresy and Safety wait upon you.

Rhe. Like a rich Miser with his hoarded Store,
Bound to remove it to some some distant Part;
Which e're he can arrive at must pass through,
All necessary Ways for Villains Purposes:
His Fears transform each Bush into a Foe,
Waiting to plunder him of all his Wealth;
So will my Passage with your Sister be,
But when the uneasie timerous *March* is past,
And I attain my wish'd-for Home at last:
With greedy Joy my Treasure I'll survey,
Whilst Love shall pass the safe-got Hours away.

[*Exeunt* severally.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Dorenalus, *meeting a* Page.

Dor. IS your Lord stirring?
Page. He's coming forth, Sir.

Enter Rheusanes, *they Embrace.*

Dor. Good Morning to my Friend, Health to his Pleasures,
May everlasting Comfort Crown his Choice;
With fresh Delights still growing with his Days.

Rhe. Oh! my Friend.
Blest be the Obligation made us Brothers;
May thy Desirs like mine be gratify'd,
With all the Abundance of a covetous Love.

Dor. Let Fortune entertain me as she pleases,
Since I am satisfied my Friend is just:

Doubly

Doubly you have oblig'd our Family,
That could forgo so charming a Temptation;
To make my Sister and my self thus happy.

Rhe. Doubly I have obliged my self in that,
Serving my Friend, and blessing of my self;
The comfortable Joys I have receiv'd,
Nothing can match but this ensuing Night,
Greedy of Love I curst the hasty Day:
Wishing the Sun his *Thetis* Lap might want,
When he most long'd to cool his eager Fire.

Dor. Let's see this happy Bride?

Rhe. I have not that my self, nor must till the
King enters; i'th' Darky I was conducted to her;
And 'cause I should not see her in the Morning,
She hurried me into an outward Room:
Begging in Whispers that I would obey.

Dor. Maids the first Night are liable to Shame,
And would not have their Bashfulness perceiv'd;
But quickly Use instructs 'em to be bold;
Knowledge inflames what Ignorance made cold.

Rhe. You are experienc'd, Brother, where's the King?

Dor. The King is coming full of his Gratitude,
For your great Merits, the Princess too,
They say's as fond as he to recompence 'em;
The affected Court looks like a *Theatre*,
Where gaudy Greatness struts in ample manner;
Each seeming Courtier that could Credit get,
Looks like an Heir of Quality.

Rhe. Tho' to my Longings happily I'm matcht,
I must the Goodness of my Master honour;
Since his Intentions were so full of Greatness,
He did surprize the Merits of my Service;
As much as he o'erweigh'd 'em,
When he the Princess offer'd to reward 'em.

Dor. The best of Honours Offices you had,
And well he knew 'twas she alone could mend 'em;
Yet, if I thought *Rheusanes* did repent.------

Rhe. Re-

Rhe. Repent! You cannot think so basely of (your Friend,
'Tis an incumbent Debt upon our Duty,
To thank the good Affections of our Prince;
That when the just Acknowledgment is made,
The honest Conscience rests secure from Censure;
So far I'm from repenting what is done,
That had I *Antelina* never seen,
With Decency I would have shun'd the Princess.

Dor. Why? (given,

Rhe. Such Royal Matches have to Subjects
Fatal Pretensions to disturb a State:
And private Families have Factions rais'd,
To question that which if they had a Right to;
So much Precedency was then in being,
That probably their distant Alienation
Might perish e're a second Heir was Crown'd.

Dor. These Reasons, Oppositions are to me,
Not to desire the Princess,

Rhe. If, without Jealousie, I might perswade,
I'd beg thee to desist; Oh! my Brother,
Ambition's Portion is tumultuous Cares,
Endless Disorder, never resting Foreeast;
Still plotting to maintain their envy'd Greatness,
And how to make it greater:
Seek out some Beauty equal to thy Birth,
Even in Temper charming in decent Duty;
Whose courteous Care shall still her Lords attend,
Endeavouring to divert those do disturb him.

Enter Page.

Page: My Lord the King.

Rhe. Now my Brother let us stem this Storm.
And Fear shall ne'er disturb us for the future.

Dor. 'Twere fit I should retire till the Discovery's over.

Rhe.

Rhe. Do then, and pray for our Success.
[*Exit* Dor.

Enter King, Ghinotto, *Attendants.*

King. Not ready yet *Rheusanes*? trust me, were (some to
Wed so rich a Bride, they would not be so back-
For shame more speed. (ward;
Rhe. I'm ready, Sir,---- come forth my Blessing,
I could not lose a Night of so much Goodness;
My Love o'ercame my Manners and my Duty,
Which here I must implore a Pardon for. [*Kneels.*
King. For what? (sence,
Rhe. For stealing of a Bride without your Pre-
And tho' the Mercy of my Prince forsake me;
Here is a Father sure will plead for me.
Ghi. My Lord!
Rhe. My Father, will you not own me, Sir?
King. What means he?
Ghi. I cannot guess?
King. *Rheusanes.*
Rhe. Ay, Sir, *Rheusanes*, your Loyal Subject,
And that good Man's Son; why art so slow?
My Joy in what must be, come forth
And stand it with thy Lord's Assurance.
King. Thou art not well, *Rheusanes.*
Rhe. Never so well, so happy, or so bless'd,
Since the first airing of my Senses, Sir.
[*Goes and leads in* Oryala, *vail'd.*
This is the happy Author of my Transport,
Here must we sue for Pardon; here for
Blessing. ----- [*Points to the* King *and* Ghi.
King. Unveil this Riddle [*She unveils her self.*
Oryala!
Ghi. The Princess!
Rhe. Convulsions choak me. [*Aside.*

King.

King. Rise my Intention's Fair,
You might have trusted, General, your Prince;
I should not have prevented what is done:
Credit me Sister, you were in haste for Love,
That could not stay till Morning to confirm it;
But I forgive your Secresie, *Rheusanes:*
And here I own thee Brother to the Crown.
Rhe. And Heir to all Misfortune. [*Aside.*
King. When were ye wedded?
Ory. Last Night, Sir, at the Shepherds Chapel;
We did perform too in their innocent Sport,
And were according to their Custom marry'd,
Being disguis'd as Partners in their Living.
King. Pretty Diversions sure and innocent:
It shews the Emblem of long Happiness.
Rhe. Of long Confusion. [*Aside.*
King. Be not dismay'd, *Rheusanes,* I am pleas'd.
Rhe. I know it.
King. And for a Proof, my liking is with thine;
Three Days we dedicate to Revelling;
And to divert the Intervals of Feasting,
We'll have the Ceremony of the Swains,
By the best Artists of our Land perform'd.
And you *Oryala* must Instructions give;
Triumphant Pleasures shall our Streets adorn;
Our Altars shall with richest Incense burn;
A general Festival the Land shall keep,
And waking Joy deny the God of Sleep:
I will give Orders for the vast Delight,
And wait my self as Bride-man to this Night.
[*Exeunt all but* Rheusanes.
Rheu. A fatal Meaning bore that pamper'd Speech,
And his pretended Honours for this Match,
Are but as Prologue to his own Performance,
The fancy'd Scene 'twixt him and *Antelina:*
Methinks I bear my Losses evenly,
With an indifferent Temper till my Ruin,

As if my Faculties were tir'd with raving;
Why should I not curse out on all above,
To draw a Bolt that might destroy the Curser.

Enter Dorenalus.

Dorenalus comes! why let him come,
No Plague can go beyond the Store I have.
[*Crosses the Stage looking at* Rheusanes.]
Now I am poor indeed; not worth a Word
From him I have most wrong'd,
When a brave Soul's oppress'd does it not speak,
Does it not strive to rectifie its Wrongs,
With a just Punishment on the Inflictor;
I am beneath his Wrath, curs'd Wretch indeed,
Too base to live, and yet too loath to bleed.

Re-enter Dorenalus.

Dor. I cannot go till I have told my Wrongs,
How much I suffer by his Perjury, (plaints,
And when I have lash'd his Soul with my Com-
I'll ease my own of Care, and of the World.
Rheu. He comes again; Oh! thou just fearful (Heart,
Which trembles like a Wretch who dreads his (Sentence,
When his own Conscience tells him he is guilty.
Dor. Sir.
Rhe. How awkardly he does affect this Strange-
Dor. General. (ness,
Rhe. Again.
Dor. My Lord, *Rheusanes*!
Rhe. Ridiculous.
Dor. Will you not speak?
Rhe. To whom?
Dor. A Friend.

Dor.

Rhe. There is but one has Title to that Name,
And him I've too much wrong'd to see his Face.
Dor. Turn, Oh perfidious! for you cannot shun (me;
As well may Sinners, at the last sad Day,
Endeavour to obscure themselves from Judgment,
As you avoid my Injuries Accusation.
Rhe. What wouldst thou have?
Dor. I would relate the Story of my Wrongs,
Then part for ever from thy Perjur'd Presence.
Rhe. Go on then and be quick;
And when you've scourg'd me as you think enough,
Send *Antelina* to correct me more.
Dor. Oh! thou hast wrong'd that Innocence
Beyond the hope of all Repentance;
To the Gods for Mercy.
Rhe. I know't, and therefore do dispair of any:
Alas, I've shaken hands with Hope long since,
Have taken leave of Comfort; there's nothing
That's related to Content but I have quarrel'd with.
I have made a League with *Anguish* and *Despair*;
The Devil drew the Articles, all Hell witness'd 'em,
And I despise the Malice of the Stars.
Dor. Grown mad! or dost affect it?
Rhe. Neither; but have I not enough to make (me so,
To find thee here a worrying of my Conscience.
To hear thee bark my Perjuries against me;
To see thy Sister lost to all recovery;
To find my self betray'd I know not how;
Yet to be thought Designer of the Plot,
Would make a mortal Temper sure distracted.
But mine's prodigious!
Dor. This will not do, *Rheusanes*, I call to mind
Your Reasons lately urg'd against my admiring (*Oryala*,
Could any but a Husband preach such Doctrine;
Jealous of losing what was in Possession.
Endeavouring to divert my Thoughts else where,

The

The Imposition is so gross and base,
You cannot think me Man to hear the Lie.
Rhe. By all my Woes, I am as ignorant as you.
Dor. Impossible!
Oh! how you hung on the related Joys
You had possess'd the last dear happy Night.
With such Delight you dwelt upon the Tale,
You tasted 'em again in the Description;
Yet ignorant! Curses blast thee.
Rhe. Do.
Dor. The Curse of Expectation without Success;
Of inward Love not daring to discover, (ings;
The Curse of Want, with Pride to hide its Long-
Gaul thy false Heart, and rot thy canker'd Soul.
Rhe. As heartily as home; Oh! for some Means
To work him to a hight, might make him
Quite forget all Bounds and kill me. [*Aside.*
Thou hast done well, disgrac'd my Honour as thy
Heart desir'd; but say no more, lest my rouz'd
Temper should forget all Mercy, and pay thy Folly
With a sad Revenge. (great,
Dor. If I would fight with you, your Guilt's so
Your Sword would never pierce my honest Flesh.
Rhe. That shall be try'd, for now I recollect,
Your Sister was before design'd the King's;
And when I ask'd you to go with me to her,
You did deny it as your Father's Order.
By Heav'n you were Assistant in the Cheat;
You were the Bawd, the Mercenary Bawd,
And chaffer'd with Preferment for your Sister.
Dor. Your Oath to this, resembles those you
To that deluded Maid. (swore
Asham'd of Life, you would provoke a Death,
To drive you from the Terrors of your Conscience,
Thou hast a Fiend now whispers in thy Ear,
Thou art damn'd, despair and die.
Rhe. Audacious Upstart, dar'st thou talk un-
(arm'd?
Draw,

Draw, or through thy Breast I will pursue my (Sword,
Till the sharp Point find thy false Heart.

Dor. Sooner you'll bury it within that Breast;
But here's a faithful one would fain embrace it;
Keep me not on the Wreck thus miserably,
But give the Stroke of Mercy and relieve me.

Rhe. Thou art a Coward.

Dor. Therefore kill me lest I spoil the Army.

Rhe. A Slave, would sell thy Country for a Dollar.

Dor. Let thy Sword prevent it.

Rhe. Procurer for thy Sister!

Dor. Now revenge thy self, for I did steal her
For the King, and robb'd thee.

Rhe. Oh! I desire no more, you Sup this Night (in Hell,
With all your Sins attending you with Torments;
But first I'll as a Villain and a Coward use thee.
Thus we deal with Cowards. [*Strikes him.*

Dor. Hold thee a Minute.

Rhe. Draw then.

Dor. I Will.
And that I may not be provok'd by any
Usage you'll inflict on me, I here resign
What might protect me from it, [*Throws him his Sword.*

Now *Rheusanes*.....

Rhe. Death, Hell, and Vengeance, I'll endure (no longer,
Come to my Arms thou injur'd Innocence: [*Kneels.*
Oh! pardon, pardon, my last frantick Measures.

Dor. Oh! rise my Lord, and do not mock my Sufferings.

Rhe. By all thy martyr'd Patience it is real;
Nor will I rise till I hear Pardon from thee.

Dor. For what?

Rhe. I struck thee, Friend.

Dor.

Dor. I have forgot it.

Rhe. Disgrac'd thy Honour.

Dor. I think not of it---- Oh! *Rheusanes*, but no more.

Rhe. Yes, I will talk for ever on thy Goodness,
Angels protect and guide thee in all thy Ways;
And everlasting Happiness attend thee.

Dor. Now I am happy, the utmost I desir'd was (to part
Friends, to make you sensible of what you had
Done, and then to leave you.

Rhe. Leave me!

Dor. For ever, and for ever, we must part,
Oh! *Rheusanes*, to stay in sight of such a Loss as (mine;
Would tempt me to do something base and dam-

Rhe. Time may alter. (nable.

Dor. Nor Time, nor Fate, can alter my Con- (dition.
Would the Law serve so far as to divorce you;
Would the King after give *Oryala*
To these (Oh curs'd Remembrance) once most (longing Arms;
It would not bear the Name of Recompence;
The Treasure's gone which I so much ador'd,
And tho' she may, that n'er can be restor'd,

Rhe. Are there no Means to help us.

Dor. None but parting, if thou art innocent,
The Gods reward thee with some future Blessing.

Rhe. How can you bless what you so lately curs'd?

Dor. 'Twas only to provoke you to destroy me.

Rhe. My Usage had the same Design on you.

Dor. Farewell.
How hard it is to part with what we love,
Oh! had the Princess never been thy Wife;
Had she been any other's, had she been lewd,
As the worst Woman's Fancy,

This-

This Bosom would have given my Troubles ease;
But Oh! *Rheusanes*,
Who will not pity that, shall read my End,
Robb'd of my Mistress by my only Friend.
[*Exit.* Doren.

Rhe. Wilt thou not hide me Earth? [*Falls down.*

Enter Oryala.

Ory. Yonder he lies; Curs'd, Curs'd, *Ghinotto*,
Thou betray'd me, (how hast
Thou irresistable and cruel Power?
Which has so partially confin'd my Heart,
If you would have it faithful to your Worship;
Give ear to the Intercession of my Love:
And make me happy in this Lord's Affection.
For if that Scorn does still possess his Soul,
I'll fly to the Refuge of a just Revenge,
And will despise thee equal to his Slights.

Rhe. Oryala, how my Plagues grow upon me!

Ory. Oh! Rise *Rheusanes*, is this a Bed for a Royal Bridegroom.

Rhe. No, but for a perjur'd one it is
Made wretched by thy Means.
Prithee befriend me, and withdraw thy Terrors;
There are ten thousand Mischiefs in thy Presence.

Ory. I am no Basilisk.

Rhe. Oh! that you were, you would be com- (fortable to
These Eyes, and ease 'em of the Torment of be- (holding.

Ory. Are these the Pleasures I must hope from Marriage?

Rhe. Why didst thou marry me? [*Rises.*

Ory. Because I lov'd, because I cou'd not live
In Peace or Rest without you.

Rhe.

Rhe. Oh! you will never with me,
My Wrongs to *Antelina* cry for Justice;
And Envy grins to see me so unhappy.
Ory. Oh! *Rheusanes!*
Rhe. Oh, *Oryala!* I dare not call thee Wife,
It is too much to know thou art that thing.
With what Afflictions hast thou loaded me,
I groan beneath the Burthen of my Thoughts,
And am not able to endure the Torture!
Hell! Hell that owns me! why dost let me live!
Ory. Oh! Chide me, if you must, a little gentler!
I cannot suffer these unequal Passions
From one I love so much.
Rhe. What would'st thou have me do?
There is no Medium in my Miseries;
My Friend too, my *Dorenalus*, my promis'd Brother!
That Soul of Honour, Constancy and Friendship,
Have I beyond Recovery lost and ruin'd.
Ory. How have you ruin'd him? I can perceive
No Ruin but my own.
Rhe. He lov'd you Princess, he indeed ador'd you,
Your Name was his Delight, your Sight his Food,
I swore to him I'd never wrong his Hopes,
And the same Night for ever ruin'd 'em.
Ory. His Love was only known to himself and you,
I could not answer what I never knew;
Yet if I had been acquainted with his Love,
You could not think I would have cherisht it;
You were the only Subject I could stoop to,
Look back upon my Generosity:
Reflect upon my Care for your Preferment,
Private you came unheeded to the Court,
'Till my regarding Eye your Person chose,
And to my Brother's Favour did present you.
Rhe. You have sold that Goodness at too dear a Rate.
Ory. Oh! say not so,
Since you are sensible o'th' Weight of Love,
Pity what under the same Load does move;

By

By all the Joys you coveted last Night,
When with your eager Arms you press'd me close.—
Rhe. Those Joys do prove my greatest Torments,
Oh! if our scatter'd Loves have chance to meet,
And fill'd thee with the Image of thy Wishes;
May it be blasted at its Dawn of Light,
And stifled as 'tis crawling to the World.
Ory. Consider who I am.
Rhe. Thou art my Wife, my wretched unintend-
Fortune, that Bawd to Accidents has (ed Wife,
Slur'd thee on me.
Ory. I am thy Princess too.
Rhe. No, you were, Oh! that you still had born
That awful Name, I still had paid Obedience
To your Will; but now I Rule, I Reign,
And Lord it o'er thee as becomes my Pleasure;
What hast thou done? thou hast sold thy Freedom
To a Tyrant Husband, who always will misuse
(thee.
Ory. When I intreat again I give thee leave,
Oh! where has all my injur'd Honour slept,
Or how have I been charm'd into Submission?
Rouze, Rouze, my Temper shake thy Fondness off,
And punish the Offenders of thy Quiet,
Thou little less than Man, how I despise thee?
Rhe. Thou something more than Woman, how
I hate thee?
Ory. By the Resentment of an Injur'd Love,
I will have Justice done me;
Thou Weed of Nature crept into the Earth,
To canker and disturb the Royal Seed.
Villain *Ghinotto*, thus to wrong my Honour,
Had'st thou been faithful, but I find thee now,
And will prevent thy Hopes if possible;
The poor deluded and forsaken Queen,
When she beheld her false *Eneas* sail;
Felt nothing like the Anguish of my Heart,
Like her I'll die to give my Troubles end;

But

But Monster think not by my self I'll fall.
Thy *Antelina*, she shall be the Pile
On which I'll burn, and as I burn I'll smile.
[*Exit.*

Rhe. How much we both are wrong'd
By one curs'd Villain, *Ghinotto* is the Instrument
Of Mischief, which wrought us to the Ruin of
Each other: For Royalty he has his Daughter
Kept, and in her room contriv'd this wretched
(Princess.
In what have I offended Heav'n, that it should suffer
Such Injustice towards me. [*Shout.*
Hark! there may be Comfort
In that Acclamation.
Oh! for a general Insurrection now,
That I might plunge into some terrible Confusion,
Where I might hide my self in Multitudes,
And lie forgotten 'mongst the dirty Crowd.

Enter Antelina. [*Shout.*

Ant. Where e'er I go the Joy disturbs my Ears,
That is proclaim'd for false *Rheusanes* Match;
These Ceremonies once were meant for me,
And all the Land call'd me the Generals Love,
But now his Scorn; Oh! potent Oppositions,
How have you prevail'd?
[Rheusanes *kneels and takes hold on her.*
Ha! my Destruction here some Power protect.----
[*Offers to go.*

Rhe. Turn thee, Oh, turn, thou injur'd Inno-
Encline thine Ear to a repenting Sinner; (cence,
I'm in a Maze of crooked Miseries lost,
Nor can I find the Thread that leads to Rest,
Unless thy merciful Forgiveness guide me.

Ant. Pray give me Freedom.

Rhe.

Rhe. Gods! what a Look was there!
The Sword of Justice threatens in her Eyes,
And my Soul fears to look on her again.
Ant. Pray let me go, my Lord;
Suppose the Princess saw you in this Posture,
The Jealousie 'twould raise might fatal prove,
And I should be more curs'd than now I am,
To make a difference 'twixt Man and Wife;
Pray loose me.
Rhe. I cannot, like a poor Wretch whose Soul
Has given him warning; I grasp my Hold
With all the wrecking Cramps of Lifes Convulsions.
Ant. Disgrace grow to thee.
Rhe. Well said.
Ant. The Curses that thy Perjuries deserve,
The Punishment that's due to thy false Sex,
May Heav'n reserve them all for single thee.
Rhe. Go on.
Ant. Let me then. [*Pulls to get from him.*
Rhe. Not that way; but in thy Curses
In thy Rage go on; curse till fierce *Jove*,
Thy Combatant, step forth and strikes this Villain
Breathless at thy Feet---- Yet stay.
Ant. I will not.
Rhe. You shall.
Ant. I must not.
Rhe. I am innocent; betray'd by Fortune,
By your Father. ----
Ant. Away.
Rhe. Will you not hear me then?
Ant. Nothing, nothing, the King. ----
Rhe. The King!
Ant. Ay, the King stays for me; stays to make me
Great to make me ---- Off, or I'll call for help.
Rhe. Then go. [*He lets go* Exit. *Ant.*
The Pomp you seek, wait for you;
I find it all, and yet I am not mad;

Oh!

Oh! I was born sure when the Gods were angry;
And in their Rage they fix'd this Curse upon me.
Hark! I am call'd [*Musick flourishes.*
To th' Banquet: I must go
With all the Unwillingness of gaul'd Aversion;
But with what Joy should I my Senses Feast,
If I were sure to be a poison'd Guest, [*Exit.*

Re-enter Antelina.

Ant. I did not well to leave him unresolv'd,
Surely there was Sincerity in's Carriage;
It look'd Romantick, yet it might be real.
He talk'd of Father, Fortune, being betray'd;
My fears provoke me strangely to think ill.
Oh! if their purpose shou'd be prov'd I'm lost;
With poor *Rheusanes* equally undone!
What he intreated me to hear, I'll know,
And if I find him cheated, as I guess,
I will go Partner in his Resolutions.

Enter King *and* Ghinotto.

King. Fair *Antelina*!
Ghi. Daughter?
Ant. Sir.
Ghi. Do you not hear the King?
Ant. The King! (his Royalty,
King. Once he was so, but love has stript him of
Invaded are his vast Prerogatives,
By thy deposing Beauty.
Ant. Invaded are my vast Prerogatives,
The Power I had over *Rheusanes* Heart,
Your rigid Pleasure has undone for ever.
King. My rigid Pleasure!
Ant. Whose else? Oh! you have undone me!
Upon my youthful Hopes stampt old Despair:
In one pernicious Hour ruin'd the Purpose of my

Labouring Soul, which ſince my Eyes could judge,
Pray'd for *Rheuſanes.*

King. You pray'd for one who little did deſerve it,
And ſcorn the only Perſon truly loves you:
Would I had been *Rheuſanes*, and he King,
I ne'er had left the Bleſſings of thy Love,
For all the Pomp o'th' ſpacious Univerſe.

Ant. I fear *Rheuſanes* knew not the Deſign,
But was betray'd into the dark Miſtake,
Elſe why was I lock'd up that very Hour
I was to meet him to confirm our Vows.

King. Can you believe that Husbands were ſo (ſcarce,
My Siſter wedded him for fear of none.

Ghi. How e'er his Flatteries have prevail'd
Upon your credulous and inclining Heart,
The Cheat is plain to an impartial Mind.

King. Were ſhe unprejudic'd, I could produce
Such natural and unerring Demonſtration
As Credit could not ſhun.

Ant. Could I be ſatisfied with a Belief
Rais'd from a reaſonable and unbyaſs'd Teſt,
Rheuſanes were conſenting to the Deed ----

King. What Recompence ſhall wait the Satisfier,
If I ſhould prove he were the ſole Contriver?

Ant. I'll never think on the falſe Wretch again.

King. May I not hope Advancement for my Suf- (ferings.

Ant. Oh! Preſs me not too much;
If you ſhould juſtifie what you have ſaid,
My Task will be ſufficient to forget him.

King. I will not preſs thee more my long'd for (Bride,
But reſt in the Aſſurance of his Falſhood,
Which ſhall alone plead for me.

Ghi. By Heav'ns I'll force her ----

King. Forbear, *Ghinotto*, and divert a while
My Abſence from the Banquet; be free
In welcoming the Bridal Gueſts, and repreſent
Your Prince (your Son that ſhall be, if this
Lady pleaſes) with an untir'd Bounty towards all.

Come

Come hard Believer, if I do not prove
Rheusanes false, I'll quit my Claim to Love.
Ghi. Now Princess sink, and Daughter ride (above.

[Exeunt *severally.*

End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King *with* Antelina *disordered.*

King. NOW stubborn Beauty curse your sly (Disdain,
Curse your rash Will which tortur'd me so long
With the utmost Rigour of a proud Neglect.
Think not that Face nor Shape above Reward,
Nor think that Crowns are Subjects Toys to play (with.

Ant. If ever you would have my Heart your own,
Let those curs'd Hands which forc'd me to Dishonour,
Tear it from whence it ever must abhor you.

King. When my fond Heart with Springs of (Longing leapt,
As it would beat thorough the Breast it bruis'd,
To rest upon the Bosom it ador'd.
You stop'd your Ears to my entreating Soul,
And scorn'd it as the vilest in the Land.

Ant. I think it now the worst that Hell e'er punish'd.

King. Think what you will, the Game is now
Nor value I your Curses or Reflections. (my own,

Ant. Dost thou not dread the fatal Consequence
Must issue from revealing of this Mischief?

King. Not I;
Were thy Soul's Dotage here with all the Army,
Thy Father and thy Brother at their Head,
Had every Wrong a Champion from Above;
Nay, were thy self before 'em all disorder'd
In the most moving Posture of Abuse,
I'd twine about thee like a curling Snake,
And cling till by degrees I was cut off.

Ant. Heav'n, if I wait, will surely do me Justice,

King. When first I lov'd, I nobly did design,
Nor could your Wishes make you more than mine;
But when I found you deaf to my Complaints,
Resolv'd *Rheusanes* should not boast my Loss;
I caus'd *Oryala* to perform your Part,
Whilst your ambitious Father lockt you up
As a Reserve for me.

Ant. Thou Breeder of Destruction.

King. Think you I would have match'd my (Sister
To one did hate her, and below her Birth;
But to remove the Obstructions of my Pleasure,
By the Desires which I have gratified,
I would have stak'd my Country, and my Life
To've gain'd the Pleasure I compel'd even now.

Ant. Oh, ruin'd *Antelina!* Wrong'd *Rheusanes!*

King. Despise a Slave when you may have his (Lord:
Wait not on Fortune, when you may command (her;
Give me your Love, and by my own I swear,
Thou shalt become the Wonder of the World.

Ant. Your Villany has made me that already.

King. The Eagle shall not soar above thy Pow-
The *Indies* shall be plunder'd for thy Sports, (er;
To keep thy Extravagancies in perpetual Play;
Thy Garments all shall be Originals,
The finest, and the richest Art can finish;
I'll have the Sea turn'd off to digg up Rocks

Shall

Shall furnish thee with Gems to blind the Admi-
(rers.

Ant. And what shall wait on this Romantick Pomp?

King. My Love.

Ant. Thy Lust and Heaven's eternal Loss;
Would'st thou to the Confusion thou hast made,
Add to my Damnation, Monster, Vengeance will
(catch thee.

King. Consider better, and be better us'd;
Nor do I fear my Subjects, nor the Gods,
If they should punish me for this dear Action,
'Tis 'cause I have enjoy'd the Bliss before 'em.
Once more consider, weigh well your idle Coyness;
And if a just Repentance I can find,
I may, to quiet what you've lost, be kind. [*Exit.*

Ant. Do then and end me, Tyrant, Ravisher:
He's gone, and so am I from Honour ever gone;
Oh! how shall I look Virtue in the Face,
Or keep my Countenance when 'tis accus'd;
My conscious Blushes on my Cheeks will blab,
And tell the inward Touches of my Soul.
Earth, Earth, thou general Mother of all Beings,
Let not my evil Foot-steps wrong thy bearing,
But take what is too vile to walk upon thee.
[*Sits down.*

Enter Rheusanes.

Rhe. 'Tis done, I do believe the happy Deed is
(done:
The King came pleas'd and flushing to the Ban-
(quet,
As if the Priest had warranted his Joys,
And he had tasted of my *Antelina.*

Ant. Oh! I should know that Voice.

Rhe. What Fate directs me always to this Place!

This melancholy Grove but sooths me in my (Thoughts,
And drowns me in Despair. Or, is't perhaps,
That this most conscious Grove nourish'd my Ruin:
Oh! the happy Time!
Even I that am undone: undone by that;
Bless those so happy, happy Moments past,
And fond the Memory that makes me wretched.

Ant. Oh, Heavens! (the Woods

Rhe. What means that Voice of Sorrow? Do
Pity me? or is't that mourning Lady!
'Twere vain for me to offer Services,
Or complement her Miseries with mine.
If she be truly wretched, I rob her of her Solitude.
For sure when Grief grows to that monstrous
That none can equally Commiserate. (height,
Next to the Quiet Slumbers of the Grave;
To be alone, is all a Wretch would have.

Ant. Oh! *Rheusanes!*

Rhe. Or my Sense fails, or *Antelina*'s Voice.
But that's impossible. [*Going off.*

Ant. *Rheusanes.*

Rhe. Again, Madam, by calling on my Name;
I judge you think it in my Power to do you Ser- (vice.
Accept it thus, and rise from this sad Place,
I will not trust my Eyes, it cannot be;
What *Antelina*, and without the King!
Or is this Grief because without the King.

Ant. Unkind *Rheusanes* do I merit this.

Rhe. Why, Madam, I can guess no other Cause;
Yet Oh! my *Antelina*, if e're you lov'd,
As often you have sworn you did *Rheusanes*;
Not all the Royalties that deck a Throne,
Nor the gay Bridegroom King with all his Ho- (nours,
Not in your Arms, nor in the unspeaking Minute (of Delight,

Shall

Shall give you half that Peace or calm your Soul,
Equal to what beneath yon Mirtle Tree,
You own'd with Tears of Joy you felt from me.

Ant. I know thy Truth, and that thus sinks my Soul.

Rhe. She faints, Oh! thou Epitome of Heaven (return,
Revive my Love, my Life, my *Antelina.*

Ant. Ah! me, if you would e're have Peace.
Wake me no more.

Rhe. Oh! if thou knoweſt my Truth,
Live only to convince me of thy own;
That *Antelina* Loves the loſt *Rheuſanes*,
And my Soul ſoars immediately with thine. (me?

Ant. How can your Eyes ſo careleſly ſurveigh

Rhe. What ſay'ſt thou?

Ant. Do theſe torn Robes and Hair look well,
Rheuſanes?

Rhe. Ha! (Road,

Ant. Should you meet one thus ruffled on a
Stretch'd on the Ground, or faſten'd to a Tree,
Would you not judge they had been robb'd,
(*Rheuſanes*?

Rhe. Horrors eternal choak my eager Thought,
And ſtifle my unnatural Suſpicion;
I will not gueſs at all, go on, be plain,
What meaneſt thou by a Road, bound to a Tree,
(or robb'd?

Ant. When e're a Shepherd leaves his tender (Flock,
Does not the Wolf devour the helpleſs Lambs?

Rhe. Yet plainer.

Ant. Let my original Diſorder ſpeak.

Rhe. Enough, enough, ye mighty, merciful (good Guards
Of Innocence and Virtue, 'tis enough:
Give me thy Hand, thou beautiful Decay,
Let us ſit down like Children quite undone,
And prattle o'er the Falſhood of our Guardian,

Thy Father.----- Oh, do not turn away;
That wretched Motion does inform too much.

Ant. Oh, my *Rheusanes*, I own I sin to look you
So vile am I: But pity me, (in the Face,
If threatned and entreated by a Father,
Urg'd by the Wrong I thought you had done my (Love,
And tempted by a Prince I seem'd to accept
What as I wish for, Heaven, my Soul so abhorr'd,
I would have chose the vilest Death on Earth,
Rather than live, *Rheusanes* being lost,
The greatest Empress Story e'er could boast of.

Rhe. Oh, dismal Sound!
The only blessed News I wish'd to hear,
Doubles the Wrack of my despairing Soul,
And marks me for a Wretch to future Times:
Hadst thou been false, Time, or a just Resentment
Might have cur'd: but now my spiteful Fate
Has made a Flaw, not Heaven it self can mend;
Nor do I fear a Curse, nor ask a Blessing.

Ant. Oh *Rheusanes!* (Wretch,

Rhe. Speak on, speak all, for I'd be more a
Admire the witty Cruelties of Heaven,
And wonder at the Newness of their Curse.

Ant. My Father!

Rhe. Curses blast him! Heark, I hear some co- (ming,
Perhaps the King, to appease a second time;
His pressing Blood, retire my Love,
And when I call,
Approach.

Ant. Oh, hide me where I never may be found.
[*Leads her off.*

Rhe. Now for this lustful Brand,
This Fire that blister'd *Antelina*'s Virtue.

Enter

Enter Ghinotto.

By the fell Author of her Miseries,
It is the greater Mischief.

Ghi. The King with Joy deals round the brim-
(swell'd Goblets,
His gay Behaviour signifies Success;
But he's engag'd so strictly with his Guests,
I cannot know the full Particulars.

[Rheusanes *takes him by the Shoulder.*]

Rhe. *Ghinotto*, though I know thee Ambitious
Yet not so blinded, but thou canst judge (Dotard,
What Death deserves that execrable Dog,
Who would, to please a bold Hot-blooded Prince,
Expose the unspotted Honour of a Daughter.

Ghi. What Death? Equal with him, the unam-
(bitious Fool,
Who would to please the Fondness of a Girl,
Refuse to be the Father of a Prince?

Rhe. Are not Vows binding, do we mock the Gods,
When our Protestings summon 'em to witness,
Whether our Words keep measure with our Hearts?
Have you forgot, when to the Wars I went,
You join'd my *Antelina*'s Hand and mine,
And bless'd me as yours? Have you forgot,
When on my Sword, I swore eternal Faith?
You made her kneel, and kiss the hollow Blade:
Preferring me to any Prince on Earth.

Ghi. The Princess was not nam'd, perfidious
(Man!
Do you upbraid my Wrongs, or flout my Age?
Your fiery Pride, young Conqueror, rides so high,
'Twill throw you on your Back; your false
Deluding Tongue, the Tricks you us'd to break the
Match, and *Antelina*'s Peace, shall mount her to a
A Diadem my Daughter shall adorn. (Throne:
Orsala and thou shalt be her Scorn:

Thy slighted Passion, shall at distance move:
It shall be Treason, but to own thy Love,
Whilst the most Favour thy poor State shall meet;
Shall be to pay Obedience at her Feet.

Rhe. Rage keep thy Bounds, and Oh instruct (me Gods,
Which way to satisfy my Love and Honour,
And not destroy this Murd'rer of 'em both.
Upbraid'st thou me with breaking off the Match?
Does not thy base Heart know its own Contrivance?

Ghi. Vain Lord, thy Threats are vain; my (Heart knows this,
Its Blood runs cheary now, as e'er it did, nor to
Be chill'd with Words, but sensible of Wrongs;
Apt to revenge, and with this wither'd Arm,
To justify the Honour of my Name.

Rhe. The Honour of thy Name, Ha! ha---

Ghi. Ay, upstart Prince, the Honour of my (Name,
Equal with thine, much dearer than my Life,
And precious as the Offsprings of my Blood.

Rhe. Precious indeed, and yet by Hell 'tis sold.

Ghi. By whom?

Rhe. By thee.

Ghi. Thy ly'st.

Rhe. Thus quarrel Boys and Girls:
Thou twice a Child!

Ghi. Thou not beyond it yet.

Rhe. Who left his Daughter here?

Ghi. I did.

Rhe. To meet the King.

Ghi. On purpose.

Rhe. To hear his Love.

Ghi. Ay, and receive it too.

Rhe. He has been here, *Ghinotto.*

Ghi. I'm glad on't.

Rhe. He has made Love too.

Ghi. Better.

Rhe. High, mighty, preſſing Love.
Ghi. More like a Prince.
Rhe. More like a Fiend of Hell. [*Fetches her in.*
Come forth thou Sacrifice to his Ambition,
And with thy Ruins ſink his haughty Soul.
Ghi. My Child!
Ant. My Father. (Hair,
Ghi. What mean theſe ſwoll'n Eyes, this torn
Theſe ruffled Garments, theſe all marks of Horror?
Ant. The King.
Ghi. Shall do thee Right for this Affront:
Tell me the Authors.
Ant. Oh! he can never do me Right.
Ghi. Why, Child, I know he loves thee.
Ant. So loves a Goatiſh Satyr of the Woods,
A wandring Virgin of *Diana*'s Train,
When to his Den he hurries her by Force,
And Grins at her Reſiſtance, and her Prayers.
Ghi. Ambition, Oh Ambition! thou Nurſe of (Miſchief:
How thou haſt laſh'd my Pride. [*Aſide.*
Rhe. What ſay'ſt thou now *Ghinotto*, does not (this Object
Make thy Inwards ſweat? Does not her Tears
Pierce through thy yielding Pores, and ſcald thy (Heart?
Can'ſt thou be ſtill, when ſuch a Wrong provokes?
Ghi. Is this the Coronation of my Daughter,
Villain *Ghinotto*? Curſe thy ſelf alone:
Accomplice, Cauſe-Author of thy Diſgrace;
Nor look on him whom next Heav'n muſt revenge,
And equally with Heav'n thou haſt abus'd.
The Army's his, and ſure a Cauſe like this,
Will ſhock the Loyalty I know he bears.
Ant. Oh, Father! (Juſtice.
Ghi. Peace Girl, a while, and I will do thee
Rheuſanes, 'tis now no Time to ask you Pardon:
Nor can my Life afford me Time enough.

The

The King and I; mark me, the King and I,
Are equally concern'd in thy undoing.
Oh! do me Justice there, I'll give thee
Ample Satisfaction here.

Rhe. Let me reflect.
The Man who made this Wretch of poor *Rheusanes*,
Lives still, and I must honour him; he is my (Prince,
Therefore I must not meditate Revenge,
Or Compensation just to such a Wrong:
Because he is my Prince: Nay, by my Soul,
That Name aws me so much,
That had he strip'd me bare of all my Honours,
Reduc'd me to the meanest State of Life;
Nay, took my Life, and that the vilest Way,
I could have bless'd him still, and bore it all.

Ghi. I have heard him boast your Loyalty indeed;
Own you the Prop and Honour of his Kingdom.
Yet there lies your Reward. [*Points to* Ant.

Rhe. Nay, had he attack'd me in that tender (Part,
And knowing that my Life twisted with hers:
Had stab'd her at my Feet, my Blood might
Sally me to some rash Thought, which soon I
Should have griev'd for on my Knees, to have (begg'd
The Favour of a Second Stab. Thus would I (treat
His Cruelties with Life, the utmost Stake a Mor-
Has to lose. (tal

Ghi. And charg'd by Heav'n, and Nature to (Protect;
To Right, if wrong'd by any mortal Power.

Rhe. But Sacriligiously to spoil my Love:
To violate the Altar of my Vows, he has stab'd my
Soul, nor can your vain Eleziums do me Right:
A melancholy poor dishonour'd Ghost;

Aban-

Abandon'd, branded, scorn'd by noble Souls,
And shun'd by *Antelina*'s unreveng'd.

Ant. Where then, Oh! where shall *Antelina*
In what dark Mansion, cover her Disgrace? (fly?
A Ravish'd Virgin in a stranger World;
Where bold *Rheusanes* durst not shew his Face.

Ghi. By Heavens, the Gods sit smiling at our (Follies,
And mock at our Ridiculous Enduring.

Rhe. Oh Father! [*Leans on him.*

Ghi. Oh! do not sink my Soul with so much Goodness:
I loath the World, I hate my self for living;
To find thy Blood, aw'd with the Name of King:
Baulk a Revenge, would make me young again:
Nor can I hope it from my Arm alone.
The Conscious King has Guards enough, (here.
To fence him from my Rage: which shall end
Rheusanes, I told you, and I own it once again,
The King and I, only the King and I,
Made thee the Wretch thou art:
Thy Honour's stab'd in his hot Blood, and Lust,
And thus in Blood must pay thee, if he's just.
[*Offers to stab himself.*

Rhe. Oh! hold *Ghinotto*, I vow Revenge;
Live and look up, such Revenge as our
Lean Sorrow shall grow Fat withal:
Live and look up.

Ghi. Rest not my Dagger then, but leave it with its Master.

Ant. Swear not to use it then.

Ghi. Not to my Death I vow.

Rhe. Thus join then Hands with me in a Revenge [*Kneels.*

Lucretia, Brutus, Collatine, and all the gloriously (reveng'd,
Immortal Souls, inspire the equally abus'd *Rheu-* (*sanes*;
And

And prompt this nob'e Fury in my Mind.

Ghi. Oh ! *Rheusanes*, rise not yet, accept this
Moiety of Blood, I pay you; and Daughter,
(Swear, Swear,
Since the World, Man, Woman, Child, and all
(should join
In such a Cause, Thou'lt have Revenge, the King
(and I,
We owe ye Blood my Children: Oh ! lend me
But my Eyes to see him bleed here on this Spot
I make this solemn Vow, where thy dear Honour
(lies;
In thy Father's Blood, I'll pay the due just Forfeit
Of my Life !

Ant. And as I wind
This Linnen round your Arm, to save
The noble Drops which feed that Life,
I swear no Opportunity shall 'scape,
In which I may revenge my Virgin Loss.

Rhe. Come to my Arms, thou noble Penitent,
[*To* Ghi.
And Oh thou precious Rack of my sad Fate:
Cleave to my Soul; [*To* Ant.
Ye Gods, which know no Difference of Men;
But ride in Clouds, Kings over Earthly Kings:
I claim Revenge; Look down upon our Sorrows;
And if, in Opposition to your Law,
My Sword against my Soveraign I draw,
Oh ! crush this young Rebelling in its Birth:
Some Judgment strike this Traitor to the Earth:
But if, as you've thought fit in former Times,
By mortal Hands, to punish mortal Crimes,
Help me my injur'd Honour to redress;
Crown all my Undertakings with Success.
Resentment does my Blood to Action charm,
Revenge inspires the glorious Alarm,
And Conquest waits the Thunder of my Arm.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Dorenalus.

Dor. What is there in this World should make (Men fond
Of breathing in its Falshood: Our Inclinations
Always are deny'd, or if we think to morrow's Joy
Shall make Amends for this Day's Sorrow: some
Evil Accident does intervene, and our Intentions
Still are interrupted. Oh! we were lost sure in the
Primitive Folly, since the First Man allow'd the
Woman Will, we have been the Sex's May-game,
And Derision, and Fortune, which does favour
None but Fools, is constantly their Champion:
The only thing our griping Fates allow'd,
To the sore 'Prentiship of Woes were bound to,
Was healing Friendship; and that now is most
Corrupted and uncertain found. How happy
Did that surly Cynick live, who knew no Joy,
Nor Grief beyond the Want or Presence
Of the Sun?

Enter Ghinotto.

Ghi. *Dorenalus*?
Dor. My Father?
Ghi. The same, are we alone?
Dor. Why, Sir?
Ghi. 'Cause I have Business that's a Secret Boy.
You know there are many private Nooks about
The Court, and at this time of Night, young (wanton
Girls sculk with the Lords in Corners for Instru- (ctions:
And I am loath to Sing, whilst they beat Time.
Dor. I cannot sound you, Sir.
Ghi. But I will thee, I have a Plumet to a Line (of Wrongs,
Will

Will reach thy Heart, were it as deep as the
Unfathom'd Sinkings of the Ocean.

Dor. I have a Heart, which to a Noble Wrong,
Will swell, and save the sounding of it.

Ghi. Well said, then hear me, and stop one Ear;
Left it fly from thee; thy Sister!

Dor. What of her?

Ghi. Is savish'd basely, seduc'd, and ravish'd by the King.

Dor. The King!

Ghi. Ay the King, that Essence of Brutality;
Has robb'd her of her richest Portion.

Dor. We may revenge, but ne're retrieve the Wrong.

Ghi. That's right, but how? how to revenge that we must study.

Dor. Why thus;
I long have doted on *Oryala*,
My Quiet long has been at Pawn for her;
Now I have Power to gratify my Love,
And pay my Sister's loss.

Ghi. As how?

Dor. I'll Ravish her.

Ghi. Wilt thou?

Dor. By all her Scorn I will,
I'll force her till tir'd Nature does refuse,
And my Desire is baffled by my Weakness.

Ghi. I feel my Vitals sicken at this Motion,
Yet I could have provok'd him to this Deed;
Had I not made a League with brave *Rheusanes*.
[*Aside.*

Dor. What ruminate you on, Sir?

Ghi. Don't you consider the's *Rheusanes* Wife.

Dor. I do; and for that very Reason do resolve it:
Consider who has blasted all my Hopes, *Rheusanes*;
Who left my Sister slighted openly, *Rheusanes*;
Who was the Occasion of her Treacherous Rape;
Rheusanes still, for had he faithful prov'd,

Your

Your Daughter had been happy, and *Oryala* in time,
Might have been wrought to anſwer my
Entreatings.

Ghi. I muſt inform him better, tho' the Diſco-
(very ruins
What I long for, the General was betray'd in all;
This Action by the King's Luſt contriv'd to take
The Princeſs, that he might eaſier compel
My Daughter.

Dor. By Heav'n you've eas'd my Spirits of a
(Load,
Lay heavier on 'em than the Love that wrackt 'em;
Now, as the King's Relation, I will force her,
And as he has ſow'd his Poiſon in our Blood,
I will corrupt with equal Pleaſure his.

Ghi. So far 'tis well; nay, farther, I'll proceed;
Rheuſanes hates her as I do the King:
Nay, could he live till Time did reſt his Glaſs,
He would not own her.

Dor. Oh! how I'll ſurfeit in the luſcious Joys:
His Luſt has made my Siſter's Honour bleed;
Mine in *Oryala* ſhall match the Deed. [*Exit.*

Ghi. His Blood is in a Flame, and as a Fire
Long ſtifled, having Vent, breaks out with fiercer,
More conſuming Haſte, ſo does his Paſſion,
Whilſt all my little Oppoſitions mov'd,
Serv'd as Combuſtibles to feed its Fury.
Oh *Virginius!* How happy was thy Arm
That fruſtrated the luſtful Will of *Appius?*
Like him, I to the Army will retire,
And to redreſs my Wrongs their Aid require. [*Exit.*

Enter Rheuſanes *with a Dagger.*

Rhe. Now is the Time, now all within is faſt:
The buſy Feaſting Gueſts are cloy'd with Riot,
And glutted into Sleep: The King himſelf long
Time ago retir'd, remorſeleſs went to Reſt, as if
Some

Some Angel rock'd him to Repose:
My *Antelina* too,
Doz'd with her Wrongs, has sigh'd her self to (Quiet.
Oh Sleep! thou only Cordial, next thy Neighbour (Death,
For injur'd and disorder'd Souls, how feign would I
Enjoy thee: This only takes Possession of my Heart;
This careful Tenant strictly will repair what
Time has run to Ruin; but e'er I make it Master
Of my Life, it must have a Lodging in the Heart
O'th' King.

Enter Dorenalus.

Dor. I find my Spirits falter in this Action,
For when my Will is urgent to go on,
Against the Barr of Friendship it recoils;
Which bruises my Intentions.
Rhe. I heard a Voice, sure.
Dor. If I should ravish her — (regale
Rhe. By Darkness, 'tis the King contriving to
His Lust again; bless'd be the Means that keeps
Me undiscover'd, and the Occasion brought me to
Over-hear him.
Dor. She is *Rhousane*'s Right, altho' I love her;
The Word Revenge will give no Countenance,
For wronging of my Friend;
I hitherto have kept my Name untainted;
Why should I then out of a rash hot Fit,
Lose in a Minute, what my Life has toil'd for?
Rhe. What, does he mutter now?
Dor. I will not Ravish her.
Rhe. Thou shalt not, if *Rhousanes* can prevent it:
Up thou, unus'd to Mischief for a Moment;
And forth thou never failing Instrument of Slaugh- (ter:
My Hand embrace thee with its former Firmness,
And

And by Instinct let me find out his Heart.
[*Runs* Dor. *through.*

Dor. Who e're thou art,
Dorenalus huggs thee for this mighty Favour.
Rhe. Mistakes confound me, what is it I hear;
(within
There, Treason, Murder, Lights, ye Sleepers.

Enter Gentlemen with Lights.

Gent. It was the Prince's Voice.
Rhe. Oh! lend a courteous Glance this way,
It cannot be my Friend sure.
Dor. Never so much thy Friend as at this Hour.
Rhe. How have I trac'd the Foot-steps of De-
(struction.
Away with your unwelcome Witnesses.
Dor. Oh! 'twas Charity to end my Life,
When you deny'd me Nourishment to keep it. (it.
Rhe. Yet e're thy Soul forsake thee, let me clear
I was betray'd by thy ambitious Father,
Who plac'd the Princess, as thy Sister, for me:
Disguis'd and silent we perform'd the Deed;
And when I brought her home to feast on Love,
She swore I should not taste it in the Light:
Pretended Virgin Modesty, refus'd;
So by the Assistance of the fatal Darkness,
I grasp'd her as the Longings of my Soul.
Dor. I do believe thee: Oh! Death hunts my
And drives it from its mortal Mansion. (Soul,
Rhe. I thought it was the King now in thy place,
Hearing thee talk of Ravishing;
Thought 'twas some fresh Design upon your Sister,
Which my mistaken Arm endeavour'd to prevent.
Dor. I am satisfied, and pray be you; I never
(meant you Ill;
Wickedness once invaded my fallen Temper,
(But

But I at last o'ercame it, Oh, *Rheusanes*!

Rhe. What are thy last Desires? (the future

Dor. Take Pity on my Sister, and keep her from Evil of this curst *Tarquin* has dishonoured her. I'm going, and if to Happiness I am preferr'd, I will entreat for thee. [*Dies.*

Rhe. Blessings unenvy'd wait upon thy Soul, And mount it to the Glory it deserves: Remove this Body to my Chamber, And over it I will lament its Fate. (gerent, Heaven! Thou hast shewn thy Care on thy Vice- And in my Bloom of Wickedness hast cropt me: *Ghinotto* work'd upon my yielding Soul; When it was dull'd with suffering then he prey'd on't; But sadly have I answer'd the Offence, Slaying his Son in aiming at my Prince.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Camp. Several Souldiers appear confusedly.

1st. Sould. A Pox o' these peaceable Times, we shall certainly be starv'd in 'em.

2d. Sould. A Pox on our Folly for suffering peaceable Times, have we not the Power in our own Hands?

1st. Sould. For what?

2d. Sould. Why, to make what time we please: Mutiny, my dear Dogs.

Corp. A Plague upon those who let us beat 'em so soon; neither is there an Officer destroy'd, not so much as a fat Serjant, or a lean Ensign; no Hint of a Hope for a Vacancy to any Man's Merit.

2d. Sould

2*d. Sould.* Why, look you, Corporal, our neareſt way to Preferment (ſince they will not die in the Field, nor decently of themſelves) is to make Miſchief among 'em, and let 'em deſtroy one another.

Corp. Ay, but they won't take our Words for't; Superiors have found out the Tricks of Inferiors, and have made an Agreement, tho' Truth, not to mind it.

2*d. Sould.* But why muſt we be kept in our own Country? If we were abroad we might plunder.

Corp. We ſteal here, which is all one.

2*d. Sould.* No, 'tis not, for we are hang'd for it.

1*ſt. Sould.* Hark, you Fellow Souldiers, now cannot I for my Blood underſtand why this is our own Country; I'll be choak'd if there be a Man among us has a Foot of Land in it.

2*d. Sould.* No more than he ſtands upon. Well, 'tis a brave thing to be an Officer.

1*ſt. Sould.* What becauſe you can march Five Miles on Horſeback?

2*d. Sould.* No: But to be even with the Government.

Corp. As how, Old Dry-Bobb?

2*d. Sould.* Why, as we march'd from our Quarters, we came through the City to the Camp; and a turbulent Dog, that was gaping to ſee us as we paſt by his Shop, cry'd out, *Ay, there goes the Plague o'th' the Nation*: His Wife ſtrait reply'd, *The Comforts, you Blockhead.*

Corp. So. (Wink,

2*d. Sould.* The Captain immediately tip'd her the
And made him a Cuckold before it was dark.

All. Oh brave Captain! (Honour,

1*ſt. Sould.* Nay more; ſhe has promis'd on her
To be reveng'd on her Husband, ſhe'll bring
All the Females of both Generations,
For the Uſe of our Regiment.

Corp.

Corp. Then the Government's settled again.

2d. Sould. No; prithee let's Mutiny, for I am damnable hungry. (e'en broke:

1st. Sould. Well then let's Mutiny, for my Heart's
We've abundance of Victuals upon the Plain,
But the Devil a Bit on the Spit.
Would it not make a Man mad, to see a Flock
Of Sheep grazing at the Head of one's Regiment,
Baaing and making Mouths at us, whilst we
Dare not cut their Throats for the Affront.

Corp. Ay, or to see a Battalion of Oxen march by
In State, and dung at our Tents Mouths, yet must
Not knock 'em down to teach 'em better Manners.

2d. Sould. I say, Mutiny.

All. Ay, Mutiny, Mutiny.

Corp. Ay, but for what? Pox on't, we have our (Pay;
If they would but stop our Pay once,
The Devil should not stop our Mouths.

1st. Sould. Then Corporal we'll Mutiny for our Rights and Privileges.

2d. Sould. To kill and take what we like.

1st. Sould. Ay, and to eat and keep what we kill.

Corp. Right, here they send us abroad to be (knock'd on the Head,
When they have nothing to do for us at Home. ---

2d. Sould. Else knock us on the Head, and starve us at Home.

1st. Sould. When there's nothing to do for us Abroad.

2d. Sould. 'Twould be a pretty Sight to see us (run away,
Like *Moses*'s Lions at the crowing of a Cock.

1st. Sould. Or lose the Field as the Capitol was (sav'd,
By the gagling of a Goose: Ounds, I say Mutiny.

Corp. The Devil take it, this will never serve (for an
Occasion; I am not so unreasonable to desire
A just one, if we had any.

Enter

Enter Colonel *and Two Officers.*

But, mum! here comes the old furious Colonel
With Two Officers; they'll wonder what a Plague
We all do together: Now will half of us be hang'd,
To confess whether the rest had any Design
To Mutiny or no. (Minds;

Col. These Fellows have some Mischief in their
A fit time this to work 'em to our Purpose;
My old tough Heart melts at my General's Wrongs;
There needs no Oratory in this Tale:
In downright Words I'll tell how he's abus'd;
And downright Blows can only do him Justice.
Why, how now Fellow-Souldiers?

Corp. Ud's Death, the old Rogue's in a good (Humour.

Col. What, wishing for the Wars? You hate to
When a brave Action calls. (be idle,

1st. Sould. And under your Honour's Command.

Col. My Command! Under the Generals, my
Fellow Souldiers, the brave *Rheusanes*;
He that first flesh'd your Swords in Conquest,
And march'd you o'er the Ruins of your Foes:
Rheusanes; He, that Father to us all,
Who now, by me, to crown his last of Deeds,
Bequeaths the *Grecian* General's Pavillion;
With all that Mass of Riches, his by Lot;
Without one Doit to any nigh Relation;
But all to you, his stout bred Sons and Heirs.

All. Hum.

Col. Whilst he, tho' bold as Justice e'er made Man;
Injur'd to that prodigious Height he is
Reflecting on his Duty to his Master,
Retires to mourn alone at his Disgrace.

Corp. How, Colonel! The General disgrac'd! that
Must not be; here's an Occasion you Doggs.----

Col.

Col. If after all his Service to his Country,
To have a Wife ſlurr'd on him by his Prince,
Or ſee his Miſtreſs raviſh'd 'fore his Face,
Be a Diſgrace, 'tis his.

2d. Sould. How, raviſh my General's Miſtreſs!

1ſt. Sould. Who was it, Colonel? For we'll make (an Eunuch
Of him, and he ſhall marry her after.

2d. Sould. And then we'll come in for Sacks.

Corp. We'll tear him Piece-meal.

Col. Away ye giddy-headed Slaves, it was the King.

2d. Sould. And ſure the King may raviſh whom he pleaſes.

Corp. Hark, Rogues! a rare Opportunity; Did any of you ever ſee the King?

2d. Sould. Not I.

1ſt. Sould. Nor I.

Corp. Nor you don't know the King, if you ſee him?

Omn. Not we.

Corp. Then take my Word for't, *Rheuſanes* is your King.

Omn. Rheuſanes, Rheuſanes!

Col. Forbear ye Rebels, or I'll hang ye all: *Rheuſanes* is no Prince, he was indeed your General; Your much abus'd Commander.

1ſt. Sould. I ſay he's our King, the other Fellow has been ſo long enough. (their Prince,

Corp. Ay, ay; therefore, I ſay, let all who love *Rheuſanes*, or their Corporal, draw their Swords.

Omn. Rheuſanes, Rheuſanes. [*They all draw.*

Enter Ghinotto.

(Father.

Col. They're finely wrought, ſee here, behold the
Of the unhappy Lady, and your General's Miſtreſs:
Poor Man he weeps.

2d. Sould.

2d. Sould. Truly he has had a very sad Time on't.

Col. Do you not know this Face? Can fifteen Years,
Such Alteration make? Can you forget
Your Major-General?

Corp. The Noble *Ghinotto.*

Ghin. That wretched Thing am I.
But why in Arms, my old well-try'd Acquaintance?

Col. Warm'd with my General's Wrongs and yours;
O' my Conscience I think we're grown all Rebels.

Ghin. Indeed our Wrongs will call for a Revenge,
And justify it any way but that:
But sure the King commands in what he pleases:
Were he my Equal, I'd scorn to shew
This base dishonour'd Head;
'Till I had fix'd my Dagger in his Heart,
Deep as the Wound it gave this wretched Arm,
Which came too late to save my Daughter's Honour;
And stop the Hell bred Fury of his Lust.

Corp. Look you Fellow Souldiers; this Lord has been
A brave Fellow, has led us out and brought us home,
With Honour, his Son's the General's Friend,
And a kind Officer; therefore for all their Sakes,
I cry Revenge.

Omn. Revenge, Revenge.

Ghin. My Son, alass;
That precious Comfort of my unhappy Age;
Whom you are pleas'd to call the General's Friend,
The Tyrant has destroy'd.

2d. Sould. We lose Time, Sir. [*Pulls the Colonel.*

Col. The General perhaps may be so too:
His Daughter in his Absence forc'd again,
And by Degrees we all may feel his Envy.

Corp On, on, Sir.

Col. Nay more. ---

2d. Sould. We'll hear no more.

Col. I say the King.

1st. Sould. Ounds, will you lead, Sir?

Col. I will, and let us wear our Injuries on our (Swords,
Nor sheath 'em till we wholly are redrest,
But rather perish in our just Endeavours.

1st. Sould. Plunder, Sir. (mies,

Col. Do any thing, the City ever were our Ene-
Tho' we have sav'd their Freedoms and Estates.

2d. Sould. March then.

Ghin. Fight as ye all had Daughters to relieve.

Col. Or fight like Men condemn'd for a Re- (prieve.

Corp. All Wives, by my Consent, turn out of (Doors.

1st. Sould. Then I am sure the Cits will have no (Whores.

[Exeunt *hollowing.*

SCENE II.

Enter King *and a* Gentleman.

King. D*Orenalus* kill'd by a Mistake i'th' Dark, and by *Rheusanes?*

Gent. Here in the Gallery, Sir.

King. *Ghinotta* fled to the Army too?

Gent. Yes, Sir.

King. Arriv'd there?

Gent. So writes my Brother, Sir; he has some small Employment in your Forces, and thought it was his Duty to inform your Majesty.

King. Send to him either to seize, or else dispatch the Villain, and I'll preferr him for his Loyalty.

Gent. I Shall, Sir.

King.

King. Give Order too *Rheusanes* be secur'd;
Let him not stir beyond the Princess's Lodgings:
Confine *Ghinotto*'s Daughter too;
In the Anti-chamber keep her till I come.

Gent. It shall be done, Sir. [*Exit. Gent.*]

King. 'Tis good to make 'em sure:
Or let the worst my Fears can threaten come;
Let this *Ghinotto* with the Army march
Up to my Palace Gates; I easily can quell
The Rebel, if I accept his Daughter for my Bride;
But it must come to that e'er I comply or pardon:
If this Man's Brother but dispatches him,
My Jealousy's releas'd.

Enter Oryala.

Oryala in Tears! The Cause which draws this (Grief?

Ory. The fatal Cause I ever fear'd and told you:
Rheusanes Scorn.

King. Still stubborn?

Ory. Not only still, but ever will be so;
Upon the Floor he past this tedious Night,
Sighing and mourning o'er *Dorenalus*;
Whom his mistaken Arm, he said, destroy'd:
Muttering Revenge; repeating his Deserts,
And cursing the Ingratitude of's Prince.

King. I do begin to apprehend him now;
And what *Dorenalus* by chance receiv'd,
I guess, was meant for me.
His Life is, to appease our Laws, requir'd,
Which our Prerogative can spare, if courted;
If not, for want of such Humility,
I'll leave him to its rigid Persecution:
I'll humble his Resentments.

Ory. Oh! never, never!
His Woes are swell'd to that prodigious Heap,
No Rage can terrify, no Vengeance hurt:
To die is what he sues for; he crav'd, ev'n now,

Some Judgment from the Gods, to separate
His united Sufferings; and finding that they
Did not mind him, swore, they seem'd asham'd,
And could inflict no more.

King. Her Sorrows trouble me. [*Aside.*

Ory. What Pleasure could you take in such Re-
[venge,
To ruin those who never did you Wrong?

King. I cannot help my Purposes Miscarriage,
But they design'd you well. (pos'd of

Ory. Oh, vain Excuse! You knew he was dis-
To *Ghinotto*'s Daughter, but loving her your self,
You put me on him as a Security
For your own Lust.

King. Ha! (Height,

Ory. If your hot Blood provok'd you to that
That a poor Virgin's Honour must allay't;
Rheusanes sure sufficient Plague had found,
In loosing her; but likewise to be ty'd
To what he loath'd; how could he bear that Weight?
Now I, like him, wish we had never met,
And curse the unequal Usage of our Fate.

King. She strikes my Conscience strangely.
[*Aside.*

Ory. Look back upon the Ruins you have made,
And curse the Will which has dethron'd your
[Goodness.

King. I feel Reflections thronging on my Soul,
And Penitence is crowding for Admittance.

Ory. What Reparation can you make her Virtue?
Or what Amends my Freedom, which you've sold?

King. I will make Reparation; forbear, *Oryala!*
And let Discretion act the careful Pilot,
To guide thee through this Tempest of Misfortunes:
Thy Wrongs into my Heart have shot my Sin,
And mark'd it for Destruction: Oh, Man!
Most liable to Vice, therefore most Beast!
When we desire, the Will runs headlong on,

De-

Despising all Instructions of Forbearance;
But Oh! at last betray'd in the sure Snare;
That Will, that forward Will which ruin'd us,
Converted by Regret to Thoughts impartial,
Too late considers and condemns it self.

Ory. Think on some Means to mitigate your (Crimes,
Or your Soul's lost with your pernicious Life.

King. *Oryala*, thy Virtues have prevail'd,
And made me see, with Shame, the want of mine:
But if our future Actions can repair,
What our foregoing Measures have disgrac'd,
Such Satisfaction for your Wrongs I'll make,
That every one their full Amends shall speak:
Confess,
That I can give no more, nor they can take.

Ory. Impossible!

King. Why dost thou court me to be good,
Yet doubt my Power?

Ory. I fear 'twill not redress; Death, death I (know
Must be my Sorrows Cure.

King. Talk not of Death, we may live happy yet;
Monarchs Repentance never comes too late:
I'll send *Rheusanes* hither, you work on him,
And I'll contrive to soften *Antelina*:
But if our Propositions can't succeed,
'Tis I must die, I who have done this Deed;
My Death alone the Mischief can remove,
Which wrong'd her Honour, and *Rheusanes* Love.
[*Exit.*

Ory. He thinks his Flattery will beguile my (Griefs;
But the Impression is too deeply cut;
I'm sure his Art will never eat it out:
Oh *Rheusanes!* Thou much belov'd,
And much of Misery, how wretched are our Fates!
Yet 'tis a Comfort to be innocent:
If I in ought my self can guilty find,
'Tis loving him perverseſt of his Kind.

Enter Rheusanes.

Rheu. Is there no end then of my Miseries?
My heart's too stubborn for my Wrongs to break;
Nor will the King destroy his Enemy:
Oh *Dorenalus!* if that Saints can hear
The Intercessions of unhappy Mortals,
Implore the Assistance of the higher Powers.
To seal the Warrant of my Liberty.

Ory. Rheusanes!

Rheu. What are your Orders, Madam?

Ory. Say rather my Desires, which entreat
A happy Reconcilement to your Love.

Rheu. Alas, the King has ravish'd all my Love;
Nor have I for my self so much
As to preserve my Life.

Ory. Hast thou no Pity then?

Rheu. If your ill-us'd Affection can desire
A wretched Share in a disorder'd Heart,
Command my Crimes immediate Punishment;
Let Death reward the Merits of my Folly,
Which can despise the Offers of such Goodness,
And till I'm dead; I'll bless the noble Mercy.

Ory. Why, wouldst thou die then?

Rheu. With as much Joy I would receive my Doom,
As the dishonour'd *Antelina.*
For since *Dorenalus* and she are lost,
There are no Plagues my Sufferings can receive,
To match the Miseries of a Reprieve.

Ory. Here then, *Rheusanes*, feast thy Scorn and Hate;
If thou wilt die, seaton thy Dagger first,
In the uneasy Bosom of *Oryala.* [*Offers him a Dagger.*

Rheu. Your cruel Fate, by all those Woes, I grieve,
Could wish that *Antelina* you had been;
Or, that I'd *Antelina* never seen.

Ory. Oh! talk not of her; her very Name,
Withers my Hopes, and blasts me with Despair.

Rheu.

Rheu. All ours you did destroy.

Ory. I did not, 'twas the King; had I but (known
The evil Meanings of his Soul, *Rheusanes*;
Or that my Fondness would have met this Usage,
I never had destroy'd my Peace or yours.

Rheu. You knew I was engag'd.

Ory. The more ungrateful and unjust, *Rheusanes*;
Knowing the Merits of my Obligations:
Let my preceding Actions come in view;
The faithful Diligence my Love has us'd,
Particularly to advance your Cause,
Might easily perswade you my Designs
Courted your Inclinations to reward 'em.

Rheu. I do acknowledge all my Honours yours,
Confess my self your Bounty's Creditor;
But my Endeavours in my Country's Service,
I hop'd in time might cancel all those Bonds.

Ory. To th' King, but not to me:
Virtues, when secret kept, are none at all;
Kings know not, but by Favourites, who deserve:
Had not my Love encourag'd your Deserts,
By kind Entreaties to your Prince to try 'em,
Your Name had never conquer'd *Antelina*;
You had remain'd indifferent to the World.

Rheu. Would I had liv'd a Stranger to it ever,
Since I want Power to recompence your Goodness.

Ory. Yo do not want it.

Rheu. Oh! I do; my Vows to *Antelina* bind my (Heart;
And tho' I never can be happy in her,
I hear her sighing to my Soul, take heed,
This Conference seems a Violation,
And she upbraids my Conscience for the Sufferance;
There is a struggling Contest in my Breast,
Even now betwixt my Love and Gratitude;
Both seize my Heart, and tugg for the Possession,
Let me depart, or it will split between 'em.

Ory. Give me my Share then.

Rheu.

Rheu. Divide it with thy Dagger.

Ory. No, let thy Gratitude but combat for me;
Weigh but my Frindship, and I yet shall conquer.

Rheu. It will not be; off, or I must be rude.

Ory. Thus I release thee then, and right my self.
[*Stabs her self.*

Rheu. Oh! whither has thy barbarous Honour led thee? (of Life

Ory. To everlasting Freedom; my tedious Lease
Is out, and I shall groan beneath thy Scorn no (more.

Rheu. Why wouldst thou do thus rashly?

Ory. Why wouldst thou hate so long?

Rheu. Heaven might have chang'd the purpose (of my Soul,
For certainly thy Faith had wond'rous Merit.

Ory. Not equal to thy *Antelina*'s tho';
Yet I have got the start of her in Love,
And in *Rheusanes* Cause I perish first. (Breach,

Rheu. Oh Nature! lend a Life to mend this
And Death shall have a Thousand in its room;
I'll heal it with my own. [*He snatches the Dagger.*

Ory. Forbear, I do conjure thee, [*She holds him.*
By thy *Antelina* hold thy fatal Arm:
Oh *Rheusanes*! my Lord, my Life, my Husband,
And my Soul.

Rhe. What would my dear Vexation? [Life,

Ory. When Fate shall summon thee to leave this
Give order that thy Bones may sleep with mine;
Though we have liv'd at distance in this World,
I hope we shall be nearer in the next.

Rheu. Curse on my froward Soul. (sing,

Ory. Oh do not curse thy self my Sense's Bles-
Believe I loved you, I desire no more.

Rheu. Too sadly you have engag'd my Credit.

Ory. May Heaven be Judge 'twixt me and *Ante-*
And give *Rheusanes* to the best Deserving: (*lina*,
Oh! I am going, the Light of Peace is glimmering

Oh

On my Soul, and Heaven is in its view; give
Me thy Hand, or thou wilt lose thy Way. [*Dies.*
Rheu. Stay then, Oh stay, (lead
Thou mighty Sufferer, in the cross Paths, which
Our giddy Souls to everlasting Joy or Woe:
Stay to direct me; thy Soul is out of call,
I'll not be long behind thee; the King, the King,
Who has done all this Mischief must give me (Death:
For him my Friend was in the dark destroy'd;
By him my Love was barbarously enjoy'd;
By him this worthy Princess was betray'd;
By him my Honour's in Disgrace are laid;
By him then let these Debts to Heaven be paid:
For since he only can be try'd by you,
Do Justice, or, like him, you'll want it too.
[*Exit* Rheusanes.

SCENE III.

A Chamber, with a Table set out with Sweet meats.

Enter a Lord, leading in Antelina.

Lord. MAdam, the King will instantly be here;
This small Collation is for you provided.
[*Exit* Lord.

Ante. This Banquet seems most luckily provided
For unsuspected now I can destroy
His Life, who robb'd mine of its Glory:
I swore no Opportunity should 'scape,
In which I might revenge my Virgin's Loss;
In then thou Bane of Mortals, [*Pours Poison into a Bowl of Wine.*
Thou Enemy to Life, and Friend of Death;
Thy fatal Virtue mix so curiously,

That

That the most cunning Sense may not distrust thee.
Hark, the Royal Thief approaches.

Enter King *and* Lords.

King. Are all things order'd as I gave Directions?
Lord. Your curious Fancy is obey'd in all.
King. Leave us, let not the Princess
Nor a Soul disturb us.
Lord. I shall be careful, Sir. [*Exit* Lord.
King. The Subtilty o'th' most experienc'd Lovers
Which have subdu'd the chastest of the Kind,
The Eloquence of *Cicero* affect me; [*Aside.*]
Thou Mother to the Deity of Love,
Into her Breast convey thy yielding Soul,
And give me Charms to conquer all Resistance.

Ante. Thou Goddess of unspotted Chastity;
Thou worthy Patroness of Injur'd Virtue,
Right me on this Imperial Ravisher. [*Aside.*]
King. Fair Injury! [*Moves towards her and bows very low.*
Ant. How slily does this Devil masque his Falsehood:
So look'd the First, when credulous *Eve* he tempted,
And of her Blessed Paradise deprived her. [*Aside.*
King. Thou moving Token of thy Prince's Mischief
Look on me with compassionate Observance;
I groan beneath the Burthen of my Crimes;
Thy Pity only can the Weight remove,
Which cloggs my Soul, and sinks it to Destruction.
Ante. I shall have Justice, worrying Flatterer.
King. By all my Hopes of Quiet, noble too,
Such Justice as shall heal your wounded Honour,
And calm the worst Resentments of your Father:
I'll set thy Virtues in a Sphere so high,
Shall make 'em yet out-shine thy Sexes Pride.

Ante.

Ante. As well the Oak may flourish like the Elm,
When Ivy has debas'd its noble Trunk.

King. When Mortals beg Remission for their (Sins
With an unfeign'd Desire, Heaven's Ear inclines:
Be thou like Heaven to my entreating Prayers,
And let my just Repentance claim some Pity.

Ante. Thou hast been basely cruel. (don;

King. The greater will thy Mercy shew to Par-
Do not upbraid me ever, but relent; [*Kneels.*
My Sins, which like a Leprosie ran o'er me,
The Tears of Penitence have wash'd away;
Nor can I think my Soul inclin'd to th' Act:
Some Fiend admiring of thee, enter'd me,
And with his Charms forc'd me to act his Will.

Ante. I must seem yielding; to bring him to my (Ends
Requires Belief; I may be brought to his [*Aside.*
Rise, Sir.

King. Will you sit down then?

Ante. I will. [*Sits.*

King. Will you salute this Bowl, or in a
Friendly Draught drown what is past?
Oh bless me with the Sound of thy Forgiveness,
And my sad Soul shall shake its Sorrows off,
And dance to th' joyful Musick of thy Mercy:
Drink, my Heart's Trouble. [*Gives her the Bowl.*

Ante. Peace to our Wrongs. [*She drinks.*

King. I thirst for it: [*Takes the Bowl and drinks.*
May all our Sorrows shrink as this decays.

Ante. May it wash out thy Sins; I do forgive thee.

King. Souls banish'd Heaven, could not be better
To be call'd back again: (pleas'd,
Some Musick there to humour this sweet Softness.
[*A Song.*

Eat, my Comfort, here's Food delicious,
As the Gods delight in, luscious as Love's Desires;
Let's

Let's feast and revel till we have wearied Luxury;
And with our Appetites Extravagance made *Crœsus*
Ante. Thou wilt be poor anon. (poor.
King. Wilt thou not eat my Queen?
Ante. I am not well. (dials,
King. Let us retire, my Life; within are Cor-
Masters of all Sickness. (ill.
Ante. Make use then of 'em, for thou art mighty
King. Not *Paris* was in better Health, when he,
His dear stol'n *Helen* first embrac'd:
I feel my pious Purposes decay;
And I am lost again in vast Desire.
Ante. Is this thy faithful Sorrow?
King. Would'st have me weep my self
Like *Niobe* into a Stone?
I've sigh'd sufficiently for what is past;
Therefore thy Joys must make my Grief Amends.
Ante. Oh Monster!
King. Throw off this foolish Virtue and be
My Blood boils high. (kind;
Ante. Thy Soul will sink as low.
King. I'll sink it in thy Arms then.
Ante. Good Gods! (a Tree,
King. Could those good Gods transform thee to
Like *Daphne*, when *Apollo* did pursue her;
Thus should my twisted Arms grow to thee,
Whilst every Branch which sprung from our fair
Were Royal Issues of each others Pleasure. (Sides,
Ante. Thou bitter Curse on Virtue, thou art
(poison'd.
King. This will not save thee.
Ante. By the Honour thou hast destroy'd, not
(the Worlds Art,
With thy own Nature, were it strong as cruel,
Can carry off the Venom in thy Blood.
King. If I am poison'd, then my Time's more
(precious,
And on thy Bosom shall my Life expire;

So bless'd I'd willingly my Life resign ;
In Extasies of Bliss I'll upwards climb :
Upon thy Lips I'll leave my parting Soul,
And giddy with my Joys to Darkness rowl.

Enter Lord.

Lord. To Arms, or fly immediately;
The Army's at your Pallace, bellowing lowd,
Rheusanes is our King ; down with the Tyrant:
There's not a Citizen but arms the Cause,
And vows to share their Fortune.
Ante. I cannot live to see my Wrongs reveng'd?
[*She sinks and sits on the Ground.*
Fear Tyrant, for Heavens Vengeance
Crowds upon thee.
King. This Message, like a Qualm, comes cro's (my Blood,
And chills the Heat her Beauties had inspir'd.
Draw up our Guards, let's meet 'em with the ut- (most
Force we have, and back it with an equal Reso- (lution.
This Cunning shall not save thee, here thou shalt remain,
Till I the worst Event of Fortune know ;
And if I find my Crown I must resign,
I will return, in spight of all thy Art,
And perish in thy Arms.
Rheusanes and thy Father shall behold it,
Whilst both their Swords shall want the Power to (part us ;
For as my Wounds successively are made,
As they stab me, so will I kiss thee dead. [*Exit.*
Ante. Oh *Rheusanes* ! some unseen Power
Whisper in thy Ear,
How nobly *Antelina* keeps her Vow :
I feel the Mischief coursing through my Veins,

And like a Town attack'd from every side,
It does surround my Heart, feign 'twould hold out
To parley with the General,
And after some Conditions give it up.
[*Shout without.*

Enter Rheusanes.

Rheu. I hear my Name cry'd up by all for King,
And zealous Mutiny comes fiercely on;
I long to know my *Antelina*'s Fate,
Whilst doubtful of her Safety I remain:
I cannot die, but hover hereabout,
Like a poor frighted Bird about her Nest,
When she suspects the Danger of her Young.
Ante. Who's there?
Rheu. Again upon the Ground; [*Runs to* Ant.
How are my Fears confirm'd?
Ante. Rheusanes!
Rheu. The same, but tell me, (Oh my Doubts!)
Why do I find thee thus?
Ante. A Bed of Honour this, not of Disgrace;
The King no more my Virtue shall destroy,
Nor live to boast the Rape of *Antelina.*
Rheu. What dost thou mean?
Ante. I drank thy Health in the same Draught
The King did his Destruction;
The Thoughts, of thee sweeten'd the bitter Cup,
And made the Portion pleasant to my Taste.
Rheu. Thou art not poison'd!
Ant. Forgive me if I've robb'd thee of thy (Justice;
Jealous of losing it I made it sure,
And gave him what will thorowly revenge us.
Rheu. The Action troubles me, altho' I cannot live
To see the Event: I wish thy Sufferings may quit
Thy Crimes, for Heaven has great Regard to (Princes.

Ante.

Ant. And has it none for injur'd Subjects think (you.

Rheu. Not when they offer to revenge them- (selves;

Fir'd by thy Wrongs, and work'd up by thy Father,
I went to end him; but Oh, the sad Mistake!
I slew thy Brother for him. (must wait

Ante. Hard Usage truly, but 'tis done, and I
My Sentence: Live you (Oh my intended, but
Unhappy Lover!) and prithee, dear *Rheusanes*,
Befriend the Troubles of thy Wife: (prithee
Credit me, wondrous Goodness dwells within her;
And since the King and I are both remov'd,
Reward her tedious Sufferings with thy Love.

Rheu. Not three Hours since she perish'd by my (Side.

Ante. Then I expire too late.

Rheu. Rally thy Spirits Strength, and stay a little;
Oh, do not fly so soon!

Drums, Trumpets, and the Noise of a Battle without.

Enter King *mad, with his Sword drawn.*

King. ALL's lost, no Words on't; let Furies [laugh and
Rattle Chains for Joy, I'm coming; Oh, how I (burn!
The ambitious Boy that set the World on Fire,
And perish'd in the Flames his Folly kindled,
Dy'd in a gentle Sweat to what I feel.

Rheu. He's come, Heaven let his Madness find me.

King. The Toils of *Sysiphus*, *Prometheus*'s Pains,
And all the Poets Tales of tortur'd Sinners,
Are Fictions to the Punishments I suffer:
I'll sue to *Proserpine* to quench these Fires,

Her Arms have Power.
Ha, *Pluto!* here come to compel my Love?
Die, Devil, die; [*Runs* Rheusanes *through.*
And I'll be Prince of Hell.
Ante. Rheusanes, Oh! [*Dies.*
Rheu. I follow thee; bless'd be the Hand that (sends me.
King. Give me some Water there, some Water, (Dogs;
Pour down my Throat an hundred thousand Tuns
To cool my boiling Blood; let Winter lay me
In his frozen Lap, and weep Snow on me;
My Heat would melt his Hoard upon the Alps,
And make a second Flood for *Italy*:
My Fever wou'd thaw Charity. [*Shout without.*

Enter Ghinotto.

Ghin, He's here. [Ghin. *runs at him, the King*
King. What art thou? *drops his Sword as they are struggling.*
Ghin. This shall inform thee. [*The King draws a Dagger and stabs* Ghin.
King. Am I ta'n Prisoner then? O, Treason:
Fly to my Rescue, this I think will free me:
There, there, there.

Enter Colonel *with Souldiers.*

Col. How is it, Sir? [*To* Ghinotto.
Ghin. Why, not well. [*Dies.*
Col. Oh, dismal Spectacle! General, look up;
Oh how he has cross'd our Purpose?
Behold your Colonel, Sir, with such Relief,
As will recover your lost Life and Time.
Rheu. Do not disturb me.
Col. How came this, Sir?

Rheu.

Rheu. By th. King's Hand: This Lady in a Bowl
Of Poison drank to him, and in its rageing (Madness
He destroy'd me: *Ghinotto* is the Cause of all:
I can no more; Heaven forgive it; Hold fast
Hy Hope, and to the Stars conduct me. [*Dies.*

Col. Now sets the Sun of Glory; the World
Is darken'd by thy Lights Decay, which ne'er
Will rise to bless this Land again;
Cursed Ambition! what Slaughter hast thou made?

King. My infected Blood flows swiftly forth, and
Reason now torments me more than Poison.

Col. What Mercy can thy Wickedness expect?

King. Had I but Time, I'd tell thee. [*Dies.*

Col. Oh, Death! Oh, thou luxurious Thief!
How has thy vicious Appetite been feasted?
Wretched *Ghinotto!* Hadst thou been more just,
This Wrack had never happen'd.
Would I were in my Grave, I should not see
The Miseries this Land must feel for thee:
The sad Remains of this unhappy Crown,
Have much to do to fix their shaking Throne.

EP

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. JEVON.

MY Brother Mountfort *in the Scene-Room sits,*
To hear the Censure of your sharp quick Wits;
Expecting a most dreadful damning Doom:
My Third Day's past, but his, poor Soul's to come.
Encourage him, Faith do, 'tis Charity;
Poets, you know, are poor, and so are we:
Let this tho' give no Offence t'th' Brother-Writers;
But if it does, there's few of 'em are Fighters:
Those that are so, he does exclude his Pen,
For like Town-Bully, he would know his Men.
He begs but one Thing, be not so uncivil,
To scan his Play, *for then 'twill be the Devil:*
Not but he dares stand by't; but to prevent Evil.
For Nice Sir Courtly's *so well bred, you know,*
He would not question it, and pray don't you.
The Plot I'm sure is good, or if it be not, fie,
Your Chair-Men now-a-days plot Tragedy.
Pardon but this, and I will pawn my Life,
His next shall match my Devil of a Wife,
We'll grace it with the Imbellishment of Song and Dance;
We'll have the Monsieur *once again from* France,
With's Hoop and Glasses, and when that is done,
He shall divert you with his Riggadoon. [Dances like him.
Pluck up de Petticoat above de Knee,
To shew de fine Shew-string, and de dapper Thigh,
And not make one Blush; no begar not in one Lady;
With tawny Gullet, Face as ugly too,
As a fresh awkard Covent-Garden *Beau.*
Hey de brave French *Men foy he can fly*
Home again he has into his own Country.

So,

EPILOGUE.

So, fare him well, of him no more,
But to the Poet, be kind to him, as I said before,
Else to stand by him, every Man has swore.
To Salisbury-Court *we'll hurry the next Week,*
Where not for Whores but Coaches *you may seek;*
And more to plague you, there shall be no Play,
But the Emperor o'th' the Moon *for every Day.*

FINIS.

THE
Successful Strangers.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

Theatre-Royal,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by

WILLIAM MOUNTFORT.

LONDON:

Printed for *G. STRAHAN* in *Cornhill*, and *W. MEARS* at the *Lamb* without *Temple-Barr*. MDCCXIX.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WHARTON,

Comptroller of His Majesty's Houshold, and one of His Majesty's most Honourable *Privy-Council.*

SIR,

I Know Addresses of this Nature are commonly founded on Flattery; and when Interest guides the Pen, (without a just Esteem, free from a *Mercenary*

cenary End) 'tis hard to avoid it. 'Tis easier to be an *Author* than a *Judge*, and harder to be *Impartial* in *Commendation*, than either: For where the known *Verity* of the Character proves its Title to Applause, the Nicety is so great, that the Admirer must approach with such a decent Respect, that the *Patron* may not have more or less Praise than is requisite, and then the Writer may defy Censure.

I know not which is the greatest Pleasure in others, That of receiving Favours, or acknowledging of 'em; But in me the latter exceeds the first. And as your Honour was never backward in serving the poorest Petitioner, I hope you will not be shye of receiving the Thanks of your humblest Admirer.

It

It has been the greatest part of your Satisfaction to be in Power to serve your Friends; nor is it possible any Advantage or Preferment could corrupt you into the forgetfulness of 'em. All your Favours come from you so easie, so free from State, or Expectation of Attendance from those you assist, that a Man would almost wish to want, only to be obliged by so much Goodness.

What you now possess was accepted for the Benefit of the Publick, not the Profit of the Employment: And the People are safest when the Affairs of the Nation are managed by those who are above *Bribes*, and have not their Fortunes to make out of 'em.

Much more may be said, but the World is so very sensible of the *Honour*, *Generosity*, and *Worthiness*, which

attend you, That my weak *Panegerick* would sound like a Tale ill and twice told to a Person who had both heard, and could deliver it better. I only wish I may never lose the Happiness I now enjoy, in subscribing my self

Your Honour's most Obliged,

Humble, and Devoted Servant,

Will. Mountfort.

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

IT has been a hard Matter for the most Celebrated Pens to please all Humours; The best of Writers have err'd, therefore the worst may the better be excused.

All young Trees are allowed time to bear, and a poor Soil with diligence and care, has by degrees Rewarded the Pains of the Husband man. I am not unsensible of my Imperfections; nor of the necessary Assistances I want in Writing: In the first Place, I must confess I am no Scholar, which renders me incapable of stealing from Greek and Latin Authors, as the better Learned have done; the dressing of an old Thought in new Words, is an Excellency

I should be ashamed of, could I do it to Perfection. A Silver Tankard may be melted down, and work'd up into a Cup with Ears, nay, fine Figures engrav'd upon it too, yet the Mettle's the same, though the Fashion be alter'd.

I have a natural Inclination to Poetry, which was born and not bred in me; I endeavour to do well, but have not learning enough to be positive it is so; Yet my Industry should not be despised, when I confess my Weakness: But the Town are as unwilling to encourage a young Author, as the Play-house a young Actor; well, time may work Miracles; I am sensible if Dr. Busby *had slighted all his* Junior *Block-heads, scarce Divinity or Poetry had arriv'd to that unexpected Perfection as is now extant.*

I know I have a great many Enemies, but why they are so, is more than they know, I cannot remember any Person I ever injur'd willingly: If my Opinion be Obnoxious to some, why, that I must account for Above. And 'tis very hard I may not enjoy it here, when my side's uppermost; and yet those who are of a contrary Mind, are allow'd theirs quietly. I thought I had been beneath their Scorn, but I find their Malice excuses none,

I have hear'd a Judge (who has writ, but was advis'd not to expose it) say there was scarce a Poet left worth hanging, but I wish those that are had their Desarts. My Comedy in the Play probably is not so Light, nor the serious part of it so heavily manag'd

as

as it ought to be, yet the Masters of the Play-house lost nothing by it, nor will the Printer I hope, though it sells for Twelve Pence.

Well, to shew you I am an encourager of Poetry, I have printed some Verses, which but for my good Nature, might have been buried in Oblivion; *but I think 'tis pity a Style so Elegant (attended with such prodigious Fancy) should be lost: They were sent me from an unknown Hand, by the way of Instruction.*

Immortal *Mountfort* should begin this Letter,
But that the Play's as Mortal as a better;
But let what will of that be said,
'Thas made Provision for the Parsly-bed;
A pretty Portion for thy eldest Daughter,
(At which the Minor Poets Mouths make Water)
Who didst with little Wit and much ill Nature,
So soon set up for Comedy and Satyr.
Prithee be free thou lucky Rogue,
How came thy Jests so much in Vogue,
That 'tis a Mode to laugh and do 'em Reason,
Least those who don't should be brought in for (Treason.

Well, Faith and Troth thou art a happy Dog,
And can'st design and flatter, fawn and cog,
With a whole Audience, banter'd by an *Epi-* (*logue*,

When next thou dost employ thy working (Brains,
Take Modesty thy Fate, Husband thy Gains,
And learn to speak with Reverence of *James*.

That

That last Rhime I think is Admirable, though if he had had Stairs to his Brains, it might have chim'd as well. I don't know that I meddle with any State Affairs in my Play; and for Satyr, *I'll swear he has found out what I never meant.*

Perhaps these Verses may seem a little gross, but they are dismal severe: And I have Charity to believe they were writ off hand; for really, as Mr. Bays *says, I don't believe when the Person invented them, he ever troubled his Head about it. I wonder if this Gentleman cost Omnipotence a second thought, if he did, I have heard second thoughts are best; and I cannot help saying it cost Omnipotence its best thoughts, how to make one of the worst Poets.*

Here is another facetious Piece as Ironically meant, as the Former was seriously designed; it was sent me as from a Woman, to make it go down the Glibber; and I think I could not do the Author Justice (any other way) but in Printing it.

Hail thou the *Shakespear* of our present Age,
Who dost at once, supply, and grace the Stage:
With different proofs of thy surprizing Wit,
Vying with what the establish'd Pens have writ;
Young Muse go on, whose early purchas'd Praise
Contends with Laurear and decaying Bays,
Nor is't unjust to Sacrifice both them,
To thy aspiring, and as hopeful Pen,
Since Emulation still's the Poets aim,
And his most lov'd Reward, but glorious Fame,

Just

Just Praise will raise thy soreing Muse still higher,
And add new Vigour, Spirit, Life, and Fire,
To what thy fruitful Brain shall more acquire;
But to encrease the Wonder of thy Pen,
Thou art not now, more learn'd than *Shakespear* then,
Who to th' Amaze of the more Letter'd Men,
Minted such Thoughts from his own natural Brain,
As the great Readers, since could ne'er attain,
Though daily they the Stock of Learning drain;
Nature most justly, in thy Play is seen,
Easie the Plot, and turning of each Scene;
Thy Similies so new, that they surprize
Like a fresh Beauty's bright, all conquering Eyes,
Thy Words with artless Grace so smoothly flow,
That like soft *Waller's* Verse, thy Prose does show;
Harmonious is the Sound, tunes every Line,
More pleasing far, than Gingling tiresome Rhime.
Those few will nicely taste the sweeter Chime,
Whose Soul's compos'd of Numbers, like to thine.
Already hast thou learnt the Art to move
From nicest Honour, to the tender'st Love,
And gently dost instruct the blushing Maid,
How soon her Love, is still by Love betray'd
Into a soft Confession of her Flame,
For him that dies for what, he dares not Name.
This last writ Play discovers to in thee,
Something like Reading, and Philosophy,

Else

Else how could'st thou, with such judicious Art,
Copy true Nature in each various Part.
The lower Comedy which seems design'd
To please th' unthinking Crow'd, and less Re-
(find,
Even that is natural, brisk, correct, and free,
Has the true Salt and Spirit of Comedy:
May it succeed, and please the carping Age;
Who snarlingly enjoy'd thy Pucellage,
As vext the first should so much Pleasure give,
Foretelling that the next would longer live.
Have Courage then, and be no more afraid,
You need not Act again the bashful Maid:
Let not the Fate of that discourage thee,
But listen to fam'd *Wallers* Prophesie.

" The fading Blossoms, which a young Plant
(bears,
" Engage our Hopes for the succeeding Years;
" And Hope is all which Art or Nature brings,
" At the first Tryal to accomplish Things.
" Mankind was first created an Essay,
" That ruder Draught, the Deluge wash'd a-
(way.
" How many Ages past what Blood and Toil,
" Before we made one Kingdom of this Isle.
How long in vain, had Nature striv'd to Frame
An Acting Poet, till great *Shakspear* came;
And thou the next wil't Rival him in Fame.
Unknown Admirer, as I am of thee,
Whom nothing could debauch to Poetry,

But

But the ſtrange Zeal I have to do thee Right,
Maugre my Sex's weakneſs, Nature's ſpight.
I'll hope good Nature ſo will interpoſe,
You'll not theſe well-meant Lines a Jeſt expoſe
To laſhing Criticks, whoſe ill natur'd Rage
Blow off young Bloſſoms in this *Saterick* Age.
To the bluſhing Flames let it committed be,
In ſilence die, there only ſlain--by thee.

Now I am not at all concern'd at this, nor do, or did I ever write for Fame: And when I chance to write again, (as indeed all my Works are hab nab at a Venture) If the Town will be as kind to my next third Day, as they were to my laſt, I ſhall leave my Poetry to the utmoſt Severity of their Cenſure, and end with an approv'd Saying, If I have their Money, much good may do them with their Jeſts.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

WEll, worthy Auditors, I am come again,
To plead in the behalf of a weak Pen;
Quaking within the expecting wretch does sit,
To hear the dreadful Sentence of the Pit.
Some are resolv'd (he hears) it shall be damn'd,
Only because 'tis from a Players Hand;
Sure we have acted some notorious Treason,
You'll not allow the Men, nor do us Reason;
Our Women are as kind as may be too,
But nothing but a Maid forsooth will do,
And her twice bad, rot her, she was not so;
You turn her Off upon some base Pretence,
So making her a Fool, proves you have Sense;
How many of our poor deluded Train,
Have been took off the Stage and sent again.
One Day high dress'd as any intriguing Sinner,
The next, poor Riggings pawn'd to buy 'em Dinner;
So from that Greatness, still grow less and less,
Commend me to a Huswife for a Miss.
Before the silly Creatures you debauch'd,
You made high Presents, some of 'em were Coach'd,
Some on First-Floor did lodge, in Plate did feast,
And nothing but Tit-bits could they digest;
Toys of all sorts, with Squirril, Lizzard, Parrot,
And in three Months, O Flesh! how could they (bear it,
In Clogs did beat the Hoof, and lay in Garret:
Some Sparks have told me they would do as much,
If I had Grace enough to be but such;
Nay, I was offer'd fifty Skillings.------Dutch.

But

PROLOGUE.

But-- to our Author-----
Cou'd but the Females ſee, how very ſad
He looks, they'd pity ſuch a likely Lad,
But hang him Slave, he's marry'd, there's the Curſe,
Ah Devil for this better and for worſe.
Well Gallants, be impartial to him this Day,
If his Play's bad, damn him indeed I ſay;
But if by chance, he has writ to your Mind,
As ever you expect my Heart to find
Inclinable to you, be kind to him,
And Ladies if you ſmile, we doubt not them.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

DON *Carlos*, a haughty *Spaniard*, in Love with *Dorothea*, but married to *Biancha* at last.	Mr. *Williams*.
Silvio, a Stranger in Love with *Dorothea*.	Mr. *Mountfort*.
Antonio, Brother to *Silvio*, the other Stranger, in Love with *Feliciana*.	Mr. *Powel*.
Don Lopez, a rich old covetous *Spaniard*; Father to *Feliciana* and *Dorothea*.	Mr. *Nokes*.
Don Francisco, an old *Spaniard*, Father to *Don Carlos*.	Mr. *Lee*.
Don Pedro, Father to *Biancha*.	Mr. *Bright*.
Guzman, Servant to *Carlos*, and intrigues with *Farmosa*.	Mr. *Underhill*.
Sancho, Servant to *Silvio*, an *English-man* pick'd up in *England*.	Mr. *Bowen*.

WOMEN.

Dorothea, in a manner engaged to *Carlos*, but in Love with *Silvio*.	Mrs. *Knight*.
Feliciana, her Sister, in Love with *Antonio*.	Mrs. *Mountfort*.
Farmosa, Woman to *Dorothea*.	Mrs. *Corey*.
Biancha in Love with *Carlos*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
A Niece to *Don Pedro*.	Mrs. *Miles*.

Dons, Attendants, Fidlers, Bravo's, &c.

SCENE, *Sevill*.

The

THE
Successful Strangers.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter Don Carlos, *and his Man* Guzman.

CARLOS.

HAVE I invented numerous Pleasures (for her?
Wasted my Plenty to advance her (State?
Was I the first that set her up for (Shew?
Nourish'd her Emulation, still with Presents,
Which rais'd the Envy of the *Spanish* Dames,
Because their Lovers could not match my Gifts?--
Guzm. Good Sir, don't chafe so! -----
Carl. Arts have been puzl'd and Invention tir'd,

 To

To humour her affected Luxury;
There's not a Sense she has, but as it pall'd,
I still supply'd with Change! (her,

Guz. Nay, you have had enough to do to please (Quality,
For she has been as humoursome, as Breeding
When the Family wants an Heir. (*Plebeian*,

Carl. Damn her foul feeding on this course
For were he noble, he would own his Being,
It is some First-Rate Servant to a *Frenchman*, (learn'd,
Whose Singing, Dancing, Tilting b'has been
By his Observance, when his Master practis'd.

Guz. What a dull Dog am I, without these
I have seen as much as any Man, (Graces!
Remember as little, and perform less!
If I get but a Horse-back,
They swear I look like a Monster on a Monster;
And quote me for a Figure in St. *Antony*'s Dream.

Carl. O Love! thou Woman in the Man, and
Ill Planet curse on you both. (Woman Mans,

Guz. Prettily describ'd, and heartily curs'd!
His Honour's as fanciful as a *Dutch* Print.

Carl. When yesterday I led her from the Church,
Amongst the Crowd this Thing admiring stood,
Each Gallant did his daily Duty pay,
She unconcern'd without Return pass'd by 'em;
I was amaz'd at this unusual Carriage;
But as I wondering stood to guess the Cause.
This Upstart with a tedious Grace saluted,
Whilst she to satisfy him, 'twas approv'd,
With the like lazy Movement, answer'd it.

Guz. This comes of good Breeding. Our Coun- (try's fam'd
For't: He that's mannerly here, ten to one but
He's poison'd, my Beaver's worn out with
My Serving-Man's Courtesy!

Carl.

Carl. Peace Fool! This Morning will I watch
For if he cherishes what last she gave him (her.
He will be there again to covet more.
I will observe their Glances eagerly;
Eyes will sufficient Testimony give,
Then, if I am resolv'd of what I dread,
Her spruce Adorer I'll dispose of quickly.

Guz. Sir! If your Passion would abate a while,
To serve you, I'd discover something to you.
Tho' 'tis not like a Man of *Guzman*'s Honour,
To boast of what his Rhetorick has obtain'd.

Carl. What says the Coxcomb?

Guz. The Coxcomb has done, Sir:

Carl. Sirrah, restrain your Follies till you find
Fitter to receive 'em. (my Temper

Guz. If your Temper desires to be inform'd, whe-
(ther
Your Mistress's Inclinations bend more to another
Than your self, slight not my Intelligence.

Carl. Prethee--say any thing, for I am so wrack'd
with my Suspicions, I could destroy the Sex.

Guz. Know then: (Oh Secrecy forgive me!)
her Maid! (Pardon me, my Frailty:) I have----

Carl. What?

Guz. Enjoy'd!

Carl. What then?

Guz. Why then she's a Whore: But her Sin is
Because that she pays for't. (the less

Carl. Prolixity! go on, what Comfort must I
(hope from this---- Speak!

Guz. Why you're as hasty as an Heir for his
(Father's
Death, or a Gamester for his Wife, when he has
Lost all.

Carl. Slave! (Parts,

Guz. This Damsel, I say, being fond of my
And being the Closet of her Mistress's Thoughts,
Will sincerely instruct me in all her Affairs, which

Being inform'd of, you'll the better contrive the
Of him, you doubt will be yours. (Ruin

Carl. Is thy Discovery faithful?

Guz. As the love of Spaniels!

Carl. O! thou hast given my Longings vast De-
For to be certain is my Soul's Ambition; (light!
These Secret-bearing Bawds are oft of use,
Money and Lust corrupt the Hearts of all:
Not Man the Judge of Honour can withstand 'em.
Kingdoms have been betray'd by first and last,
And Families are still debauch'd by Confidents.
Here's Gold for thee ---- pay her in other Coin,
Sift out the Truth, and all I have ----

Guz. Ill hav't Sir.

Carl. Away then,
I must to Church, wait on my wav'ring Love,
Take heed she knows not that I set thee on;
For if this Stranger has presented her,
As 'tis the Trade to make such Trulls our Friends:
He that the largest Gifts does still bestow,
Must be her Chapman: Therefore do't secretly.

Guz. As Bankers break Sir ---- She sleeps in Ig-
For I have read a Proverb heretofore--- (norance.
Learn Secrets from, but trust none with your
(Whore. [*Exit.*

Carl. O Jealousy! ---- Thou evil Fruit in
Lovers Paradise; which tasted, forfeits
All our Happiness.

Enter Don Francisco.

Fran. For shame Boy, don't loiter so! why, the
(Sun
Has took leave of his Mistress these four Hours,
And thou hast not visited thine yet.

Carl. I am ready Sir.

Fran. And I'll warrant she's ready for thee Boy,
or the Woman has fail'd her, thy Mother was
ready

ready for me at all times, nay sometimes readier than I; but not till I was Five and Forty by the Champion of *Spain*.

Carl. Are you for Church Sir?

Fran. No I leave the Church for such young Fellows as you are, you have debauch'd it so among you that Heaven has forsook it.

Carl. Forsook Church Sir, why where does it inhabit then?

Fran. Where? why in sanctified Thoughts, holy and private Closets, Strict and devout Living.

Carl. Why is not the Church sanctified, holy, strict, and devout?

Fran. The Church, ay Sir, but what are the Congregations watchers of Eyes, Dressing Admirers, Insinuating Leerers, Hypocritical Fawners, Debauching Gallants, Bribe-taking Servants, Promising Bawds, Mothers that sell their Children, Children that cheat their Mothers, Fluttering Courtiers, Strutting Merchants, Affected Gay-Fops, Baboones of fifty, Mimiking Apes of five and twenty, Proud Heiresses, Fortune-Plundering Soldiers, Hectoring Bravo's, Coy-seeming Maids, Lewd Wives, Painted Widdows, and Pocky Whores, by St. *Jago*.

Carl. I'll take my Mistress Sir from such ill Company, assoon as I can,

Fran. Well said, do Boy, marry her quickly, the sooner the better; thou may'st loose her yet, she may be stole in the mumbling of a *Pater-Noster*, or the humming of an *Amen*; there are Perking, Prinking, Dancing Finical Rogues, a purpose for such Business.

Carl, O my Spleen stifles me at his chance Saying,

[*Knocks within.*

Franc. By St. *Jago* there's the Father of thy Mistress, he's come about the Agreement for the Marriage; Here let him in, take the Key of the Garden Door with thee.

Carl. O for a Key to unlock his Daughters Soul: If she be false, this Justice I will have to see the curst Occasion in his Grave. [*Exit.*

Fran. Now concerning this Match, I have a Confounded old Rogue to deal with; He has no more Conscience than a Soldier in free Quarter; and as fond of his Money as a Priest of a fresh Convert; as proud as a Darling Statesman; as positive as an Affected Wit; as Sullen as neglected Merit; and more troublesome, if possible, then the Civil Law. It has cost me the Devil and all to maintain this Amour: A confounded extravagant Rogue of a Son too, has presented her profusely----A Pox of her Pride, it has cost me 5000 Crowns the wooing of her. By St. *Jago*, in *England*, a Man might have lain with the whole Nation for half the Money.

Enter Don Lopez.

Signior Lopez, good Day to you.

Lop. The like to you, *Signior Francisco.*

Fran. Will you Walk *Signior Lopez*, or shall we sit down on this Bank.

Lop. I am indifferent warm with walking hither, if it please you let's sit.

Fran. Withall my Heart----Within there? [*Enter Servants.*

Give us some Chocolate, Brother that must be, to our Affairs concerning our Children. [*Exeunt.*

Lop. Why truly the Charge of Children is of great Concern, of mighty Moment, Brother, and Girls more chargeable, more dangerous, and much more troublesome than Boys: You, I think, have-

have but one Son; ah happy Man, you're in no fear of his Miscarriage, he can't scandalize a Family so much as a Daughter.

Fran. He can't be got with Child indeed, but for every thing else, I think boys are full as troublesome: they are either given to Fighting, Drinking, Gaming, or Whoring; If they're given to Fighting, fifty to one but they're kill'd, and a hundred to one but in a Whore's Quarrel; then propably the Name of a Family is lost by it; if to Drinking, why, if 'tis bad Wine, it flings 'em into a Fever, which is damnable expensive, there's Doctors and Apothecaries, Rogues that get a Livelihood by destroying of others; and kill or cure, they must be paid; which is very hard upon the Subject: If to Gaming, why, If he has indulgent Parents he's undone for ever; and if to Whoring, he may rot with the Pox.

Lop. Ah! That Pox, Brother, is almost Epedemical; They say 'twas begot by an *Italian* on a *French* Woman, sent to Nurse into *England*, and brought hither by some Cavaliers in the time of the late Civil Wars.

Fran. Why 'tis a burning Shame, a Crying Sin, Brother, and they die (they say) in greater Numbers than they recover.

Lop. Why 'tis great pity there is not an Order instituted by the Government here among Physicians, *No Cure, no Money.*

Fran. By *Esculapius* they'd starve in a Month then, you'd see a greater Havock amongst them than ever they made among us.
Well, but to our Children.

Lop. Why, ay *Seignior*, to come to the Point: You know I have two Daughters, they must both be provided for; indeed if my Daughter *Filly* had dyed of her Disaster, I could have made your Son's Mistress a much better Fortune.

Fran. Why *Feliciana* is the youngest, is she not?

Lop. Yes, yes.

Fran. Why, I tell you what I design'd by my young Son, whom I lost at Sea, *Octavio*; had he liv'd, and I dy'd before him, I would never have robb'd the eldest; for I think it a Sin unpardonable: I would have left him Sole Governor of his Brother, and natural Honour would have made him provide for him.

Lop. Ay, but natural Honour will not do in my Case: A Sister can't do like a Brother; For when once she's married, the Power is lost, and tho' she has Inclinations to be Gen'rous, the Husband does often deny it.

Fran. I dare swear for my Boy *Carlos*, my dear Boy *Carlos* would let her want nothing.

Lop. That might send her out of the World. [*aside.* If you will settle 2000 Crowns *per Annum* on your Son; and make my Daughter a Joynture of 500 Crowns *per Annum*, I will give him 20000 Crowns with her.

Fran. 20000! Why my Son has presented her to the Value of 5000 Crowns in one thing or other.

Lop. Ay but that will be his again you know.

Fran. His again, but with your leave, you give but 15000 Crowns with her at that rate.

Enter Servants *with Chocolate, who place themselves of each side of* Lop. *and* Fran.

Serv. Here's Chocolate, Sir.

Fra. Fill, fill therefore Brother, I think your oblig'd in honour to give her 5 and 20000 and then-----

Lop. In honour *Seignior!* [*rises.*]

Fran. Ay in honour *Seignior.* [*rises.*]

Lop. Why, I know what belongs to Honour as well as you.

Fran.

Fra. You don't practise it tho'.

Lop. Think better of your Country's Constitution, and provoke not, with such indecent Insolencies; Consider who I am.

Fra. Who you are!

Lop. Ay.

Fra. Ay.

Lop. Ay.

Fra. Why you are,

Lop. What?

Fra. What?

Lop. Ay, what?

Fra. Why, you are an old Fellow, as old as my self, nor better nor stouter.

Lop. Ignominious Comparison, think of what House I come from.

Fra. From Home for ought I know, and thither you may return.

Lop. Expect to answer this.

Fra. I will.

Lop. You shall; This for thy Son. [*Beats down Chocolate.*]

Fra. This for thy Daughter, [*Strikes down.*]

Lop. O! I've scalded my Hand.

Fra. O my Leg, damn'd careless Dogs [*Beats hopping.*]

Lop. 'Tis lam'd for ever, Oh revenge!

Fra. Hang thy self.

Lop. Burn thy self.

Fra. Damn'd Villains, blind Villains.

Lop. I'll heal my Hand in thy Heart's Blood.

Fra. I'll bury my Legs in thy Guts, Dogs, Hell-hounds, Sacrilegious, Impious. [*beats 'em off hopping.*]

Lop. O! I shan't be able to push this Month. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter Silvio.

Silvio. Here she must pass, here throngs admiring *Spain*,
To gaze upon the Excellence it boasts of:
It smil'd upon me yesterday, and with a comfortable Glance,
Gave me a Promise of a blooming Hope:
Particularly she return'd my Complement,
The haughty *Don* that led her, look'd disturb'd,
Grudging the mighty Favour she bestow'd;
In all the Publick Entertainments too,
She has seem'd pleas'd with what I still perform'd;
And by her Eyes has given me often Notice,
She would discourse me if she knew but how;
Sure she'll be angry with my fix'd Observance,
For I shall gaze with such Amazement on her;
My strict admiring may appear Idolatrous.

Enter several Dons.

How the Crowd swells, and like encreasing Waves
Each backward Gallant presses his foregoer.

Enter Carlos, *leading* Dorothea, Feliciana *after her, the Gallants all bow in their turn:* Dorothea *drops her Glove,* Silvio *takes it up.*

Madam your Glove.

Dor. Nay, keep it Sir, and this, you have made 'em both your own by touching one, I scorn to wear what
Strangers Hands defile. [*She pulls off her Glove and flings it down.*]

Car.

Car. Stranger, you're sawcy.
Sil. Spaniard, you're happy.
Car. Madam, you are too much i'th' Sun:
[*Exit* Carlos *and* Dor.
Sil. If this be not Encouragement, I'm stupid.
Design'd by Heav'n purely design'd, I saw it,
Perceiv'd how her Disdain was counterfeited,
And how my sullen Rival interpos'd betwixt
Me and her Eyes; up you Blessed Present, here
Next my Heart remain---ha--here's something
In 'em, it sticks; A Letter by my Soul directed to me,
Sure the Contents contains Felicity. [*Opens it and reads.*

Sir,

YOU have committed an Error dangerous, though unwillingly, and your Ignorance may prove as fatal to us, as your self. Therefore be at the Porch of St. Gregory *at Eight this Evening, from whence you shall be conducted to one who will inform you better--- if you dare venture---- fail not---*

Thou shalt find I fear nothing.
Oh Love, be Just in what thou seem'st to incline.
And this bless'd Day shall be for ever thine. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Don* Lopez *House.*

Enter Carlos, *and* Dorothea.

Car. Madam, this Stranger's most amazing Insolence:
My Honour must correct, or else be censured;
Spain's Custom pleads against such Liberty,
If we allow it now 'twill grow upon us.
Dor. Your Honour ought to let him pass neglected,
To question him would argue a Suspicion,
Let the thing unregarded sleep in Silence.

Car.

Car. Unpunish'd, the Insulter may presume
His Arrogance is cherish'd.

Dor. If the Conceit can give him Satisfaction,
Let him enjoy it since 'tis all he'll meet with.

Carl. How this affected Carelesness betrays her;
Madam, with leave he must return your Gloves.

Dor. Why, are they such a Fortune? (ger.

Carl. Great Fortune and great Favour to a Stran-
The splendid'st *Dons* that strut in shining *Spain*
Wou'd worship e'm above their Popular Saint.

Dor. I should be guilty then o'th' Superstition,
If bigotted Admirers so esteem me;
I'm safer far in his Indifference,
Which can't affect such a blaspheming Zeal.

Carl. But, Madam, I must urge again,
Our Country's Custom is encroacht upon.

Dor. The Custom of our Country none can (match,
Nor is there any Nation under Heaven
Guilty of such Barbarities as this:
What is but decent Courtesie elsewhere,
Produces here good Reasons for a Murder;
Falsly pretending Honour prompts you to't,
As Honour were a Countenance for Basenes,
No, 'tis the just mistrust upon your Usage
In your confining of us every way;
And if Suspicion ne'r so poor but catch you,
Never ask why? but Mischief must ensue.

Carl. Madam your Argument has sure been (study'd,
That thus you shew our Country all at once;
Methinks you argue with more Tenderness
For this same Stranger, than your Virtue ought.

Dor. There peeps the Nature of your Souls again.
You'd make us leave the World before we're (Wives;
Were I but Mistress of my self, I would not
Be a Nun out of a Cloyster; That Free-born
Woman that a *Spaniard* weds, may she be

Kept

Kept from what she marrys for.

Carl. 'Tis well you have a Father to Controle (you Lady.

Dor. That's my Jail-keeper whilst I am single,
You'll shortly take the Office off his Hands:
Oh happy *England*, *Holland*, *France*, where Women
Have the freedom of the Light.

Carl. The Sun is not so fierce upon 'em there,
Our Climate heats our Blood, and makes us (wanton.

Dor. I never yet heard any of our Wives
Complain o'th' Heat, o'th' Climate in their Hus- (bands:

Carl. Madam,

Dor. Seignior.

{ Lop. *Within.*--- Why *Dorry*, *Dorry*,
{ Dorothea *my Darling.*

Enter Don Lopez, *who starts at* Don Carlos.

Carl. *Seignior*, Good-day, I am glad to see you (well.

Lop. *Seignior* yours.

Do you love my Daughter, *Don Carlos?*

Carl. D'you doubt it Sir?

Lop. I hope I need not.

Dor. What means he?

Lop. Answer me one thing: say she should die, or should be forc'd from thee, or any Accident should rob thee of her, would it not much torment thee?

Carl. Wretches in boyling Lead, or steep'd in Snow,
Not all the Plagues I could invent for him
Should rob me of her, could match the
Torment such a Loss would bring.

Lop. Better and better.

Carl. I am glad it pleases you.

Lop. And I am glad she pleases you.

Carl. Good Sir, what ails your Arm?

Lop. No matter for my Arm, since thou lov'st my Daughter: [Dor. *weeps.*] why *Dory*, *Dory*, Fathers none Joy, why dost thou weep? prithee be good Company with me; For my part I am so pleas'd with what he has assured me, that my Arm that has pain'd me, did pain me, does pain me, shall pain me, neither has, does, or did, or ever shall more. Call up my Servants.

Carl. Are you then agreed?

Lop. Ay, ay, call up my Servants; You're sure you love her.

Carl. By all that's holy.

Lop. Enough, enough; Why where are my Servants? Certain you love her.

Carl. Do I live Sir.

Lop. Why *Dorothea*, love none but her?

Carl. None Sir.

Lop. Why, my Hearts Delight *Dory*, little *Dory*, nor will you ever love any but her?

Carl. Never, Oh blessing!

Dor. Oh Curse!

Lop. Swear it and witness it. [*Enter Servants.*

Carl. May Heav'n for ever curse me [*To his Servants.*]

Both here and hereafter, if ever [*Kneels.*
I love ought but *Dorothea*.

Lop. And may Heav'n for ever curse me here and hereafter, if ever thou seest her more.

[*Pulls her Veil down.*

Carl. What said you Sir? [*Rises.*

Lop. Lord Sir, I can hear without that Noise, and you shall hear it again, that you shall; never see her more: So either Boil thy self, or Starve thy self, Shoot, Broil, Fry, Drown, Hang or Damn thy self. As the Devil and you shall think fit.

Carl. Impossible.

Lop. Nay, I believe you'll scarce do any of 'em.

Carl. You mock me sure.

Lop.

Lop. Yes, yes, as your Father did me.

Carl. My Father?

Lop. Ay, think upon Pains to torture him, for he has rob'd thee of her; go out of my House; the next time my Doors enclose thee, the Building is thy Monument.

Carl. Thinkest thou that I will bear this tamely? I tell thee *Lopez*, thou shalt smart for this.

Lop. I tell thee, *Carlos*, I do smart for this (Daughter.

Dor. Good-buy to you Sir [*Walks up to Carlos, and smiles.* [*Exit.*

Carl. Damnation!

Lop. That be your Doom:
For if you lov'd my Child, your Hell's to come.

Carl. If I am damn'd, I'll not alone be lost,
Lopez thy Family attends my Ghost.

[*Exeunt Severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall.*

Enter Guzman *and* Farmosa.

Guz. NAY, prethee *Farmosa.*

Far. Avaunt Traytor, hang thy self false (one

Guz. Nay, why in this Fury?

Far. Have I not reason, have I beheld thy Eyes This three Days; did I yield up my Honour, my (unspotted Virginity?

Guz. Of fifty Years standing, an old dry'd Pumkin.

Far. To such an unworthy perjur'd Villain, and no sooner obtain'd, but slighted, like a Juggler's Trick when 'tis discover'd,

Guz.

Guz. Indeed there was no great Conjuring in thine.

Far. I could keep nothing from you, told you my Love, and gave you my Love; what tho' I did languish for you, must I reveal it like a Fool, could not I keep it my self? Ah, woe be to those that make their Secrets known, so I say. Time was, that the Cock should never wake the Morning, nor the Owl welcome Night, but *Farmosa* should be visited; But now I am laid by, like an old Deed, which when once prov'd; is examin'd no more.

Guz. These Stale Maids are so Amorous; Why, I have been out of Town, *Farmosa*, my Master has had Business for me, to prepare things for his Wedding, which I suppose may be unspoke again, or else I would no more have been from thee, than a Gander from his Goose when she's a hatching.

Far. Go, go, 'tis false, my Fondness has made you loath me.

Guz. Loath thee, thy Voice is sweeter than the early Lark's, (and shriller) thy Breath's as fragrant as a foggy Morning; Thy Cheeks appear like Roses (dry'd for Cakes;) And Dimples like the Hollows of two Ovens; Thou art all over admirable (ugly.)

Far. Away, away, you flatter me. [*Pats him on the Cheek.*

Guz. By this, and this, I speak my Soul.

Far. And will you always love me?

Guz. Hum---- [*Huggs her.*]

Now tell me, my *Farmosa*,
The Reason of this Breach between our Family.

Far. Why know ye not the Quarrel 'twixt my Master and your own?

Guz. Ah, but is that all the Cause?

Far. All that I know of.

Guz. Has not our Lady, think you, some Aversion to the Person of my Master? Has she not seen

seen a Stranger, whose gay Demeanour and Accomplishments has plaid the *Cupid* in her Heart?

Far. What mean you?

Guz. Nay my *Farmosa*, if thou lov'st, be real, is there a Secret I would keep from thee, by this there is not. [*kisses.*]

Far. I never see you but for Information, and you are as short in your Visits as an eminent Physician; I am the Pulse, by whose beating you find out my Mistress's Inclinations, and when you once know the State of her Body, never enquire after mine.

Guz. This Night I'll give thee Proof of my Enquiry:
But prethee tell me, Has not our *Spanish* Dame
Some Longings for an *English* Breed?

Far. Why truly I guess some such thing, but have no positive Demonstration.

Guz. Does she not seem to be in Love?

Far. How seem?

Guz. Does she not sigh, and covet being alone, make contrary Answers sometimes to Questions? Does she not slight her Meat; and with her Knife scratch Figures on her Plate, mince her Fruit small, then toss it up and down, fancy strange things i'th' Fire and in the Clouds, blush if she hears an *Englishman* but mention'd; Does she not read Romances, and delight much in standing at the Window of an Evening; cry sometimes to thee, Oh *Farmosa*, then stop as if she had forgot her self, complain she cannot sleep, and of odd Dreams.

Far. Why, are these Signs of Love?

Guz. O great ones.

Far. Then surely I am so:

Guz. Pox on thy Observation.

Far. For I can sit and sigh a whole Day long, fancy strange things i'th Fire, love standing at the Window, love reading of Amours: There are but two things we differ in.

Guz.

Guz. Prithe what are they?

Far. Why I eat heartily and sleep soundly.

Guz. Thy Sighs will never give thee the Cho-
(lick:
But tell me, Didst thou never observe any of this
(in her?

Far. Why truly I have, and if I see you to Night, I'll take care to get it out of her: Not but I know it already, but the Rogue will baulk me anon, if I tell him now.

Guz. Wilt thou be diligent?

Far. As a Knave for an Employment: Go at Ten, I'll wait at the little Back-garden; here, take the Key, you must go out that Way, for if you are seen, it may cost your Bruises some Brandy: I'm call'd, adieu. [*Why* Farmosa *within.*

Guz. One word, Hast thou no little Sum to spare thy Lover, no trifling Doubloon, no idle Pistole?

Far. What, pay beforehand, Seignior!
[*Exit, running.*

Guz. 'Tis so, she loves this Stranger, and anon I shall know all. —
'Tis a fine Life we Serving-men do lead:
Our Masters take the Mistress, we the Maid:
If, Ladies, you'll not have your Secrets known,
Keep us asunder, or your Work's soon done. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Garden.*

Enter Carlos *and* Francisco.

Fra. What! turn thee out of Doors?

Carl. Ay Sir, and menac'd me with Death when
(next I enter'd:
I vow'd Revenge, which but increas'd his Laughter,
When he had sworn me to Eternal Love,
And Everlasting Faith to *Dorothea*:

He

He render'd all my Oaths ridiculous.
Then with the very Curse which I invok'd,
If ever I prov'd treacherous to his Daughter,
He wish'd the like Destruction might seize him,
If ever more I after that beheld her.

Fra. Why let him keep his two Daughters, like an old *Lott* as he is, and multiply his Generation himself: What thinkst thou *Carlos* of the fair *Biancha*, Younger and Richer far than *Dorothea*, who Languishes too for thee, and from her Infancy, almost, has Lov'd thee; besides Boy, thou know'st thou wert in a manner promis'd to her.

Carl. But Sir, can you so easily forget the Villain,
Or tamely suffer such an Arrogance?
Must all my Presents too be slighted and yet kept?
Must all----

Fra. Presents, no, I forgot that, Boy; I'll make him refund, or swear him into the Inquisition for Blasphemy.

Carl. No, Since my Love's despis'd I'll court (Revenge;
That's now the Mistress of my eager Flames,
Which nothing can asswage but *Silvio*'s Blood.

Fra. Blood, Boy?

Carl. Ay Blood Sir, Rivals Blood,
The precious Blood that *Dorothea* doats on;
My wanton Hands shall play in the warm Gore;
Then on her Face the purple Scandal print,
And shew my Injuries in lasting Blushes.

Fra. A Rival Boy! by the Head of our Church thou hast reason, or hold *Carlos*, hold, suppose now we should contrive some dreadful Infamy; some terrible Disgrace that he may live with;

Carl. As how Sir?

Fran. Why, as a Punishment for his endeavouring to supplant thee in the Lady's Quarters; we'll make an Eunuch of him; and he shall repent in Anthems.

 Fra.

Carl. An Eunuch! Damn him that would make him bless'd;
Women are ne'r so fond as when secur'd of Pleasure
Without Scandal;
No, 'tis his heart must feed my hungry Spleen,
The Heart which disinherited my Hopes,
And was Adopted Heir of all my Wishes.

Fran. Why murder him, and there's an end on't:
Don't stand mouthing like a Lawyer that has
Puzzled his Cause, and knows not how to get clear
On't; hang him Dog, have his Throat cut, and
Encourage decay'd Trade; our Bravo's grow
Pious, the Times are so bad, and go to Church
For want of Employment.

Carl. It shall be so, I'll have him sett with speed,
Not but I would engage with him alone,
But he that robs my Love, deserves it not;
A Rival, nay, a Heretick, those Words
Here guilds a Murder wrought by fifty Swords.
[*Exit.*

Fran. So, here's a fine Feast providing for the Devil; I must have a tugg with my old Antagonist for the 5000 Crowns his Daughter has cost me: Ah that I could perswade this Platonical Fool, this *Dorothea*'s Flesh-fly, to marry *Biancha*, there's a Fortune; Her Father's Fool too, and might easily be brought to take my Son without a Groat; damn'd stubborn Dog— Hum! He knows he is the last of our Family, and knows I am past getting of Children, or I would so penny-bind the Rogue, he should scarce have enough to pay the Fees of his Confessor: Children are great Plagues, not but Parents are great Rogues, tho' sometimes I know not which are the worst:
If the Estate be by the Father gain'd,
The Childrens Duty is by Hopes obtain'd
Of what he'll leave 'em, else he might be damn'd;

For

For when the Estate's entail'd upon the Son,
There's no Respect to Parents, 'tis his own,
Scorns 'em on Earth, and laughs at 'em when (gone:
So one 'gainst the other may exclaim each Hour,
But both of 'em are Rascals in their Power. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Changes to the back-side of a Church.*

Enter Silvio *and* Sancho.

Sil. How goes the Evening, *Sancho?*

Sa. Very nigh Sun-set, Sir.

Sil. Be on your Guard, this Country is not to be trusted late. (Well fed,

Sa. I am provided Sir, Well-weapon'd, and Like a Town reliev'd I could sally furiously.

Sil. The God of Day does so his *Thetis* haste,
In Clouds of Gold and shining Purple dress'd;
Each labouring Husbandman its setting waits,
And to his Course, but welcome Home retreats:
The drudging Oxen from their Yokes are freed,
And scattering Ews which on the Mountains fed,
Are by their Shepherds to Enclosures led;
Whilst the gay chirping Flutterers of the Air
To their own mossy Architects repair.

Sa. Sir, Sir.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Sa. Does the Devil ever walk in these holy Countries?

Sil. I never saw him, Sir.

Sa. I thought he had Practice enough in *England* to keep him from rambling.

Sil. No, *Sancho*, they tell us he's every where.

Sa. I would not have left it, if I had thought so.

Sil. Why?

Sa.

Sa Because we believe we give the Devil the slip when we go to another Country.

Sil. Indeed!

Sa. Ay, and that's the reason, they say, of our Gentries Travelling so much.

Enter Farmosa *in a long black Veil, and strikes* Sancho *on the Shoulders.*

Far. Come with me *Seignior.*

Sa. I am taken Sir, he has me.

Sil. What are you?

Far. Is your Name *Silvio?*

Sil. It is.

Far. Follow me then to *Dorothea.*

Sil. Thou hast mention'd one would charm me any where.

Far. Is not that your Servant?

Sil. He is.

Far. Take him, he may be of use.

Sil. Sancho. [*kicks him.*

Sa. Satan.

Sil. For shame, we are all Friends,
Why dost thou speak?

[*He rises and stares; trembles, but cannot speak, and makes Signs to 'em to be gone.*

Far. His Fright has lost his Speech; come on Sir.

Sil. Where ever thou wilt lead.

A Priest crosses above the Stage, which Sancho *seeing.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to* Dorothea's *Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Dorothea *and Feliciana.*

Fel. What, fall in Love with a Stranger?

Dor. Well Tyrant, well.

Far.

Fel. Nay, upon my Conscience 'tis a Judgment upon thee;
You that could slight the worthiest of our Coun-
(try:
And walk in State through Lands of bleeding
(Hearts:

Dor. Sister, the time may come when I may give you back this Triumph.

Fel. Not for my loving a Stranger, *Dorothea*:

Dor. I am sure he is a Gentleman:

Fel. Nay, he may be *Jove*, for ought I know, in disguise:
'Tis not the first time the Deity has plaid Truant above to divert himself here.

Dor. For shame, *Feliciana*.

Fel. For Grace, *Dorothea*, do not throw thy self away thus:

Dor. How can I help it?

Fel. Help what?

Dor. Being in Love:

Fel. I don't blame thee for loving, but I discommended thy Choice.

Dor. He has in appearance all that Woman can be fond of.

Fel. Have a care of that; some say he's an *Italian*, and he is not the first of that Country in Breeches that has wanted somewhat of all a Woman would be fond of.

Dor. Fie, fie, you'r wicked:

Fel. Well, I wish his Behaviour may reward the great Faith you have in him.

Dor. Well, I have told you my Mind, and what I desire of you: I do love, and must love him, let my future Fate be what it will. And you may choose a rich gay Thing for your self out of the *Dons* you spoke of.

Fel. Thank you for what you can't eat, Madam, bless me from such Motions of Men: Why they're so

so fond of themselves, that unless it be you, their Eyes survey nothing else; what should I do with such Wax-work? They're fit for nothing but to set off a Mantle-tree, or furnish out a Closet.

Dor. Wou'd they had you in a Closet to stop your Mouth.

Fel. By my Faith I don't believe I should cry out for 'em; why, they can do nothing to a Woman but stare at her; Nature never intended these Animals for any thing but Ornament; like Swans they make a Shew, but are good for nothing ----- they are pretty Parrot-keyts to hold in ones Hand, or to be strok'd like Squirrils.

Dor. Have a Care of their Tails, Sister.

Fel. Do you look after your own; and if thou art conquer'd by this *Silvio*, who may be a Tinker for ought thou knowst, we may find the Effects of his Love in three Months, and see you carry his Budget before you.

Enter Farmosa.

Far. Madam, *Don Silvio*:

Dor. Prithee retire.

Fel. I am gone ----- but I will have a Peep at him, tho' my Curiosity prove as fatal as *Acteons*; it may be a Stranger I have seen, and I should be loath to jump in a Fancy with her. [*Exit.*

Dor. What shall I do?

Oh, *Silvio*, I would indulge thee,
But let me not be thought too easie by it.

Enter Farmosa *and* Silvio.
Farmosa *retires.*

Silvio. Thus Pilgrims, after many a weary March
(vels,
When they have reach'd the Purpose of their Tra-
Bow

Bow to the Shrine their eager Zeal had sigh'd for,
Paying, like me, their reverend Acknowledgments.
Dor. Rise, Sir, I can forgive your Flattery,
Since 'tis the general Practice of your Sex.
Sil. To flatter here would be a Crime indeed,
Nor know I how, if it would help my Cause,
Yet I could talk for ever on the Theam:
The Gods entices us to shew our Follies,
And prove his Powers too high for Words to reach:
(Wonder
For when our Thoughts engage to search the
Like Notions of Eternity they're puzzled,
Brought back to their first fond Imagination,
Admiring what they cannot comprehend.
Dor. How his Tongue charms me! (be related,
Sil. Oh, *Dorothea*, if a Love like mine could
Twould disgrace its Passion:
If thou art angry with me I must love,
For I'm a Biggot in the Mistery,
And have a Faith defies all Arguments. (sage,
Dor. Sir, you mistake the Intention of my Mes-
If you surmise that Love directed it;
I sent to you out of a generous Pity,
Unwilling (being a Stranger) you should fall
Under the Error of your Courtesy;
Nor do you know ----
Sil. Alas, I would not know;
Wretches that dread their Doom endure enough,
Without the Terror of a Confirmation;
Therefore I beg that I may only fear;
Fears may have Hopes;
Hope is the only Cordial for our Fears,
A vain Uncertainty by Errors nourish'd;
A fond Opiniator of it self:
Cheated by distant Probability. (Pardon;
Dor. You ought to fear my frown, and hope my
Not back one Insolence with another,

Daring to think of Love to one you've injur'd.
Sil. To one I've injur'd, then my Love's a Fault!
In that alone are center'd my Transgressions.
Dor. Know you not *Spain*'s notorious for Resent-
Nay even the Woman often suffers Death, (ment,
For the Presumption of the Man she knows not;
What are you that expose your Person thus,
Under the Vanity of an Admirer?
Sil. I am a Gentleman of *Spanish* Blood,
Tho' born out of the Country.
My Family's well known when I shall name 'em.
They sent me forth, being fond of my Improve-
To see what the reputed Parts o'th' World (ment,
Could store my Observation with:
But, oh! the Wonders which I thought I had seen,
Are as far short, of what I now behold,
As I am in my hopes of gaining it.
Dor. They're nearer than thou thinkest for:
[*Aside.*
He steals upon my Soul too hastily;
I find I yield too fast, yet cannot help it.
Sil. Inform me, *Dorothea*, how to please thee;
I am like a Travailer in unknown Land,
Where several beaten Ways confound his Choice;
Direct my Soul in its Perplexity,
And guide it to the Paradice it seeks for. (Wishes,
Dor. I know not how to shun or meet my
It must be done; but why so hard to do?
Like one that's to a tedious Journey bound,
Tires e're half his Travel is perform'd,
Fond of his End, but troubled to get to't.
Sil. May I not hope a Word?
Dor. You are too bold;
Yet I forgive what's past;
But leave the Town, and never see me more. (dol
Sil. Oh, heavy Task, impossible to undertake or
Dor. Do you think the Prize so easy to be won,

Or

Or that your Face can meet with no Denial?
Or can you think so meanly of my Worth,
To give the least Encouragement to one,
Who only is acquainted with my Eyes?
No: Could you like Deities create your self
Master of all the Graces in the World;
Each should present it self in full Perfection,
E're I would listen to the Tale of Love.
So, Sir, retire, and tell the World, that once
You met a Woman could withstand your Charms:
Oh, 'tis too harsh,

Sil. And tell how fatally her own has used me.

Dor. I'll speak no more:

Sil. Yet stay and hear a little more,
My Souls contriving some way to obey thee;
And it would soften too some way thy Judgment:
That I must leave thee, in thy Eyes I read it:
I see thy Pride disdains my Sacrifice:
'Tis thrown aside like common Offerings,
It has but to thy Number added one,
And lies without Distinction with the Mass:
Oh! If I never must behold thee more,
Let my bless'd Rival rid thee of this Monster:
I want the Power to execute thy Will;
I shall be fond of Living whilst thou art here,
For Heaven is only certain where thou art.

Dor. Will you not go? (Limbs

Sil. I cannot stir; I wou'd obey thee, but my
Refuse me.

Dor. Mine like their standing too: (hither?

Sil. Oh, why you Powers did you direct me
Fond of beholding more, I have lost all,
Which my Enquiry has so long pursu'd,
So fares it with the Merchant, who his Store
Would fain encrease by venturing for more,
Sends out his laden Barque to some new Shore;
But oh, like me, Shipwrackt upon the Way,

Curses himself, his Fate, the Winds and Sea:

Dor. Oh, *Silvio:*

Sil. What said you, Madam?

My sinking Soul flies upward to that Sound,
Like one upon its Journey to Destruction,
When the bless'd Voice of a Reprieve's behind it.

Dor. Out, nice Impertinence; stubborn Usurper,
Thou sullen Honour, why dost bind me thus?

Sil. Did you not call, or did I dream being fond
Of wishing it? (love?

Dor. Who can deserve me better than the Man I
It must be *Silvio.*

Sil. I am here. (*Silvio.*

Dor. So thou art here indeed, out with it then,

Sil. Dorothea.

Dor. Silvio.

Sil. Dorothea.

Dor. Oh, I can nothing sound but *Silvo, Silvio!*

Sil. Dorothea, Dorothea, Dorothea. [*Embraces.*

O let me clasp thee ever in this Circle,
Like *Antony* I could despise the World,
And in thy Charms let all Ambition perish.

Dor. Oh! I have gone too far.

Sil. Thou never wert so near thy self as now,
(Faith;

Dor. I trust thy Honour, do not wrong my
Nor give my easy Soul a Misconstruction.
I could have held out longer for Condition,
Like Towns when the Besiegers are in doubt,
At best Discretion make their Articles;
But trust me *Silvio,* I abhor the Guile
My subtle Sex approve so politick;
At thy first setting down before me, I resign,
Hoping to make thee by it faster mine.

Sil. Oh, I will study more than can be ask'd,
My Gratitude shall struggle with thy Love
Which shall exceed:

My

My Diligence shall still be at thy Call,
And give thee more if possible than all.

Dor. The Match 'twixt me and *Carlos* is broke off;
Prove thy self worthy of my Father's Choice:
Nothing can barr our Bliss.

Sil. Oh, I will give him firm Security, I am
Worthy of thy Blood, tho' not thy Love.

Enter Farmosa.

Far. Madam, your Father has enquir'd for you, I sent him to the Garden!

Dor. Then we must part? (be longer.

Sil. But with Design that our next meeting may

Dor. To Morrow I shall be at Chappel, there we may feast our Eyes and Fancy more; be watchful of your self, and at Night be where you were this Evening; and you shall be conducted here again. (Day,

Sil. Be swift, ye Fiery Steeds, and mount the
Or get the Night to exchange with thee for once,
The tedious Hours I'll wast in fancied Scenes
Of the past Passages of our Extreams:
Call on to Morrow, Oh, to Morrow come,
And give my Soul a Prospect of its Home;
Hug thee in Thought, whilst my delighted Tongue
In Raptures shall express thee all Night long:
And *Dorothea* be my only Song.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Guzman *and* Farmosa.

Guz. AT Nine do'it say again, to Night?

Far. Yes, I must be Mistress of the Ceremonies again.

Guz. He may be conducted into another World! [*Aside.*

Far. Well, really he's a sweet Creature, and his Expressions are refin'd like Loaf-Sugar, they dissolve in the Ear till the Mouth-waters.

Guz. What a luscious Consort I have. [*Aside.*
Well *Farmosa* he may out-talk me,
But he can do no more than other Men.

Far. I know not that; few things know their Strength till they're put to't.

Guz. Thou wouldst work him finely if thou hadst him at thy Discretion, Thou art for spurring a free Horse to Death.

Far. Well, certainly he's an Angel, I never saw so Divine a Creature.

Guz. What, hast thou an Itching to a Deity?

Far. Why not? If he would accept of my frail Mortality.

Guz. Frail indeed. [*Aside.*
Well I must be gone,
The Morning's nimble and gets ground of us,
Adieu!

Far. Why in such haste? [*Bell rings.*

Guz. My Master will want me, hark, the Bell Rings to Morning Exercise, I shall be discover'd.

Far.

Far. Why People are not so Religious of late,
To break their Sleep to serve Heav'n.

Guz. 'Tis the 5-a-Clock Bell.

Far. Why let it be the 6-a-Clock Bell, it Rings not for you, you are eager at every Call but mine.

Guz. Nay *Farmosa*, 'tis Reputation.

Far. 'Tis your Uneasiness; but go and you will; I had a piece of *Barbary*-Gold too, might have bore you company--- but you must be gone.

Guz. Well I can deny thee nothing---- (sulters,

Far. That I pay for; A Vengeance take ye for In-
But 'tis the Fate as all we must lay up
When we are young if we expect
Any pleasure when we are old:

Guz. I'll be sure to see you to Night:

Far. You won't:

Guz. Will the Night Come? *(hugs her.*

Far. Well then I'll keep this till then,
And give you another with it:

Guz. Nay, faith I'm poor.

Far. You'll not see me till its spent:
I am made use of like Parents, when the Children want Money they're as diligent as Parish-Officers against *Christmas*, but when they have it they so itch to be gone.

Guz. Why I would grow to thee if possible.

Far. Well, there 'tis; you may drink my health out on't tho', and remember the Founder when you turn off the Cups:

Guz. Thy health! why there's no taste without it; Thou art the Anchovie to my Liquor, the Relishing bit, the tempter to the other Bottle, the Tobacco to my Pipe, the catch that makes me merry, the Theam of my Wit. With the Juice of the Grape thou swim'st in my Brain, And art washt every Night by Sparkling Champaign, which Dances in the Glass like the Beam in thy Eye, and till I am dead-drunk my Wine never dies.

[Farmosa *call'd within.*]

Far. Adds life, my Mistress up so early, away, and forget not Night as you hope for't other. *Barbary,* (*Exit.*

Guz. Oh! you who other ways your Means receive,
Pity the Drudgery by which we live. (*Exit*

Enter Dorothea *in a Night Gown.*

Dor. I cannot sleep;
My Faculties are all upon the Watch,
As if my Soul were Jealous of a Mischief,
Like Midnight-Nurses or'e a sickly Patient,
They dose and nod and start at every sound;
There's not a Tatling measure of the time,
But I have number'd with it every hour;
Oh *Silvio, Silvio,* if this be not love,
Some evil Hagg has charm'd thy *Dorothea.*

Enter Lopez.

(rising)

Lop. Morrow Jewel! Health to thy early Art thou for Church this Morning?

Dor. Not till Noon if it please you, Sir:

Lop. Ay, with all my Heart, its indifferent to me if ever thou goest again; but what's to be done in this bus'ness concerning the Match with *Carlos?*

Dor. I thought you had resolv'd Sir, I was ordering all his Presents to be return'd to him.

Lop. Marry, Heav'n forbid, why, they are worth 5000 Crowns.

Dor. Were they worth Millions Sir, 'tis Mercenary, and base to keep 'em, after the Person who presented 'em 's discharg'd from her he gave 'em too, 'tis poor---

Lop. Yes to be without 'em, prethee tell not me of Base and Mercenary, did'st ever know a project in

in thy life go on without cost? Besides, his Father has sent to me and desires another Conference.

Dor. After so base a usage in your last Sir will you see him?

Lop. Why, I don't know, he has sent me a hundred of *Barbary-Gold.*

Dor. And will you take 'em Sir?

Lop. Hum----Why 'twould be an affront to return 'em whether I see him or no:

Dor. Fye Sir, Fye:

Lop. Fools face go, now I think 'o nt, yet go in since you wont go out to Prayers, and leave the management to me:

Dor. For Heav'ns sake Sir:

Lop. For your own sake, will you do as I'll have you, or 'twill be worse for you:

Dor. Good Sir?

Lop. Get you in when I bid you:

Dor. Consider.

Lop. Get you in,

Dor. Will you not hear me?

Lop No, get you in:

Dor. Oh *Silvio*---- [*sighs.*]

Lop. Ay, ay, go, go, call upon your Saints, and ask their advice;

Dor. Can you believe, Sir?

Lop. Can I, yes, how should I be saved else? get you in I say:

Dor. But Sir----

Lop. Why, what will you neither serve God nor me, get you in you Preremptory baggage, get you in-- (*puskes her off.*

Well what's to be done in this Case? I have made a rash Vow, but they are better broke than kept, when 'tis to Advantage; I know this *Carlos* Doats on my Girl and the Father will come to any terms, rather than he should fall under any danger for the loss of her, I will now demand just as much more of his

Son as I did, and give my Daughter but half as much as I offer'd: for 'tis usual to make the best of ones Goods when the first price is refus'd, and the Customer fond of his Choice.

Enter Farmosa.

Far. Sir, Don *Francisco*'s below, and desires to see you.

Lop. Conduct him up—and d'hear, let my Servants be within call, left the old *Bravo* should quarrel again, and he's too rough for me, on equal Terms, now *Lopez* look about thee, and like a cunning Usurer at a pinch, part not with the Principal without good Interest.

Enter Don Francisco.

Fra. Signior, you see I trust in your Honour, and venture where your Spleen might make sure work, but I believe you're noble.

Lop. Signior, I am a more generous Enemy than to take Advantage -- but I hope the matter being forgot we may begin as Friends.

Fra. I embrace the Offer, and with this hearty Clasp here sign the Peace.

Lop. Bona-- Signior, are you for some Liquor this Morning?

Fran. Something that will not scald, if it please you *Signior*

Lop. Within there, some *Sherry*: do you like Nutmeg and Sugar?

Fran. I think 'tis more a Cordial so.

Lop Spice it d'hear! Well *Signior*, I must inform you, that on the Noise of breaking the Match between your Son and my Daughter, I have had many fair Offers, but matters having gone so far with us, tho' Passion was so predominant some time,

time, I would not, tho' to Advantage, hear of any, till I had try'd if you had quite forsook her.

Fran. Signior, I am not ignorant of her Desarts, nor of the Crowd of Gallants would espouse her; therefore as prudent Travellers, when the Roads are full, send to their Inn before-hand for Reception, so I did constantly dispatch to you, still as my Son design'd to approach your Family, some Token for his kind Accommodation.

Lop. Signior, 'tis true, but now I had one from you; and like a faithful Host I'll entertain you; My Daughter is the best of my Apartment; which I suppose your Son would fain repose, come to my Terms and he shall take Possession, and make his Conjugal Entry when he pleases.

Fran. The sooner the better; for here are dismal times coming on; the whole World's in a Rior, never was such universal Confusion known.

Lop. Look you *Signior*, give me a good Conscience Neighbour, a good Conscience: I look upon a Man that loves his Neighbour as himself, does as he would be done by, and is contented with what he has, is in a very fair way to Salvation.

Fran. Now I'll hit the old Jew--- [*Aside.*] Then woe be to Usurers and Gamesters, for they never do as they'd be done by, and are always covering their Neighbours Goods.

Lop. But Pox of Politicks (and the Rogue's bitter Sayings against Usurers) [*Aside.*] Let us return to our Children.

Enter Farmosa.

Far. Sir, there's a young Gentleman, a Stranger, desires to be admitted.

Lop. I am busy.

Far. I told him so Sir, but he'll not be answer'd, he says he must needs see you, and is resolv'd.

Fran.

Fran. Why let him come up *Signior*, we can dispatch our Business when he's gone.

Lop. Bring him up then, if he will come.

Far. Sir you may gratify your Resolution and Approach.

Enter Antonio *who kisses* Farmosa

Ant. Nay I always pay the Door-keeper.

Far. I like the Sample so well, I would I had the whole Piece.

Lop. Now Sir your Business.

Ant. Sir I know Presumption in this Country is dangerous, but my Freedom has no further End than Acquaintance, and I hope I may satisfy you I am worthy of it.

Lop. Sir the Satisfaction will be equally great to me, as my Acquaintance acceptable to you.

Ant. Courteously answer'd Sir.

Be pleas'd to read this Letter.

[*Enter Servants with Wine.*]

[Lopez *reads.*]

Signior Lopez, *The Person that brings this is a Gentleman of Worth and Fortune, I would have waited on him to you, but he would not admit of it; you may credit what he says, for he is Noble: I'll wait on you at Night, and tell you more: Yours to command,*

Gomez.

Adds me, my Neighbour, your Recommendation is good.

Ant. I must inform you then.

Fan. If you please Sir let's drink first, I hope the partaking of a Bottle will not choak your Information. (*Dr*

Ant. Faith no Sir, I come from a Country where the Element of *Bacchus* is more potent than any

any of the four where Religion and Politicks are the Subject of the third Bottle, and scarce any of 'em know either when they're sober.

Lop. Little *England* I warrant you.

Ant. You are in the right Sir, 'tis as famous for Ease and Luxury as the Life of *Cleopatra*, where the Courtiers get the Citizens Children and then marry 'em to their own, where Impudence is pregnant, and Fools multiply, where most Men die natural Deaths; and the Youth keep Company before they can read.

Lop. A pretty Gentleman; Come Sir, your Glass.

Ant. With all my heart God bless the King, and may his Subjects:

Serve him with unfeign'd Hearts and constant Zeal;
May he be just to th' good o'th Common-weal,
Whilst *France* the Scourge of the Confederates (feel.

[*Drinks.*

Lop. Amen.

Fran. Pray Sir, how thrives that Country you came from?

Ant. Troth Sir, 'tis in a fairer way than ever, the Prince and the People have Faith in each other, and there's great hopes that *Britain* will retrieve its long lost Glory.

Lop. I'm glad on't, and now Sir, let me begin a Health, for, to tell you a Secret, I wish 'em well Boy, for all I'm a Catholick;

May that Country, its Trade nor its Church never lose,
May they stand by their Prince, and he conquer their Foes,
And the Wives go as fine as they will in their Clothes.

Ant.

Ant. Well Sir, now to my Business: I am a Gentleman whom Fortune has bless'd early in the World, whose Family this Country is no Stranger to; I have lain here incognito some time for want of my Effects, which being come, I thought fit to attend on you; for they say, no Man more fitting to tell his own Tale than himself.

Lop. Proceed.

Fran. By Heav'n this Rogue is a Lover I fear;
If he be my Boy's Rival, he had better have fancy'd a Blackamore.

Ant. My Father was *Don Mihil Frederick*,
Sole Governor of *Quitto* in *Peru*;
I had an elder Brother dear to him as his Life;
And willing all Accomplishments might grace him,
Permitted him to Travel;
'Tis Six Years since he left him;
But the two latter, whether by Neglect,
Or the Misfortunes of the Seas, I know not,
He heard not from him, which heavy
Absence, both of Son and Letters, bereft him of his Life.

Lop. Unhappy Accident, I have heard nobly of him.

Ant. He left me all as being all he had;
'Tis eighteen Months since he dy'd:
I streight converted what he left me
To the easiest Moveables I could,
And resolv'd to see he Would and search the Knowledge
Of my Brother; I have been three Months in *England*, where I heard he was gone for *Rome*,
And stopping here in my Pursuit of him,
Which is but now four Days, I have seen a
Lady who, as I'm inform'd, is your Daughter;
I love her, and if my Fortune merit her,
Which is 400000 Crowns, that and my Person
Are at her Disposal.

Fran.

Fran. 'Tis so, 'tis so, I see it in the Rogues Eyes, Here's more Murder for the Boy.

Lop. Four hundred thousand Crowns!

Ant. Ay, Sir, 'tis at my Lodgings in Jewels, and in Gold, but most of it uncoin'd.

Lop. Some Wine there! 400000 Crowns, Sir. Your Health. [*Drinks.*

Fran. Hark you, Sir, which of the Ladies is it?

Ant. Faith, Sir, I can't well enough describe her; But I'm sure I know her if I see her. Some more Wine----here my fair Mistresses Health. [*Drinks.*

Fran. Hark'e, Sir, your fair Mistress may make foul Work, if it be *Dorothea.*

Ant. Sir, Let her Name be what it will, if I win her, I'll wear her; and with her Father's Leave, I'll venture as far as any Man.

Lop. 400000 Crowns! Why 'twould make a Parish of noble *Venetians*; how they'd jump at this Youth now? 400000 Crowns! Why 'twould lead their Army to *Constantinople*? Some Wine, Sir; here's to the Memory of your Father; I was always a Lover of Orphans, and especially those who never trusted the Bank of a City with their Fortunes.

Fra. But, Sir, will you tell me her Name?

Ant. Faith, Sir, I wish I could, I would repeat nothing else.

Fra. You must draw then; perhaps I may find it in your Heart, tho' your Tongue is so stubborn.

Lop. Hold *Signior*, and Sir excuse him; the Wine is uppermost; here, call out my Daughters.

Fra. He shall be undermost, if he be my Son's Rival:

Ant. And so Conqueror over Two, Faith. Sir, here's your Health, I will drink with you for her, fight with your Son for her, ravish your Wife, and fire your House for her.

Fra.

Fra. Thou lyest, thou dareſt do neither.

Ant. I would do all rather than loſe her.

Fra. Why, you're an Eunuch, you Dog, you can do nothing with her.

Ant. Yes, I will get a Boy upon her, that ſhall live to Cudgel thy Third and Fourth Generation.

Lop. Nay, prithee, *Franciſco*, have Patience till the Gentleman ſees her: O, here they come.

Enter Dorothea *and* Feliciana.

Now, Sir, ſtand ſtill Children, ſtand upright:

Fel. That's more than the Father can; certainly, *Dorothea*, the old Fellow has made a good Bargain, he would never have allow'd Wine enough for all this elſe.

Ant. That's ſhe, Sir.

Fra. Which, Sir? ---- [*Stands before him.*

Ant. Prithee give me the Sun, little *Alexander*; for like *Diogenes*, I could live in a Tub, and behold nothing elſe; tis ſhe, Sir, ſhe, that *Hellen* of her Sex, that like poor *Troy*, has ſet my Heart a Flaming; Madam, may I crave the Curteſy of a firſt Meeting? --- [*Salutes* Feliciana. May I preſume here too, Madam?

[*Salutes* Dorothea.

Fel. Shame on this Fellow, what has he done to me?

Lop. Well, ſince you have made your Choice, Sir, it ſhall be laid by for you: Go, get you in, Children; and, Sir, pray be pleas'd to ſtep in with your Miſtreſs, I have a little Buſineſs with this Gentleman, which when diſpatch'd I'll be with you: 400000 Crowns! you mad Baggage.---

[*To* Feliciana.

Go, go, Son-in-law, go; don't look melancholly, *Dory*, Father's eldeſt Joy; I'll take Care of thy Fortune too, I warrant thee.

Dor.

Dor. Oh, cursed Gold! How many miserable Matches hast thou made? ------ [*Aside.*

Ant. The Honour, Madam to conduct you.

Fel. I know the way back again.

Ant. Then please to direct a Stranger, Madam.

Fel. What the Devil ails me?

Dor. Sister, what makes your Colour change?

Fel. It's the Weakness of your Eyes.

Dor. Ah! Are you caught?

Fel. Why, I an't in Love now ----- [*Exit* Fel.

Dor. Yes, with a Stranger too ----- Oh, la! Come, Sir, pursue; I believe you have a critical Minute! [*Exit* Dor. *and* Ant.

Fra. Come, Brother, since this Gentleman's Choice is so acceptable to you, here's Prosperity to 'em.

Lop. With all my Heart.

Fra. And if you will, my Son and he may be married together, and one Entertainment will serve both.

Lop. Look you, *Signior*, your Frugality is good, but we must know first our Bargain.

Fra. Let it not be a dry one; some more Wine; Why I will come to your first Proposals.

Lop. That will never do, *Seignior*; for look you, this Gentleman is worth 400000 Crowns, and takes my youngest Daughter; now I will never let my Eldest go under.

Fra. Here's a Dog! 400000 Crowns! Why how the Devil will you make your Daughter worth such a Fortune?

Lop. Why, this Gentleman asks me not a Penny with her,

Fra. So you wou'd have 400000 Crowns, and not give a Penny with t'other.

Lop. Ay!

Fra. Ay! I'll see you damn'd first; were not you talking just now of Conscience?

Lop.

Lop. Signior, 400000 Crowns will purchase the best Conscience in Christendom; and as the Merchant says, If you will not come to my Price, I'll keep my Commodities to my self.

Fra. 400000 Crowns! Are you at a Word?

Lop. Ay!

Fra. Wilt thou bate nothing, Quaker?

Lop. No, I'm at a Word.

Fra. Then a Word and a Blow ---- wash your Face you dirty Curr you ----- [*Throws the Glass in's Face, and draws*

And draw Heathen, draw!

Lop. Help, Murder, Murder.

Enter Servants and Antonio.

Ant. What's here to do! A Sword drawn? Nay, then for the Honour of the *Lopez's*.

Fra. Ay! Come Rogue, I'll have a Bout with you.

Ant. Put up, Old Fellow, I shall spoil your Dancing else.

Lop. Kill him, Son-in-law, kill him.

Fra. Well said, Conscience, let me go, Dog; Let me have but one poke at him.

Ant. Go, get him to Sleep, or send him Home.

Lop. Ay! Out with him.

Fra. Give me my Money, Rogue; the 5000 Crowns my Son has presented your stale Daughter with, and the hundred broad Pieces I sent you this Morning.

Lop. Not a Farthing, they shall pay for the washing of my Face, *Signior*.

Fra. Villains, Murderers, Usurers, Rogues, That profess Christianity without Conscience, and Conscience without Christianity ----- Hark thee Lad, thou art a pretty Fellow; ben't seduced, he'll not give thee a Penny with his Daughter, he'll cheat

cheat thee of every Groat; prithee stand by, and let's rob the Rogue; I'll bind him whilst thou ly'st with his Daughters, and then we'll share his Money betwixt us.

Lop. Away with him.

Fra. I will sell my Soul to the Devil, but I will be reveng'd; may thy Daughters have the Small-Pox 'till their Faces look like the inside of a Bee-Hive; may thy Servants all have Stomachs like Cormorants; may'st thou change 'em each Week, and be robb'd by 'em each Month; may all thy Bankers break, thy Ventures be lost, 'till thou'rt as poor in thy Person as thou'rt in thy Spirit, and thy own Children deny thee.----- Help, Murder, Treason, Fire, Assassinates, Rebels.

Ant. He's stark mad, sure? [*Servants force him off.*

Lop. Ay, something lies heavy upon his Conscience, he's a strange wicked Fellow.

Ant. What Money was that he talkt of?

Lop. Hang him, Blasphemer, I never had a Penny of him, I scorn it.---- But come, Child, where's my Daughter?

Ant. Within, Sir. (have her,

Lop. Come along then; thou shalt certainly And such a Fortune I will make her.

Ant. I expect it, Sir.

Lop. And thou shalt have it, Child.---- Prithee bring thy Jewels and thy Gold, and thy---and what thou hast hither----- Methinks I would have 'em safe.

Ant. So would I, therefore I shan't trust you with 'em.

Lop. Well, prithee kiss me, thou art so like my Wife that's dead, I must needs kiss thee.----

[*Hugs him.*

Ant. S'death, the Old Fellow will ravish me, I think.

Sir,

Sir, your Daughter expects you.

Lop. Well, never was two Faces so alike: I don't believe you're a Man, you Rogue, as *Francisco* said.

Ant. He's dismal drunk,
Here, take care of your Master.

Lop Let me alone, ye Rogues.

Ant. Go carry him into Bed.

Lop. I will go to a Whore, you Rogues.

1. *Serv.* Yes, Sir.

Lop. Be sure you carry me to a Whore,
And in her Arms I'll play,
And pass the sweet Hours away;
For tho' like a Coy Virgin she lay,
I tickled her e're it was Day. [*Ex. Servants.*

Ant. What a lewd Old Fellow is here?
Now for the Daughter, if she have not more
Of the Champhire in her than her Father;
The Soil's so hot for me to plant in,
That I might save the Priest a Labour by it,
And Fornication would serve my Turn as well:
If she'll be kind, and save the Form of Wedding,
She'll have the Advantage of a Wife in Bedding.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Hall.*

Enter Antonio *and* Feliciana.

Fel. I Never was so Tongue-worried in my Life;
Thou art more troublesome than a Woman-(Wit,
And altogether as impertinent.

Ant. To see how Pride corrupts Manners, rather (than Con-

Confess your Frailty, you'll be rude; but do stifle
Your Passion 'till it choak you, do--- 'till like a
Secret in a Fool it itches; so to be reveal'd, you
May scratch your self to Death for Vexation.

Fel. Sweet Soul, how it fancies itself; I'll call (for a
Cestern of Water, where, like amorous *Narcissus*,
It shall court the Shadow of its own Beauties.

Ant. If you'll act *Diana*, I may see some of
your Ladyships.

Fel. Wou'd I were any thing but what I am?

Ant. I'll make worse of you presently, if you
please.

Fel. Art thou a Man?

Ant. You had best try. (but not the Soul

Fel. No, thou hast the Appearance of many,
Of one, thou art a Compound of all Nations, (without
The Perfections of any; thou art neither well-
Fashion'd, well-made, nor well-bred, but a most
Compleat Bungle of Nature; Thou hast the
Insolence of a *Spaniard*, the Heavinesss of a
Dutch-Man, the Haughtiness of a *German*, the (Dulness of
An *Irish*-Man, and the Impudence of an *English*- (Man.

Ant. I'm glad on't with all my Heart, for thou hast
All the Pride of an *Italian*, the Gaiety of a
French-woman, the Management of a *Venetian*,
And the Spirit of a *Welsh*-woman,

Fel. I'll stay no longer.

Ant. You shall.

Fel. You will not force me.

Ant. No, but I'll keep you here.

Fel. And I shan't go?

Ant. No.

Fel. No!

Ant. No ---- you shan't, you shan't, Faith; not
That I am fond of your Company; but since I
Have no other, I will not be left alone.

Fel. You had as good, for I'll not lose another
Word on thee. (expel'd

Ant. So much the better; when the Thunder's
The Sky may grow clear, and I like a Landskip
Better than a Storm.

Fel. Your Importunity's intollerable. ('gent

Ant. Then I have my Ends --- and I'll be as dili-
In perplexing thee as I would in my Attendance
On a great Man, who to ease himself of an
Assiduous Suiter, bestows something on him to
(Kindness.
Keep him out of the way, and so is tired into a

Fel. I could find in my Heart to marry thee to be
rid of thee. (tion

Ant. Faith do, 'tis as good a receipt for Separa-
As borrowing Money is to break Friendship;
'Tis a Trade among the Grandees all over
Europe; A Man of Quality would no more
Be seen with his Wife, after he has treated her
Relations, and secur'd her Portion, then a Mistress
Would admit of the Visits of her Cully when she
Had spent his Estate, or a Gamester endure
The Conversation of his Bubble after he had
won all.

Fel. How Proud you are of these Villanies and
With what Pleasure you relate 'em: (be wiser and

Ant. Therefore I would have the Woman
Take the Man they like, without that sure
Physick of Matrimony, it kecks in the Stomach,
And works in each Faculty, and Purges out the
Very desire we Wed for: Love's like a Bottle
When freely propos'd, to depart when you
Please, or as long as you please, but when once
Is Constrain'd, it Curdles i'th Blood, it palls every
Tale; each Glass is a Potion, and Poisons the
Kind

Kind Conversation you met for.

Fel. What canst thou see in that impudent face
Of thine to imagine any she-thing would trust
Thee without substantial Security? (of:

Ant. Faith nothing but that impudence you speak
Assurance is half in half with a Woman.
If we're modest when we woo you, you're
Afraid we'll be bashful when we have you,
If the Spirit be meek you Conjecture the Flesh
Must be feeble, and a modest Lawyer can
Never have good Practice. (he

Fel. Nor an Impudent one a good Reputation,
May baffle a Cause, but never maintain one.

Ant. Come, you'r conceited;

Fel. I am sorry I invade your Property:

Ant. Your Sex is all Vanity:

Fel. And yours all Deceit; 'tis the Practice of
Your Souls to seduce us into Faith, you're
Never well but when you're belov'd, nor easy
When you are so, Change is your delight,
And Constancy your Scandal; you Curse
Every Man that's falser than your selves,
And are Potent in nothing but Perjury. (like

Ant. Well I'll have done for the present and
An Ingenious Preacher leave off whilst my
Sermon is hot in your Memory, and not
Doze your Attention with dwelling too long on
The Subject, therefore hoping you may edifie by
My Present Doctrine, I'll finish my Text at
Our next meeting---Farewell.

Fel. With all my Heart:

Ant. You'll Cry when I'm gone:

Fel. 'Twill be for fear of your return then:

Ant. Well, I can have the Liberty of Serenading
And expect not to sleep when I wake.

Fel. Wou'd thou were gone once.

Ant. I am departing:

Fel. Peace be with you:

Ant.

Ant. I will so maul thee when I have thee,

Fel. No, I shall Sleep then I suppose without Serenading: (Mans Flesh bend [*Exit.*

Ant. May all thy thoughts thy Soul towards

Fel. And may you prove as good as you pretend,
Well I do like this Fellow,
And Love him I'm afraid,
But I'm sensible he has good Thoughts of me:
What Fools are Women to hide their Inclination,
When they are satisfy'd the Man's their own:
But 'tis a Policy our Mothers teach us
Perswading 'twill inflame the Lover more,
When every tedious Hour delays our Bliss, [*Exit.*
And makes us keep what most we wish were his.

SCENE. II.

The Backside of the City, near a Church.

Enter Silvio *and* Sancho.

Sil. Either we have out-staid our Time,
Or Darkness Creeps too hastily upon us,
Canst tell the Hour, *Sancho?*

San. It should be towards supper time by the Wambling Chimes of my Carcass, pox of this Love, It starves the whole Family, and because your Honour can't diet with *Camelions*, you Think in Manners we ought not to fare better.

Sil. Art thou not asham'd of thy Gluttony? (fasting

San. No, but I am of my Abstinence, this is Without doing Heaven any service; never Did Love Monopolize like yours: Starving Honour I have heard of, but this Effeminate Punctilio is a disgrace to your Sex:
Nothing but sighing, and thinking, and walking

Dis-

Discontentedly in Fields as if the Blood of a
Murder lay on your Conscience.

Sil. Prethee hold thy idle Tongue: (ways;

San. Would I had wherewithal to divert it other-
I am indebted to my stomach 3 meals, and can't
Get one to be bayl for me, good Sir think
Upon some means to pay something down
To stop his mouth a little, for I have confess'd
A Judgment to hunger, and Famine will
Serve an Execution on me.

Sil. If thou mind'st thy Wife when thou hast one,
As much as thou dost thy Belly, she'll have a good (time on't.

San. I'm sure if I don't mind that, she'll have an ill
Time on't; you know no body now adays take
Houses with bare Walls, wenscoat me well with
Beef, and it may recommend me to a good Tenent.

[*Enter four Bravoe's.*]

Bra. It must be he, for this is the Time and Place
we were directed to observe. [*Clock strikes Nine*]

Sil. Strikes not this nine, *Sancho*?

San. Yes sure it does.

Sil. I'm right in my Appointment then.

Bra. May I be so in mine if this fail, [*Fires a Pi-*
We must all fall on him. [*stol but misses.*

Sil. Ha! art Hurt *Sancho*?

San. Not that I know of.

Sil. Assist thy Master then:

San. Against any Thing but the Devil:

Bra. Fall on: [*They fight and*

Sil. Oh villains, this is *Carlos*'s work: [*at last*

San. They give ground Sir. [*the Bravo's retire.*

Enter

Enter Carlos *and* Guzman *as the Bravo's are retiring, and Joyns with 'em.*

Carl. Oh Cowardly Dogs! but think not *Silvio* thou shalt escape me.

Sil. 'Tis like thee, base and treacherous *Carlos.*

As Silvio *and* Sancho *give Ground,*
Enter Antonio *and Joyns 'em.*

Ant. Ha, giving Ground! for the weaker side, like a true Champion. *They fight and* Guzman *falls*]

Guz. So I am satisfy'd.

San. There's a rising blow for you: [*Stabs at him*

Guz. Dogs----

[*At last* Carlos *falls and the Bravo's all run.*

Guz. Help, murder, murder:

Fran. } Ha! what noise is this and just before my door?
[*above*

Ant. Who are you Sir, and how is it with you?

Sil. I am a Stranger Sir; but slightly hurt I think; I have only time to thank your Generosity; if There's no murder done I'll find you out, and Study to return this happy rescue:

Ant. I'll wait you till you're out of danger.

Sil. By no means Sir, you are not known, and May be safe, I am, this mischief has been Hatching too some time; therefore I Beg you would enquire no more if I do well, I certainly will seek you, If not I'll ever love your Memory. [*Cries of murder within.*

Carl. Help, *Pedro*; *Sphorso*, I shall bleed to Death:

Fran. } Ha! Is not that my Sons Voice? Lights there
above.

Murder, oh my Child, Lights, Rogues, murder.

Ant. Shift for your self then; for The Bravo's are near us. [*Retires from above.*

Sil.

Sil Sancho

San. Your shaddow Sir: [*Exeunt severally*

Guz. I'm maul'd like a forlorn hope:

Carl. Oh!

Guz. *Don Carlos*!

Carl. Who's that *Guzman*? Art thou hurt too?

Guz. Like Master, like Man, at present, I am Stuck as if I were to be Larded.

Enter Francisco, *Servants with Lights.*

Fran. What are you? and why this out-cry?

Guz. I'm in Labour Sir, and want to be deliver'd,

Fran. *Guzman*---my Son too wounded, and on the Earth; oh! speak, who did it? what, Not a word----oh! speak how is it with thee?

Carl. My Soul is like a Lamp on its departing, My Blood, the Oyl that fed it, is quite spent And Nature Struggles for its last pale glimps.

Fran. Oh horrid villany, get Doctors, Slaves, (and Surgeons, Summon a College of Pulse-fumblers, and Lint-Scrapers, propose rewards to shew Their utmost Art; fly slaves----in gently, Villains, Gently with him, look to your Fellow-Servant.

1 *Servant.* Alas poor *Guzman.* [*They carry off* Carlos.

Guz. None of your pity, but lend me your help, They have mis'd my Heart, I think and that's all, I am slash'd like grill'd Mutton; oh for some Conger-Eels to stop these Leapings; Softly Rogues, Softly, I shall come to my Journeys End soon enough. [*They lead him off.*

[*A noise within of pursue this way.*]

Enter Silvio *and* Sancho.

Sil. What shall we do? we run mazes sure and Come to the End where we begun; ha! here's a

Garden-wall; by your leave, whoever you
Belong to, if he be noble he will protect me:
Follow me, *Sancho.* [*Climbs the Wall.*

San. I warrant you Sir, I have been
Us'd to rob Orchards--- What's the matter now?
I cannot mount it, and have hop'd over higher
In my time; I believe the Devil's at my Arse,
And thinking I am Climbing towards Heav'n,
Tuggs me back as if I were out of my way:
Up *Gundy*, or be stuck with Toledo's, [*Noise still.*
Till thou look'st like a Porcupine, and shoots
Thy Quills backwards---- [*Gets over and several run cross.*

SCENE III.

The Inside of the Garden.

Enter Dorothea *and* Farmosa.

Dor. Surely thou wilt be late.

Far. Oh fear not, Madam, your true Lover will
Out-wait an Angler, and thinks not his
Time ill-spent, if he catches a Fish at last,

Dor. No more Delays, but haste.

Far. I'll be with him in less than a tickling time.
[*As she's going off,* Sancho *runs against her, and they both fall.*

Far. Murder! Thieves! Thieves.
[Dorothea *shreiks, and as she's running off, is met by* Silvio, *who catches her in his Arms.*

Sil. *Dorothea!*

Dor. *Silvio!*

Sil. The same, and thine for ever.

Far. *Sancho,* what art thou? a Mole, Hast' got no Eyes?

San.

San. No, but I want the Strength of one to heave this Earth up --- [*He lifts her up.*

Dor. How got you in?

Sil. Pursu'd by Villains, I leap'd the Wall
For Sanctuary.

Dor. What mean you? (thee,

Sil. As I was waiting for my Guide to approach
Four Bravo's set on me, one fir'd at me, but miss'd;
Streight they all came on me, I had the good For-
(tune to
Receive 'em well; nay, they were giving ground:
When *Carlos* roar'd Think not thou shalt escape,
And seconded their Attempt.

Dor. Oh Heav'ns!
(perish'd

Sil. My Advantage quickly lessen'd, and I had
But for the kind Relief of one I knew not; I
(think
Some fell; who, with their Cries, alarm'd the
(Neighbourhood;
I got in here hoping to miss their Fury.
And Chance has guided me to what I long'd for.

Dor. Let us retire, and think upon some Means
(how
To secure thee; Oh my *Silvio*, 'tis what I dreaded;
But by my Love I will partake thy Fate,
Let Stars be as malicious as they please.

Sil. Sure all must be propitious in the end,
Or Heaven's partial to the most Deserving.

Dor. Oh I shake!
My Soul, as if it gave me warning, sickens,
And Sighs out, we must never meet again.

Sil. Let's never part then, and defy the Omen;
Thus fortify'd by Love we'll dare the Foe,
Till our ill Stars grow weary of the Siege;
Or at the general Assault we'll stand
When their dire Influence is ready drawn,

'Gainst the vast Breach of all our Miseries,
And where Oppression's thickest fall together.
Dor. No, let us study how to live together:
I have reveal'd the Secret to my Father,
All thoughts of Reconcilement with your Rival
Are quite discarded; he seems inclin'd to
What I have propos'd---- nay, I've more to tell
Thee; If the Description I have heard don't err,
Thou hast a Brother here, one *Don Antonio*, Son
To *Don Michael Frederick* of *Peru*.
Sil. Antonio!
Dor. Go in, I'll tell thee all.
Sil. I wait it with Impatience.
Dor. Oh *Silvio*, to lose thee now,
When all my Hopes were in such perfect Health,
They seem'd insur'd against all Accidents;
'Tis like a *Chymist* whose unwearied Toil
With eager Diligence long time had search'd,
Through every Curiosity of Nature,
To bring his mighty Project to Perfection;
And when the wish'd for Art he had attain'd,
Dy'd in its finishing Operation: Away
Farmosa, stay you here, if any Disturbance
Should approach our Walls, give notice of it.
[*Exit* Sil. & Dor.
San. I suppose I must come up
With the Baggage, and may halt with your La-
(dyship.
Far. A likely Fellow this, how long have you
liv'd with your Master, Friend?
San. Ever since he has lived with me, he never
Forsook me, nor will I ever discharge him.
Far. A pleasant Fellow, what are you?
San. His Portmanteau, I carry his Equipage.
Far. I mean, what Country-man are you?
San. A Resident of Chance.
Far. What's that?
San. A Courtier, a Gamester, a Pimp, a Valler,
Or

Or any thing that all Countries, Religions, or
Customs are alike to.

Far. A Savoury Fellow, and relishes of Wit:
Are all Women too, as well as Countries,
Religions and Customs alike to you?

San. All of this side Fifty. (Year

Far. Then there's Hopes for me, for I want a
On't: If I could marry this Rogue and redeem
My Virginity now, 'twou'd do well; I have a
Pretty good Sum of Money which I have scrap'd
Together in Service; and mine is not the first
[*Aside.*
Crack'd Reputation has been put off that way:
Besides, that Villain *Guzman* grows weary
Of me, and will never be brought to buy that
Out-right which he has had the Use of so
Often for nothing.

San. I'll strike in with this *Autumn*, this latter
Season if I can; for they say she has made [*Aside.*
Good use of her Time, and has been highly
Presented by her Mistress's Suiters; what tho' she be
(somewhat
Antient, I shall break her Heart the sooner; I'll
Enamour her first with my Graces, and then
My Person will appear more lovely. [*Sings.*

Sweet Nymph, if that you are at leisure
To hear a Swain's Misfortune,
You of my Heart have made a seizure,
And yours I do importune:
Oh let it, let it not be said,
A Man of comely Feature
Should be slighted by a scornful Maid,
So become a wretched Creature.

Far. As I hope to be honest his Organ is delicious,
He shall hear the Excellence of mine: [*Sings.*

Signior, *you shall not find me so hard-hearted*
To scorn the Offers of a Love so true,
But since a flame so Generous you've started,
Take me, and I'll take you;
All I am Mistress of I give,
My Heart's fully resign'd
A blushing Virgin then receive,
And prethee work me to thy Mind.

San. Good, she comes-- Most admirably per-
(form'd---
Let me salute the Orifice of your Melody.
[*Kisses her.*

Far. Far short of yours Sir, pray be ingenuous,
Tell me in what Climate you stole this great (and
Accomplishment?

San. In *England.*

Far. Were you born there?

San. Stark naked.

Far. Waggish *Brittain.*

San. Let me once more adore that Heavenly
Voice. [*Kisses.*

Far. Beshrew me but your Endearments are
(very
Warm: If a Virgin should be good-natur'd
And like you, you could not be constant.

San. As pride to Authority, or first Love to its
Appointments.

Far. If I should throw my self away upon thee,
Would you really, truly, sincerely, and faithfully
Serve me?

San. Zealously: I'll be fonder of thee than the
Spiritual Court of an ill Neighbour.

Far. We'll go in and talk more on't.

San. Agreed, and make more on't too if I can.

Far. If he has heard any thing of me, and *Guz-*
(*man,*
I shall

I shall be puzl'd for a Denial ---- I'm resolv'd;
I'll forswear it and protest my Honesty and
Innocency, nay, I have a good mental
Reservation for it:
For tho' by *Guzman's* Love I was betray'd,
I'll swear for thee I am a real Maid. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Hall.*

Enter Biancho, *Niece, and Women, and* Pedro.

Ped. Nay prethee Child:
Bia. Away, and give me Liberty to vent my (Griefs,
I know you not, you are all my Enemies;
Why do ye preach up Patience for my Woes,
Yet bar the Remedy that would procure it?
Ped. What's the matter now?
Nie. Why she has heard of *Carlos's* Misfortune,
And nothing can appease her.
Ped. Why *Biancha*, thou shalt see *Don Carlos*,
I'll carry thee to him.
Bia. No, 'tis too late.
Ped. He's hurt, but not destroy'd, he will recover.
Bia. 'Tis equal to me, Die or Revive,
If he recovers, *Dorothea* has him,
If not, I cannot;
For should I follow him to the other World,
And he retains the Passion which he fell for;
I in *Elezium* shall neglected pass;
The wretched Pity of each happy Pair.
Ped. No, 'twill be better, the Match is broke,
Thy Rival loves another, and when he's sensible
What you endure, I'm sure his Soul will
Readily embrace you;
Bia. What, must I tell him that I love him then?

No, let my Fever dry me first to Ashes,
If Heaven deprives me of my Virgin-Love:
Oh! mark me with its Figure on my Soul,
That by the Token you may know hereafter
What here I wanted, and present him there.

Ped. Wilt thou not hear me? (ken;

Bia. You would not me when I entreated hear-
Oh Heart-hard stubborn Heart, break or forget
Thy Passion.

Ped. Dost thou desire to see thy Father dead?

Bia. Father, what Father?--- Fathers love their (Children,
Indulge their tender Tempers, fond their Humours,
And when they are just, comply with their Desires;
Mine unregarded, heard me sue and sigh,
Nay, like a common Beggar, pass'd me by,
As if entreating were a Trade I practis'd.

Ped. Neice, do thou solicit for me, Friends all,
I beseech ye. [*They shake their Heads.*

Bia. Well 'twon't be long e're I shall go abroad,
And walk in Paradise with my dear Love;
A Terras-Walk we'll have above the rest,
Which shall be sprinkled o'er each Morn with Pearl,
And bruis'd by Rowling Stones of Diamonds,
Drawn by two Angels, lovely as himself,
Whilst wond'ring Saints shall listen to our Songs
And learn from us how to be truly happy.

Ped Heav'n guard your Senses.

Bia. Heav'n! I have a Song of Heaven. [*Sings.*

Come, come, ye Inhabitants of Heaven
Conduct me to my Love,
Where by the Gods we may be given,
Where nothing can our Joys remove;
I mount, I fly, my Rosy Wings
Expand and Cut the yielding Air,
Each little Cherubin my Welcome sings,
And Fathers cannot hurt us there.

Ped.

Ped. Follow her all, Come Neice--- [*Exit.*

[*Exeunt all but Neice.*

Neice. So, this I hope will do,
'Twas rarely Acted,
If she can keep it up, the Man's her own,
Oh Children bred by Nature to deceiving,
And silly Parents cheated by believing;
When I have any, if a Man will take me,
As 'twould be hard if they should all forsake me:
Girls, I especially would watch their waters,
For Mothers, by themselves, may guess their (Daughters.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Discovers Don Carlos *on a Couch, and Servants.*

Carlos. MY Fever lessens, and I gather Strength,
The Blood that fed the Follies of my (Love
Is fled through every Wound its Rage occasion'd,
And prudent Judgment Re-assumes her Seat;
The Powers are just, for I did ill
To seek Redress by such vile Practices:
Oh *Biancha!* I have done thee wrong,
Neglected what my Stars seem'd to enjoin,
And they have prov'd they hate my stubborn (Choice.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. Good morry Boy, how is't?
Didst thou rest well? Dost thou continue temperate?

Car.

Car. Yes Sir, I hope I shall do well,
Nature, its wonted Measure seems to affect,
And all my Faculties return to Order.

Fran. Well, hast thou consider'd Child,
What I propos'd about *Biancha*'s Love:
Pox o'this *Dorothea* and her Father,
They never, I believe, either of 'em lik'd us;
Besides, 'twill be such a Revenge to slight her
And marry the other,-- She'll look as melancholly
As a Discarded Statesman, and out-Fret a (Ball.
Court-Beauty for her Taylor's Disappointment at a

Car. Sir I have weigh'd, and wholly resign my
Self to your Disposal.

Fran. Well said Boy, I will make such a Man
(of thee,
Thou shalt out-shine a Country Squire on the
Sabbath, live higher than a Whore in her first
Month; and out-strut a City-Collonel at the
Head of his Regiment: nay, we'll have Justice
From old *Lopez* too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir *Don Pedro* is below, and desires to
Speak with you.

Fra. Ads me, he sent to me, and desir'd me to
(stay
At home, 'tis thy Father-inLaw that must be,
Carlos; well, such things I will do for thee---

Car. Do what you please, all shall be easie to me.
(is so

Fra. Well, thou art the best Boy; thy Obedience
Inducing, Charming and Obliging, as I hope
To live, I am afraid I shall die a Year sooner
Than I intended, to make thee Amends.

Carl. I willingly would go into the Garden, the
Air, Sir, may refresh me.

Fra. Wait on him to the Garden, I'll be with
thee presently. [*Exit* Carlos *and Servants.*

Well,

Well, things are brought about rarely,
Now will he have a swinging Fortune with *Biancha* :
And after her Father's Death all his Estate.
He shall have all mine too when I'm dead,
I will take her Portion and settle so much *Per Annum*, and live upon him into the Bargain ;
I'll not part with a free Penny, till I can't help it.
When Parents once upon their Children live,
Tho' all they have we gave 'em, yet they grieve ;
Therefore, to keep mine still at my Command,
I'll leave the World before I part with Land.

Scene *discovers* Guzman *in a Chair* : *A Chyrurgion by him; and a Table with Gallipots, Urin-Viols*, &c.

Guz. Well Sir, and how long must I endure your Probings and your Cullices ?

Chyrurg. A Week, if you keep a good Diet, will set you right again.

Guz. Why there he is, a good Diet, that is, eat (nothing;
Suppose I keep an ill Diet, and eat, will a Fortnight cure me ?

Chirurg. A Fortnight ! by'r Lady, it may cost you your Life for ought I know.

Guz. Nay, for ought thou know'st, I may die to Of a Quinzey. (Night

Chirurg. Why, so you may Sir.

Guz. Yes, I thought so ; Suppose I have a mind to let Blood.

Chirurg. You have lost enough already one I see no occasion for that. (would think,

Guz. Ay ! but there may be for ought thou (know'st :
What a Wretch am I order'd to look after me ?
Because I am a Servant, I must have no other

To

To take care of me; my Master has the Head of The Doctors and Chirurgions, and I must be Manag'd by their Glister-Carrier.

Chirurg. You are dispos'd to be merry, Sir.

Guz. Very well, because I don't like this Rascal, I am dispos'd to be merry; hark ye you — Serringe-Bobber,— dispose me to be merry, you Had best, or I'll depose you from your Quack-Salving---- I would drink a Glass of Sack.

Chirurg. You may do what you please, but it may do you harm.

Guz. Ay, for ought thou know'st---- why you Suppose I have a mind to a Wench. (Dog,

Chirurg. A Wench!

Guz. Ay, a Wench, ch 'tis a kind Decoction, (meet and Proper for the Body of a Man, operating Simphathetically towards the healing of the In- (wards.

Chirurg. A Woman will kill you Sir.

Guz. I don't mean to work so hard Sir; to debauch once a Month is a Cordial they say.

Chirurg. Why, Nature is so exhausted, it would (not supply You, if you had really a Desire for one, Your Spirits are wasted.

Guz. Why, you Dog, d'ye take me for a Boy's Pot-Gun, without any Pith in my Back.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here's a young Woman would speak with *Guzman.*

Guz. A young Woman! bring her in.

Chirurg. If she be a young Woman keep her out.

Guz. Hark you *Diaculum*-Dauber, let her come in.

Chirur. She shall not come in.

Guz. Shan't she, Urinal-Peeper.

Chirur.

Chirur. No.

Guz. Sirrah, bring her up.

Chirurg. Sirrah, keep her down.

Guz. Bring her up, or I'll murder thee.

Chirurg. Bring her up, and I'll poison thee.

Guz. I will bomb thee with thy own Gally-pots then.

Chirur. What mean you?

Guz. To try Experiments upon
You with your own Slops and Salves;----
There's a Bolus for you, there's a Potion,
There's a Glyster, there's a Julip,
There's an Ointment. [*Flings Pots and Viols at him.*

Chirur. Help, Murder. [*Runs.*

Guz. Take 3 Spoonfuls fasting of this, and sweat (after this;
And sleep after this; hang your self at the last, and
Be damn'd after all.

[*Exit after the Chirurgion.*

SCENE *Changes to* Don Francisco's *Garden.*

Enter Carlos *and* Biancha.

Carl. Indeed this Goodness far exceeds my (Thoughts,
I could not hope such Mercy from your Wrongs;
But as you copy'd Heaven in suffering 'em,
You seem still more Divine in your Forgiveness.

Bia. The Frailties of my Passion were too great
For me to hide;
I would have smother'd it and kept it down
In the dark Dungeon of Forgetfulness,
But oh! The Bars of Virgin-Decency
Were all too weak to bind the Prisoner in,
Like struggling Winds in hollow Caverns pent,

It burst my feeble Breast, and sigh'd its way out.
Then, as the Clouds by grumbling Thunder forc'd,
In Showers it gush'd from my o'er-swelling Orbs.

Car. They have at length moisten'd this stubborn (Clay,
And made it pliable to thy Desires: work me,
Like yielding Wax, I'll fashion with thy Will,
And figure with the Wishes of thy Soul.

Bia. Oh happy Change!
Heav'n cannot more rejoice when Sinners sigh,
Than I for thy Conversion.

Carl. Nor can a Soul, convinc'd of long-liv'd (Errors,
Embrace the blessed Truth with more Delight,
Than I, my Dear *Biancha*.
Thus let me shew my humble Penitence, (*Kneels.*
Here let me languish for my past Offence,
And take Forgiveness at my Altar's Feet.

Bia. Thus the kind Oracle enjoins thy Penance;
Love her who has thy tedious Absence mourn'd;
Nor cease, till by *Biancha* thou art scorn'd.

Carl. Yet nearer, nearer yet.

Bia. Lock me within thee. [*Embracing.*

Carl. Oh! Mercy——

Bia. Love.

Carl. Goodness on Goodness,
There is but one that's just in thy whole Sex;
And thou art She.

Enter Pedro *and* Don Francisco.

Fra. Joy, Joy, Eternal Joy, rise my Blessings.

Ped. My Comforts.

Carl. Sir, for what's past----- [*To* Pedro.

Ped. No Excuses, she's thine, and thou art hers;
What's past be forgotten; and what's to come
Keep to your selves.

Fra. I long to see them one; Ah! *Carlos, Carlos,* that

that I were in a Condition to take thy Place that Night; but no matter, I'll tell thee how I did at thy Age, and if thou canst out fling thy Daddy a Bar's length, much good do thy Spouse with it.

Ped. I warrant you Brother, she'll match him, or she's a Bastard by the Mother's side; but Brother----

Fra. Brother----

Ped. You stand to what we've agreed on.

Fra. Do I hope to be a Grandfather---to see a---chopping Rogue come out of thy Parsly-Bed, and hear it cry Granny, Daddy---- If thou dost not get her with Child in a Month, by the Champion of *Spain* I'll do it my self:
Ads! Precious, I could so---- Go, get you in you
Little Rogue you, or I shall marry thee my --
Self, and put his Nose out of Joynt. Go, go.

[*Exeunt* Carl. *and* Bia.

Lord I am so wanton,
My Blood's as warm as ;
Five and twenty, Brother. How do you feel your-
self?

Ped. I am at frozen Sixty, Brother, Nature has no such Extasies in my Veins.

Fra. Why truly, I think mine is but a Flash.
Yet we have been, Brother---

Ped. Ay! We have been, Brother---

Fra. A Pox o'this Inclination without Power,
But the Comfort is, the young Rogues will be old
Like us, and love to talk on't when they are
Past the Action---- But come, let us follow our
Intentions, and go where we resolv'd.

Ped. I wait on you. (in mind

Fra. Well, this Boy and this Baggage puts me so
Of the Night I got her in----

Ped. Well, think no more on't.

Fra. Ah Brother!
Old Soldiers, their past Actions love to own.

Ped.

Ped. Ah Brother!
And often brag of more than has been done.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene *Changes to* Don Lopez's *House.*

Enter Dorothea *and* Feliciana.

Fel. Then *Carlos* is recover'd?

Dor. Thanks to my Stars, I hear so.

Fel. Well, I have sent to this *Antonio* to come to me to Night, I find I am a Fool, and ask you Pardon for all I have said of *Silvio.*

Dor. I rejoice in your Repentance.

Fel. But what's become of *Silvio?*

Dor. Why, he's safe, under the Care of *Signior Octavio*, a Neighbouring Merchant, an ancient Friend of his Fathers: But I have sent to him concerning *Carlos*'s Recovery, and he will come to Night; I have told my Father, he's the Brother of your Lover, and he approves of his Amour.---but here he comes, I'll tell you more anon.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Well Children, have you heard any more concerning *Carlos?*

Dor. Nothing but that he's forward on his Recovery.

Lop. Well, and when did you see *Antonio?*

Fel. Not since yesterday.

Lop. I think I have provided well for you, you (young Baggage; You'll taste Man earlier by three Years than your Mother, take heed you don't surfeit *Filly.*

Fel. Oh! preach that to the Men, they are apt to be sooneft cloy'd.

Lop. Well *Dory*, I have consider'd concerning this

this *Silvio*; If it be prov'd *Antonio* and he are Brothers, take thy Choice, I'll not interrupt thee.

Dor. I humbly thank you Sir, and hope he'll prove he merits me.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Supper waits.

Lop. Ads me, come Girls, come, my Appetite's provoking.

Fel. Sister, bear up.
Thou'lt have thy Man ne'r doubt, and so shall I,
'Twere hard for our first Longings we should die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Silvio *and Merchant.*

Sil. I have told you all the Progress of my Love,
And ever must acknowledge your Assistance,
The Hazards I have vanquish'd, give me Hopes
I may at last possess what I have toil'd for;
I only want to find my Brother out;
Likewise, I beg you'd go with me this Night
To satisfie *Don Lopez* what I am.

Mr. You may be sure, all I can serve you in
Is full as welcome to my Soul, as to your own.

Sil. I have sufficient Reason to believe it;
And what you have told me of *Don Carlos*,
Relating to the Daughter of *Don Pedro*,
Together with his bless'd Recovery,
Creates in me a double Joy. [*Sings here.*

SONG.

SONG.

Oh! Lovely Virgin, look down
And view, a Slave impatient of thy Sight;
Behold a Wretch by thee undone,
Whose Heart is all thy own.
Oh! Guide him in this Starless Night,
And let thy Eyes create new Light.

Enter a Spanish *Count with Musick, Serenaders, &c.*

Mer. Whom have we here?

Sil. Some Serenading Gallants to my Mistress, If they stay long, I shall be rude to 'em.

Mer. Let us observe 'em, I may chance to know them.

Count. Come, come, place your selves ready, and take care your *Simphany's* and *Retournels*, and your *what de Callums*, come in good time; Come strike, strike the key there. [*Sings.*

May the Eyes of my Mistress everlastingly flourish;
And my constant Affection I hope they will nourish;
For if my Amour Dorothea *don't cherish,*
By the Lord I am likely, most likely to perish.

Gad this don't do, I believe, I am hoarse, and she don't hear my Musick.

Sil. Sir, I have some Affairs in this Family, which oblige me to wait here, and it would conduce much to my Designs if you would please to retire.

Count. Sir, I have some Affairs in this Family, which oblige me to wait here, and it would conduce much to my Designs if you would go about your Business.

Sil.

Sil. I am about it Sir.

Count. So I am about mine, Sir, may the Eyes of my Mistress----

Sil. Hark'e Sir, if you will not quit your Post, I must endeavour to force you.

Count. Force me, draw Fidlers.

[Silvio *draws, and the Merchant, and beat 'em off, crying Murder.*

SCENE *changes to a Garden-Wall.*

[*Enter* Lopez *with a Torch, and his Sword drawn.*]

Lop. What Cry of Murder's this?

Enter Silvio.

Lop. Who's there.

Sil. A Gentleman.

Lop. Of whence?

Sil. Of *England*, and going to my Lodging was set upon by Villains If you have Honour, give me your Protection.

Lop. Question not what I have, but follow me.

SCENE *changes to the inside of a Garden.*

Lop. Here, step into that Arbor, I'll go and see if my Servants be remov'd, that you may be safe; I'll be with you presently, for if the Corrigedore be rais'd-----

Sil. By Heaven! this is the Father of my Love, What will become of me?

Enter Farmosa.

Far. Well, we Confidents have a sad Time on't, up at all Hours, and ready upon all Occasions; And

And for Lying, no People come near us. I sent *Antonio* the Key of the Garden, and this is the Time he was order'd to be in the Arbor; I think I see him; hist!

Sir, my Mistress stays for you.

Sil. What shall I say? By Heaven this is some Appointment with a Rival; Oh false *Dorothea!*

Fa. Nay, come----

Sil. I will have Patience to see the end of this.

Fa. Lord 'tis very dark! well, 'tis a pleasant Time for Lovers, if I had a Gallant I should love the Dark excessively.

Sil. What does the old Hagg mean? (dark,

Fa. If a Man had a mind to ravish me in the I swear, I believe, I should not dare to cry out.

Sil. Come lead me to your Mistress.

Far. Well, you have the softest Hand that ever I felt.

Sil. Here's something to soften thine.

Far. This was not the thing I meant; He's so dull I cannot perswade him to be rude.---- This Climate has such a heavy *Influence* on Man, in *England* now, the Maids are often their Mistresses Tasters; Come then, since you are so stupid---

Sil. Oh! Women, Women, why do Men believe 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. The Garden is so large, and 'tis so dark, I scarce can grope this Arbor out. Oh! for my Mistress on a soft Bed of Roses, yielding as I am, with transported Sighs, then blubbering for the Joy her Love had lost -- with one Hand pushing me, the other griping, till by repeated Bliss her Griefs forget, and she rejoices in the Flame she dreaded. Oh! here's the Arbor, would my Guide would come.

Enter

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Come Sir, all's clear, and I'll preserve you till the Search is over, and then take care for your Escape.

Ant. Escape, the Devil, what can this mean.

Lop. Nay, come Sir, come.

Ant. I dare not disobey, but what the Event will be, Fortune knows.

SCENE *changes to* Farmosa's *Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Farmosa *and* Silvio.

Far. Stay here till I see if the old Man be safe, and I'll conduct you to my Lady speedily. [*Exit.*

Sil. 'Tis so, her fickle Soul is fond of some (Face;
As *Carlos* was for me scorn'd and neglected,
So am I now for this; yet I shall see this faithless
Fair Perswader, that led my Soul away towards (promis'd
Joys, and now 'tis plung'd in Love, laughs at its Sufferings.
Oh Woman! Woman! thou *Primitive* Seducer,
That with the Serpent clubb'd for our Damnation:
Man was forewarn'd, and could have stood his (Guile,
But thou, the greater Fiend, not being suspected,
Finish'd what Satan but imperfect drew.

Sancho *creeps from under the Bed.*

San. I am almost smother'd, and so stung by Vermin, that if I had a Glass, I might fancy I had the

the Small-Pox; the Flees have danc'd backwards and forwards o'r me this three Hours, that I am gawl'd as if a Nest of Aunts had travel'd over me with their Hoard for Winter.

Enter Lopez *and* Antonio.

Hark! the Door opens.

Sil. Ha!

Lop. Stay here one Minute, and I'll fetch a Light.

Sil. What have we now-----

Ant. What will become of me, I know not, I must put a good Face upon the matter, and pretend I only came to see what House his Daughter kept.

Sil. This surely is my Rival; What are you?

Ant. S'death, is the House haunted; What's that to you?

Sil. Thou art a Villain.

Ant. Thou lyest, be a good Angel or a bad.

Sil. I'll feel what you are.

Ant. I'll keep thee at Arms length if I can.

San. So, here's Murder going forward, would I could get under the Bed to my Leap-frogs again.

[*They push at one-another, and at last* Antonio *falls over* Sancho *a-top on him.*

Sanc. Help! Murder! Oh! I quake for fear of a Chance Thrust in my Bowels; Murder, Help, Murder.

Sil. Lie still, or thou art dead.

Enter Lopez *with Lights.*

Lop. Ah! what's here, three Men, Thieves! give me my Sword, fetch up my great Guns, help, Thieves there, Thieves.

(*Runs out.*

Enter

Enter Dorothea *and* Feliciana.

Dor. For Heavens sake what's the matter?

Sil. Now I shall see the Face which has undone me.

Dor. Silvio!

Sil. Yes Madam, unexpected.

Fel. Antonio, what Brothers fighting!

Sil. Antonio!

Ant. Silvio! what Stars set us at odds?

[*Embracing*]

Sil. They have lost their aim, I hope thou art not hurt. Forgive me Madam: Oh my Brother! My Soul's divided so 'twixt Love and Friendship, I know not which to serve.

Dor. I miss no Love you e'er can shew to him.

Ant. Nor I no Friendship he bestows on you. Nay, come into the Lump, and let's all four unite into one Soul: Where hast thou been? but more of that hereafter: But what is he, we stumbled on?

San. Your faithful Friend and Slave, *Sancho.*

Sil. Sancho! How cam'st thou hither?

San. I was lock'd in by my Lady *Farmosa*; I came on the same Design your Honour did, only my Love was plac'd on a lower Object.

Sil. Does thy Heart lean that way? (Family?

San. Faith, Sir, I should be loath to part the I have promis'd her for Spouse,
Therefore I beg we may live with you still; make Her your House-keeper, and me your Valet, though I'm preferr'd, I am not grown proud, Sir;
But is this your Honour's Brother?

Ant. At your Service, Sir.

San. My Respects to you, Sir, shall prove how much I honour my Master's Relations.

Enter Lopez *with a Gun and Servants.*

Lop. Stand clear, make room, or I fire on all.

Ant. What, my dear Father, cock't against your Daughters!

Lop. *Antonio.*

Fel. Yes, Sir, and this his Brother, of whom my Sister fully has inform'd you; *Lop.* His Brother! *Sil.* Yes, Sir.

Lop. How got they in?

Sil. Sir, you conducted me hither.

Ant. And this Key, by your Daughters Appointment, gave me Admittance.

Lop. Be sure you oil the Wards well, and keep 'em from rusting.

But, Son in-law, is this really your Brother?

Ant The very Brother I told you I was in search of; how we have miss'd each other here, I know not, but we are met at last, nor shall the World part us; my Father's Death---I suppose this Lady has given you a full Account of --- my Travels are too tedious for the present, we'll talk of 'em hereafter; the four thousand Crowns my Father left, I freely deliver you, and only contrive some way that I may purchase this Man's Meat, and I desire no more.

Sil. Sir, I have a thousand Crowns more in *Don Octavio*'s Hands, which shall be put to what my Brother speaks of, and be divided equally betwixt us, if you think them Recommendations sufficient to your Daughter's Love, we are happy; if not, we must submit, and curse the Scantiness of our Fortune.

Lop. Sir, you speak worthily; and had ye no Fortunes,

So well I like your Principles, I should esteem them Estates of themselves. The Morning comes

fast

fast upon us, the Transactions of this Night we'll deferr 'till a more Leisure-time; here, take my Daughters, and use 'em as their Behaviour deserves.

Ant. If mine have a Conscience, and will be contented with what I have, I shall think nothing too much for her.

Fel. I expect no Voluntiers, be just to your Family Duties, that's all I shall look for.

Ant. If I run upon tick, Cuckold me----

Fel. Even Reck'nings you know, make long Friends, be prudent, for as you use me at first, I shall expect hereafter.

Lop. Well, do you think you are match'd---

Ant. I'll tell you after the first Night Sir.

Sil. Now *Dorothea*, now our Fears are ended;
How shall we recompence our Sufferings,
But by Excess of Joys.

Dor. Spare my Blushes, and take me to yourself.

Enter Farmosa.

Far. Sir, here's *Don Octavio* below enquires for *Don Silvio.*

Sil. Entreat him to appear, 'tis my appointed Guardian, by my Father whilst I inhabit here.

Lop. I desire his Presence.

Enter Octavio, *runs to* Silvio.

Oct. Silvio, I joy to see you safe.

Sil. You see me happier than e're I thought for.

Lop. Signior Octavio, you're an earlier Riser----

Oct. Indeed I have not been in Bed this Night,
My Soul's disorder'd, for *Don Silvio*'s Safety
Has interrupted all my usual Customs;
But since I see him well, I find my self so.
And *Signior Lopez*, If you think him worthy,

As I am sensible your Daughter does; his Family is noble, and his Fortune equal to----

Lop. Sir, we are satisfied already.

Sil. Brother, pray be acquainted with my Friend.

Oct. Is this *Antonio*.

Ant. The same, and in my Brother's Interest much obliged to you.

Enter Farmosa.

Far. Sir, I believe the Inhabitants of *Sevill* have been all upon the Ramble to Night, for here's *Don Francisco*, *Don Pedro*, *Don Carlos*, and the Lord knows who below.

Lop. Why, they're welcome, bring 'em up, and we'll be Friends with all; it shan't be said on such a Day, I have Enmity with any; if *Francisco* is to be reconciled, I'll refuse no Articles he shall propose.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. Signior Lopez I am come---

Lop. I know it, and for what too--- come Brother, that was to have been---- if you can forget what's past, I shall; your Son's Presents shall be restor'd, and I'll present my Cousin *Biancha*, whom I hear he's to marry, with two thousand Crowns for a Suit of Dressing-Plate.

Fran. Are you in earnest?

Lop. Here's my Hand.

Fran. Well, I did ever think thee a good Man in the worst of our Quarrels--- Call up my Son and the Company with him, Brother, we'll keep the Name, though we are not; so may we never meet but thus, Oh!

Enter

Enter Carlos, Pedro, Biancha.

Oh Boys! Such News, such ample Satisfaction, that his Generosity almost brings Tears in my Eyes.

Car. Sir----

Lop. No Complements *Signior Carlos*, all is well.

Car. But here's a Gentleman I've most offended, can you forgive me Sir?

Sil. The Joy I have to find you safe, cancels all Injuries; and it shall be the future Study of my Life to gain your Friendship.

Carl. And mine to shew it Sir.— If I am not deceiv'd, this Gentleman was he that rescu'd you in that unhappy Broil.

Ant. I do remember some such Bustle, Sir.
But knew not 'twas my Brother that I serv'd.

Sil. Was it thy Hand *Antonio*, bless'd be thy Arm, and mine that press'd no deeper.

Dor. to *Bian.* Give you Joy Cousin.

Bian. I ha't, I hope, if *Carlos* can bestow it.

Ped. Blessings on ye all, Brother *Francisco*, 'tis such a Comfort to see our Children thus provided for, that sure no ordinary Joy must wait upon 'em; let's be Luxurious in this Festival, and stretch our Strings to make it truly Glorious.

Fran. Stretch! By St. *Jago* I'll turn my Baggs inside outwards, till we have purchas'd the utmost of Pleasure.

Sanc. Must I be left out of this Joy Sir?
What say'st thou *Farmosa*?
Hast not thou a Grumbling towards Night?

Far. Yes, if I thought you could perform as well as your Master.

San. I am not so tempted, *Farmosa*, but in the Dark who knows but *Joan* may be as good as you know the Proverb----

Lop. Come, none shall depart from this House unsatisfied; take him *Farmosa*, and I'll give you 500 Crowns to begin the World with.

Far. I am at your Worship's dispose Sir.

Lop. And if thou can'st increase thy Family by her, I'll give thee as much more to provide for it.

San. I warrant you Sir, I have a good Steel and a Flint, if the Tinder will take Fire.

Lop. Go run, my Servants, and set *Spain* at work to feast our Fancies: Lovers take Hands; nay, let the Fathers join too, we'll haste to Church, and see these Man and Wife; all revel here this Day.

Fran. And with me to-morrow.

Ped. Mine's the next.

Lop. May nothing interrupt these Lovers Bliss,
But every Day prove fortunate as this.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. *Nokes*, Mr. *Lee*, and Mr. *Mountfort*.

Mr. *Nokes* pulling Mr. *Mountfort*. } NAY, *Prithee come forward and ben't so asham'd,*

Mr. Lee. *Time enough to be sad, when thou'rt sure (thy Play's damn'd;*

Nokes. *A Player and bashful, 'tis as senseless (I'm sure,*
As that Vizards should swear they come (here not to whore,

Lee. *Or that Sharpers won't pay, yet deny (they are poor;*

'Tis as senseless in us as in some Sparks of (the Nation,
Who wear Red to shun Debts, and pre- (tend 'tis a Fashion;
To see 'em strut about in mean Condi- (tions,
Despising of Want, and cursing Commis- (sions.

Nokes. *Ay, or that Vintners should swear, they (are pleas'd with the Votes*
Which oblig'd 'em to sell for the future in (Pots;

Why, I may as well pretend to be as (wise in the City,

Lee. *Why Brother I think in your Trade you (are witty.*

Nokes. *Ay, but that Jest is over, the more's (the Pity;*

Come prithee bear up, and be not so shy,

Mount. *Nay Masters I'll swear you make me blush--*

Nokes. *You Lye.*

Mount.

Mount. *Speak but for me this time, I'll desire no* (*more*;

Nokes. *Well, make your Leg,*

[Mount. bows to Audi. and Exit.]

Lee. *And be gone ye Son of a Whore.*

Nokes. *Well now Master* Lee,

Lee. *What d'say Master* Nokes,

Nokes. *Are you ready?*

Lee. *With what?*

Nokes. *Your Gibes and your Jokes*;

Lee. *Mr.* Mountfort *desir'd you'd speak of his* (*Play.*

Nokes. *I have been considering, and I don't know* (*what to say*;

Lee. *Why, they know't, now they have seen't,*

Nokes. *Ay, and if they lik't they may*;

There's one thing I'm sure, which none of (*you know,*

Lee. *Yes they do*; *that is, the Play's but so, so.*

Nokes. *Well, mark what I say, and remember it* (*too,*

Mr. Lee *and my self*------ *come* Tony (*let's go.*

FINIS.

Greenwich-PARK;

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

BY THEIR

Majesties Servants.

Written by *W. MOUNTFORT.*

LONDON:
Printed for *G. STRAHAN* in *Cornhill*, and *W. MEARS*, at the *Lamb* without *Temple-Barr.* M DCC XIX.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

ALGERNOON,

Earl of *Essex*, Viscount *Malden*, Baron *Capell* of *Hadham*, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of *Hertford*.

My *LORD*,

THE General good Character the World gives of your Honour and Virtues, has emboldenʼd me to beg your Favourable Protection of this *Comedy*: And though it be a hard Matter for so young a Pretender to escape the indu-

ſtrious ill Nature and Malice of the Town, yet I ſhall have this Satisfaction, that if they'll not allow me a Judge of Poetry, they muſt of Perſons; and they cannot impartially diſapprove of my Choice in a Patron.

Indifferent Authors in moſt Ages have been encourag'd and preſerv'd under the Clemency of the Nobility, that they might be better: But the Severity of the Age, will have the firſt Plays which are Acted, unequal to the beſt of *Ben. Johnſon*, or *Shakeſpear*: And yet they do not ſhew that Eſteem for their Works which they pretend to, or elſe are not ſo good Judges as they would be thought; When we can ſee the Town throng to a *Farce*, and *Hamlet* not bring Charges: But notwithſtanding they will be Criticks, and will ſcarce give a Man leave to mend; like the rigid Precepts and Manner of the moſt famous Maſter of *Weſtminſter*; Who, though he has bred the greateſt Men of Parts and Learning in this Age; yet I believe, if the Impatience and Spirit of his Knowledge could have ſubmitted to the ſlower Capacities of

of his Scholars, he might have made many more.

Poetry, I must confess, has ever been my Delight, as Honour and Goodness, your Lordship's. And tho' I can never expect to be as perfect in the first, as you are in the last; I am sure of two good Supports from such Excellencies; and which your Lordship never omitted expressing to those who have seek'd your Protection.

Your early Gallantry for the Liberty and Welfare of your Country, in so needful a Time (and where the small number of Voluntiers magnifies your Lordship's being one) proves the Spirit of your Predecessors is left behind 'em: And though this Nation has heartily mourned the loss of one of 'em; yet the Death of a good Subject, like that of a good King, is best dispens'd with by the Publick, when his Virtues shine in his Offspring.

I would avoid the Censure of Flattery, and of tiring your Lordship with the Commendations which you justly deserve: but perhaps may not desire. I have only this to say, that it is not to be doubted, but the Spirit which has

inspir'd this noble Undertaking of waiting on your Prince, will merit a Providence to preserve your Person. And as you will be a Credit to his Camp, may you return to be an Ornament to his Court. And as you are the Pride of our present young Nobility, may you be a Pattern for the future. Then I shall wish for the Fancy of Mr. *Cowley*, with the Judgment of Mr. *Dryden*, to express my Sense of your Worth: But in the mean time, I humbly entreat your Lordship would accept of the hearty well Wishes, and perfect (though distant) Respect

Of Your Lordship's most Humble,

Obedient, and Devoted Servant,

William Mountfort.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

With the sad Prospect of a long Vacation,
The Fear of War, and Danger of the Nation;
Hard we have toil'd this Winter for new Plays,
That we might live in these tumultuous Days.
Sad Days for us, when War's loud Trumpets sound,
Nothing but Beaux and Parsons will be found:
Look to't, you Men of Battel, of Renown,
They'll claw your Ladies off, when you are gone:
Servants for Quality. Your Beaux's of Sense:
Will's *Coffee-House is the Office of Intelligence;*
And for the Masks who hunt the smaller Fry,
Their Chocolate-House wish their Wants supply:
Our Play presents you with all sorts of Men,
From keeping Courtier, to the horn'd Citizen,
Whose handsome Wife brings in the constant Gain.
At Greenwich *lies the Scene, where many a Lass*
Has bin Green-gown'd upon the tender Grass.
If Flamstead's *Stars would make a true Report,*
Our City Breed's much mended by the Court:
What Wagers about Mons *were lately laid?*
Had all that Money to the King been paid,
It might have sav'd the Tax of each Man's Head.
I heard a Shop-keeper not long since swear,
If England's *old Militia had been there,*
We had spoil'd the Monsieur's Projects for this Year.
Since they depend so on their own Commanders,
Why weren't the Royal Regiment sent for Flanders?
With English *Hearts of Oak, and Horns well Steel'd,*
To Butt the puny Monsieur from the Field.
But those who threaten him so much, I fear,
Were they encamp'd where any Foe was near,
Wou'd wish themselves behind their Counters here.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

SIR *Thomas Reveller*, an old wicked lewd Knight,	Mr. *Lee.*
Mr. *Raison*, a Grocer,	Mr. *Nokes.*
Mr. *Sassafras*, a Drugster,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Both jolly Citizens, & Companions with Sir *Thomas*,	
L. *Worthy*, a young Nobleman newly return'd from Travel,	Mr. *Hodgson.*
Y. *Reveller*, Son to Sir *Thomas*, a wild young Fellow, kept by Mrs. *Raison*, and Courts *Florella*, for a Wife,	Mr. *Mountfort.*
Sir *Will. Thoughtless*, a foolish Knight,	Mr. *Bowen.*
A *Beaux*,	Mr. *Bowman.*
Bully *Bounce*,	Mr. *Bright.*

WOMEN.

Dorinda, a private Mistress, kept by my Lord *Worthy*, and in Love with Young *Reveller*,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Florella, Daughters to my Lady *Hazard*. *Florella* in Love with Y. *Reveller*. *Violante* with the L. *Worthy*,	Mrs. *Mountf.*
Violante,	Mrs. *Lassels.*
Mrs *Raison*, in love with Y. *Reveller*,	Mrs. *Knight.*
Lady *Hazard*,	Mrs. *Osborn.*
Aunt to *Dorinda*.	Mrs. *Corey.*

Constable, Watch, Masqueraders, *&c.*

SCENE *GREENWICH.*

Greenwich-PARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Grocer's Shop.*

Enter Raiſon, *his Wife and Servant.*

Mrs. *RAISON.*

ARE all my things carried to the Water-ſide, Sirrah?

Serv. Yes, Madam, and the Gally with an *Awning*, is ready to carry your Ladyſhip to *Greenwich.*

Raiſ. A Gally! Why a Gally, Wife?

Mrs. *Raiſ.* Becauſe you won't allow me a Coach, Husband.

Raiſ. And becauſe I won't allow you a Coach with two Horſes, you'll have a Boat with four Men.

Mrs. *Raiſ.* Yes, a Barge with twelve, if I had my Will: Muſt I jolt about in a Hackney, or

trapes a Foot like my inferior Neighbours? Since you'll make no Distinction of me at Land, I'll make some my self by Water.

Raif. I don't know what you would have; you go where you please, and come when you please; live how you please, and do what you please; have Money as you please, and yet I can never please you!

Mrs. *Raif.* Therefore I'll have those that can.

Raif. Yes, I suppose you have.

Mrs. *Raif.* 'Tis fit I should; did not you promise me when I marry'd you, I should keep my Coach, and live like what I was?

Raif. A Beggar.

Mrs. *Raif.* Did I marry you when I could have had.....

Raif. No body else!

Mrs. *Raif.* The best of Quality; but that I credited your Protestations. Did you not swear, I should out-shine the best of all the City; and yet deny me a sneaking 100 *l.* a Year for a Coach, which almost every Tradesman keeps his Wife for a Twelve-month, tho' he break at the Year's end for't?

Raif. They deserve it, when their Vanity exceeds their Ability: You took an Oath too, Wife, to Love, Honour, and Obey me; but you have taken your own Measures for all that; you have a Spirit that the Devil cannot conquer, and a Desire that I cannot satisfie: You make me Ridiculous where-ever you come, and seem as if you were asham'd of me.

Mrs. *Raif.* Since you will not use those Methods to gain my Love which you know will do't, I look upon you only as my Conveniency.

Raif. Yes, I have been a Conveniency to your whole Family: Five hundred Pounds your Brother had to buy him a Company, which was broke

broke in two Months; then he set my 'Prentice at Dice, cheated him of Two hundred Pound, which he robb'd me of: And three hundred Pound your Father had to purchase a Place at Court, to keep him from his Creditors, which he lost one Night at the Groom Porter's, and durst never peep out of *Whitehall* since. Indeed you are a Gentlewoman, and have behav'd your self like one: In less than a Fortnight after I marry'd you, you ran away with a Captain of the Guards, and I was forc'd to take you out of his Lodgings with a Messenger; and you have play'd me abundance of pretty Tricks since, which my Love and Folly has forgiven: So I have been your Father's Bubble, and your Brother's Cully; the Mark of the City, the Shame of my own Family, and your Cuckold and Conveniency.

Mrs. *Raif.* Let me but have a Coach, and I'll live as you'll have me.

Raif. Don't think of a Coach, and you will live as I'll have you.

Mrs. *Raif.* Why, Ingredient, the *Pothecary* keeps his Wife a Coach, and is not worth half so much as you are; besides you have fin'd for Alderman.

Raif. Ay, and if I had not fin'd for Fool, in giving your Relations a thousand Pound, you might have had a Coach.

Mrs. *Raif.* Why, I did not advise you to't.

Raif. Yet would never let me rest till I did it.

Mrs. *Raif.* Why, let me have a Coach, and I'll save it in other things; I'll catch Cold else every Winter, and it shall cost you as much in Slops; for my Cloaths are so good, and my Shoes are so fine, I cannot walk a Foot.

Raif. Oh Citizens! Citizens! how are the Times alter'd, since your Wives wore High-crown'd Hats, Farendin Gowns, Red-Cloth Petticoats, Spanish Leather Shoes, and trudg'd about in Pattons:

Now

Now your Feet must be furnish'd with a Guinea a Pair; your *Milliners*, Ware from the *New-Exchange*, the Old can't please you; your Silks bought in *Covent Garden*, *Pater-noster-Row*, has no Choice. We are a pretty Corporation! that are the Metropolis of the Kingdom, furnish the whole Nation, yet cannot please our selves! like *Vintners* that love to be Drunk in other Mens Taverns! well may we decay, when our Wives, like *French* Mistresses, send our Money abroad.

Mrs. *Rais.* If the Times are alter'd with the Wives, so they are with the Husbands, since they wore slash Doublets, short Cloaks, and open knee'd Breeches, with their own thin lank Hair, that look'd like the Fringe of a Blanket, or the Strings of a Bunch of Leeks; you can now wear the best Fashion and richest Cloaths, Swords upon Occasion; come Drunk to a Play-House; pick up Whores at the Chocolate-House; be bubbled by Sharpers at Ordinaries; carry a good Face at Change, though within a Day of Breaking; take up 3 or 4000 *l.* under pretence of unexpected Bills; whip over to the *King's Bench*; Bilk your Creditors, and die with the Curse of Orphans and Widows on ye.

Rais. I pity them that do so: But Women commonly bring 'em to't.

Mrs. *Rais.* But not their Wives.

Rais. Their Wives or their Whores, they are Women still. Why, how extravagant that Head looks now, what a Monument of Top-knots is there? On my Conscience, if the *French* had Landed, the Heads of the Women might have serv'd for *Beacons* all over the Nation.

Mrs. *Rais.* Well, well, shall I have a Coach?

Rais. Not this Year.

Mrs. *Rais.* Shall I have one the next?

Rais. I can't tell,

Mrs.

Mrs. *Raif.* Nor you won't give me a positive Answer?

Raif. We'll think on't.

Mrs. *Raif.* We'll think on't, Bungler: I long for a Coach, and I will have a Coach; and you may spare it out of Clarret, you Sot; since you can't get no Children to Inherit what you have, I'll spend it, and thou shalt never live an easy Hour till I have a Coach; and so think on't. Thou Associate of Drunkards, eternal Tobacco Funker; must I be contented with a Beast that stinks perpetually, sits up till two or three a-Clock in the Morning, and knows nothing but his Bottle sometimes a Week together? The World shall know what a Bedfellow thou art, that snores all Night, and art sick in the Morning; thou debilitated Booby, thou saplefs Trunk. [*Exit.*

Raif. What will become of me? Beat her I can't, hate her I can't, turn her away I dare not; if I could complain of her, I must not, for my own Reputation suffers in it; besides, she has such a bloody Crew of Relations, that would Murder me, If I should do any of these Things: A Pox of all Fools that Marry poor Gentlewomen, for you wed their whole Family, and entail a Plague upon your Posterity. Well I'll go up to Sir *Tho. Reveller*, invite him to Dinner, with two or three more, and drink her out of my Head. The Daughter of a Knight, with a Pox! the Honourable Sir *Francis Haughty*, Brother to the Viscount *Blusteren*, Baron of *Rockey Hills* in *Scotland*! Well, take Warning all by me.

I *Robert Raison* Grocer,
To have and to hold, and so, Sir,
Took the Daughter of a Knight from *Covent-Garden*.
I worth 10000 *l.* She not one Farthing. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Tower-Hill.*

Enter at one Door the Lord Worthy *and Servant. At the other Young* Reveller.

L. *Wor.* Bring my things out of the Boat, and call me a Coach.

Water. Yes, Master.

Y. *Rev.* I think I have heard that Voice, I'm sure I have seen that Face.

L. *Wor. George Reveller!* [*Embraces.*

Y. *Rev.* My Lord *Worthy*! welcome a Shoar; how long has this happy Island been blest with your Approach?

L. *Wor.* Prithee, sweet Orator, lay aside thy Rhetorick, and preserve it for Friends of lesser Date; I am glad to see thee, and take my Joy heartily. [*Embraces.*

Y. *Rev.* Nothing more acceptable by the Pleasure of Friendship. But, my Lord, being so long Abroad in the Courts of celebrated Breeding, I was afraid a hearty *English* Salute might have been too gross for the tender Constitution of *Italian* Ceremony.

L. *Wor.* Why faith *George*, there are Follies all over the World; but by my long Absence, and Observation, I have studied to despise 'em; I can be Courteous, without Formality; Cleanly, without Vanity; Friendly, without Flattery; free from Prodigality, yet Generous in what is necessary; Honest, without Partiality; and can be merry with a Friend, without talking Bawdy or Divinity.

Y. *Rev.* Faith, my Lord, I can't match you; if you expect such Virtues here, you must e'en keep Company by your self: Why, you'll be envy'd

vy'd by the Wise, and scorn'd by the Fools; for a true *Englishman* abhors what he cannot reach, and neglects what he can.

L. *Wor.* Well *George*, if thou art as free from these Sins, as thou wert when I left thee, I shall compleat my Travels in thy so wish'd for Conversation, and repent that my Curiosity Abroad kept me so long from Home.

Y. *Rev.* Nay, my Lord, I was heartily griev'd my Fortune would not admit of my Accompanying your Lordship Abroad, but I have been Faithful in my Correspondence to your four Years Travels, and my Letters never mist of any Passages here that were worth your Acceptance.

L. *Wor.* Dear *George* I thank thee for 'em; and but I thought I should sooner reach thee than a Letter, I had given thee Notice of my Arrival; for I came in the Packet Boat from *Callis* to *Dover*, where I took Post to *Greenwich*, shifted my self, and so came hither; and had I not met with you, was going to seek you.

Y. *Rev.* I am glad this Accident prevented that Trouble. I was just going to *Greenwich*; but if you please, we'll go back to the Change, pick up an honest Fellow or two, and dine at the *Rummer* in *Queen-street*, which, tho' the dearest, is, indeed, the best accommodated House we can boast of.

L. *Wor.* What, are all the famous Houses about *Covent-Garden* and *Charing Cross* abolish'd?

Y. *Rev*, Faith, my Lord, they are mightily degenerated, since *Strephon* the Wise, the Witty, and the Gay and the Prince of all Company, as well as all Hearts, forsook us: Those that are left of that glorious Society, are retired from the World, and mourn the Remembrance of their lost Companions, that Wit and Good-Fellows are as hard to be

be found, as Conscience in a Jury, or Honesty in a Guardian.

L. *Wor.* Well, since those Golden Days cannot be call'd again, we must make the best of our present Insufficiency, and be as happy as we can, tho' not to such Perfection. For to tell thee Truth, *George*, we have a very indifferent Character abroad; and the Respect to an *Englishman* is lessen'd extremely: our Understanding is become a Jest, by our not knowing what we would have; and the next Age must play the Fool within its own Bounds; for as the Gent. Usher says in the *Rehearsal*, *For Politicians no body else will take us.*

Y. *Rev*, 'Tis a sad Truth, my Lord, for our Distractions, which we might heal, we strive to enlarge; and our Misfortunes abroad are occasion'd by our Follies at home: Our Nobility love their Ease and Pleasure, the Gentry are carless and stubborn, the Commonalty grumbling and positive, the Clergy ambitious and and froward, and the Mobile mad for an Insurrection.

L. *Wor.* So much for Politicks; but setting State-Affairs aside, How does the old Gentleman, your Father?

Y. *Rev.* Why, 'tis a tuff Thief, my Lord, he'll bend double before he'll break, and prefers living with his Equals below, before going to his Betters above: He uses me, as most Parents do their Children, who are at vast Charge to give 'em the Education of Gentlemen, and, when they're fit for the Society of such, starve 'em,

L. *Wor.* Is he in Town?

Y. *Rev.* Ay, my Lord, and ten to one but we meet him at Change; he's a jolly Spark, and loves his Whore and his Bottle, as well as the lewdest of Eighteen.

L. *Wor*, Are our Youth so perfect at 18, *George*?

Y. *Rev.*

Y. *Rev.* Ay, my Lord, as our Grandfathers were at 50: Youth now keeps Company with Age, and Men with Boys; Vice is so much improv'd within these then Years, and Madness so pregnant, that within five more our Lads at twelve will begin to Whore and bear Drink, as *Portuguese* Women do Children, and be past it at five and twenty; they're downright Sots at Thirty, drivel on till Forty, when being fit for nothing but Hospitals, they expire in a Flux, and you read in the Bill of Mortality, they dy'd of a Fever.

L. *Wor.* Well, prithee let's be gone. for I long to see some of these whose Characters thou hast given.

Y. *Rev.* As we go, my Lord, we'll call at the old Gentleman's Lodgings, probably he's at Home; I must inform you, as you go, of his Humour, that you may the better know how to manage him: Next have a care you buy not the Sight of these Sparks too dear, for they'll fasten on you with the least Encouragement you give 'em, and they'll worry you with more Questions, than an old Scholar would his Son, when he comes home from School at *Christmas.*

L. *Wor.* O fear not, I love Fools as I do a Landskip, they're always best at Distance. *Tom,* bring the things. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Sir* Thomas Reveller *Dressing himself.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Steward has brought his Accounts, according to your Worship's Order.

Sir *Tho.* Bring him in; I look frouzy this Morning, and I must leave off this Drinking, it will

will kill me else; for the Heat of my Body's so violent, it will set the Clarret within me a boiling, and make a Hash of my Bowels for Satan; yet I look pretty well of my Age too; What a Pox, I'm but Eight and Forty, and have Lungs as shrill as an Eunuch, fa, la, la, la, ; ah, that Eye, Sir *Thomas*, that Leer of the lift Eye has broke many a Heart, you old Rogue; *George's* Eye, Son *George* has the same Eye to a T, ah, 'tis a wicked Dog at a Wench, but a cursed Rogue keeps all his Whores to himself, he won't let his none Dad come in for a Snack; I'm forc'd to lay on my own Maids, and then the Coach-men get 'em with Child, and the Whores put 'em upon me; ad I must take up, I must take up my Life, and take down my Flesh; I have had twenty Coach-men within this ten Year, and every one of them has left me the Illegitimate Substance of his Brawny Ability.

Enter Steward, *gives* Sir Tho. *the Account.*

Sir *Tho.* Is this a sincere Account of the last three Months?

Stew. 'Tis both sincere and Just.

Sir *Tho.* It may be so, but 'tis very Extravagant; three Hogsheads of strong Beer Drank out in one Day by Harvest People.

Stew. Yes, and please you.

Sir *Tho.* Yes, and vex me; it went thorough 'em as fast as they Drank it, they could never hold so much.

Stew. Yes, and make nothing on't.

Sir *Tho.* So methinks. Stoln one Night 5 Piggs, 7 Turkeys, 9 Geese, 11 Ducks, 13 Hens, and 15 Dozen of Pidgeons, by the new-rais'd Dragoons; What will they do when they come to be old Souldiers? But they're always in an Enemies Country, tho' Quarter'd on their own Fathers. Spent likewise

wise forty Shillings at several times with the Overseers, about agreeing for giving Security for four Maids with Child.

Maids with Child!

Stew. Servants, and like you.

Sir *Tho.* Yes, they have serv'd me finely! which were left so by the aforesaid Souldiers; so what they rob us of in Poultry, they give us in Bastards, a pretty Exchange. Spent at fair *Sarah* the Dairy-Maid's Crying-out, who in her Labour laid the Child to your Worship; why, you Son of a Whore, laid it to me! I han't known her this twelve Months.

Stew. Sir, she Swore.——

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah, she's a Bitch if she swore any such thing, and I can satisfie a Jury of Midwives I have been past it this ten Years; a young Dragooner, I'll be hang'd else; oons what an Age we live in, that the Civil Powers must keep Whores for the Military, and maintain the Children at their own Charge! I had a Sister but twelve Year ago, that run away with a *Welsh* Ensign, who made a Beggar of her in two Years, Pox'd her the third, was hang'd the fourth for a Highway-Man, and she burnt in *Wales* for a Clipper.

Stew. 'Tis a crying Shame, Sir, that ones own Kindred can't be safe for them.

Sir *Tho.* It is so, wherefore I will Petition, that the Army may have a certain Allowance of Strumpets, which shall be maintain'd by the Country Gentlemen, that we may keep our Families and Relations for our own Use.

Enter Sassafras.

Sassa. Good Morrow, Sir *Thomas* the Worshipful, how is it, Sir?

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Mr. *Sassafras* the Drugster! 'Faith warm with last Night's Toping, my Head akes, and my Hand shakes, this Morning.

Sassa. Ah, Sir *Thomas*, that will be at our Years, if we drank Water; but indeed, we roar'd mightily, were very merry, and bumper'd it about chearfully; ad, my Neighbour *Raison* the Grocer was pure and wicked after you left us.

Sir *Tho.* Ay!

Sassa. Ay, fackings.

Sir *Tho.* Why, prithee? What did you? For I went Home at Nine of the Clock.

Sassa. Why, we were delicious and lewd, and had a Mind to play some of your *Covent Garden* Tricks, and Court-Diversions; and Mr. *Billet* the *Wood-Monger* goes Home very Drunk, and like a true Gentleman, kick'd his Wife, and went to Bed to his Maid.

Sir *Tho.* A very good Night, I'faith. *Steward*, depart, this Wickedness is too gentile for your Capacity.

Stew. Yes, Sir, and would become me as ill as your Companions: These Citizens would feign do something like Courtiers; but I find they affect Vices, as they do their Fashions, never till the Gentry are both weary and asham'd of 'em.

[*Exit* Stew.

Enter Raison.

Rais. Sir *Thomas*, good Day; Neighbour *Sassafras* the same; well how is it, Gentlemen? Pure, Bonny, Blith, Brisk, Gay, Jolly, Whimsical, what say you? Season'd with last Night's Wetting, for to Day's Soaking? Does not the Spirit of Claret shine in your Souls, and illuminate your Faculties, inspiring your Understandings fit for fresh Wantonness, ha?

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Well said, Landlord *Raison*, the Honour of the *Grocers* I Faith!

Sassa. And Master of the Company, you forgot that, Sir *Thomas.*

Rais. How now, *Sassafras* the *Drugster*, old Ingredient for Claps, Infusion for Portions, and Author of wry Faces.

Sassa. Free from the Noose of Matrimony, Old Spicer of Plumb-Porridge, Quest-Ale, and Funeral dead Claret.

Sir *Tho.* To him, Sugar-Loaf.

Rais. Well said, Batchelor, old baudy Solitude, and single Fornication.

Sassa. Why, thou'rt as brisk.----

Rais. Why? My Wife's gone into the Country, I'm Lord of all, and Master of my self.

Sassa. Till she returns, Neighbour *Raison.*

Rais. Right, Neighbour chip Roots.

Sir *Tho.* I gad, if she were mine, I should be loth to trust her in such publick Places, as thou dost; as *Epsome*, *Islington*-Wells, and *Greenwich*-Park. Ad, if I were a young Fellow, my Mistrich would so water at her.

Rais. Like enough. I warrant you, there are Fellows water at her, and it may be she thirsts after them; may be she's honest, or may be I'm a Cuckold; all married Men must stand to their Wives Mercy; and if I should be one, I have so much Sense, as not to make a Noise about what I cannot help, and had rather be a private Plague to my self, than a publick Jest to the World.

Sir *Tho.* Advice to Cuckolds, *Seneca* the 2*d.*

Rais. Psha, Pox, if we marry Gentlewomen, they'll play us Gentlewomens Tricks; we Citizens marry them for Love, and they take us for Interest: I wonder at the Impudence of any Tradesman, to think to keep a Gentlewoman to himself.

SINGS.

SINGS.

Ye Citizens of London.
That will have Gallant Wives,
Ye never would be undone,
If you marry Dames in Quoives.
But Gentlewomens Tales
Have got the Itch of Loving,
And when the Fancy once prevails,
Their Buttocks will be moving.

Saſſa. Ah, Boys, Ifackins, he's in a rare Cue to Day, his Wife's Abſence has new Soul'd him.

Sir *Tho.* We will not baulk this good Humour, where ſhall we Dine?

Raiſ. Faith, with me, Sir *Thomas*, this is my Birth-Day, and I'll drink

To the Memory of he that got me, ſhe that bore me,
And Heaven grant Wife thou dy'ſt before me.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's my Lord *Worthy* newly come from Travel, and my young Maſter below.

Sir *Tho.* Entreat my Lord to approach, but bid your young Maſter wait below, till I ſend for him. [*Exit Servant.*

Saſſa. Why, what a crooked Temper'd Knight's this? He will do nothing his Son would have him, nor ſuffer him to follow his own Deſires.

Enter Lord Worthy.

L. *Wor.* Sir *Thomas Reveller*, may a Man be admitted to your Embraces after ſix Years Abſence? [*Embraces.*

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Heartily glad to ſee you, on my Soul, my Lord: Pray be pleas'd to know, my Landlord *Raiſon*, and his Neighbour, Mr. *Saſſafras* a Drugſter, ingenious Men both, particular Members of the Common Council, and in all private Affairs conſulted for the Good of the Publick.

L. *Wor.* Seeing 'em in your Company, is a ſufficient Teſtimony of their good Parts.

Saſſa. Sir *Thomas* is pleas'd to be witty, my Lord; but we have ſome Power in this City, and ſhould be proud if your Lordſhip had occaſion to uſe it.

Raiſ. We are plain Men, my Lord, but have good Credit, and can make our Friends welcome; we can drink without being exceptious, be merry without State-affairs, hate parting when we are good Company, abhor knowing how the Time goes, therefore no Body carries a Watch amongſt us.

Sir *Tho.* Pray, my Lord, how long have you been in *London*?

L. *Wor.* Faith, Sir *Thomas*, not an Hour; and if my good Fortune had not thrown me on your Son, muſt have been a Wanderer much longer; but he has the ſtrangeſt Fancy, he told me he'd bring me to his Father, and I could not bring him up Stairs by any Perſwaſion.

Sir *Tho.* I ſent to him to ſtay below.

L. *Wor.* No, Sir *Thomas*, before I ſaw your Servant, he ſwore he would not come up.

Sir *Tho.* Swore it, I'll make him break his Oath, or break his Neck; *Jack*, go and bid *George* come up. [*Exit Servant.*

Raiſ. I ſuppoſe he has told your Lordſhip his Father's Humour, he's forc'd to act by contraries with him; I ſwear it's pity, he's a fine Gentleman, and I love him extreamly.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* I never knew a Cuckold in my Life, but was fond of the Rogue that made him one.

L. *Wor.* Why truly, Sir, I think Nature has been juster to him, than his Fortune, which I am sorry is not equal to his Merit; and all the Virtues I could wish my self, a Friend, I find in him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, your Son's gone.

Sir *Tho.* How, gone!

L. *Wor.* He's but gone to *Guild-hall*, he said he'd walk there till I came.

Sir *Tho.* Fetch him, Sirrah.

[*Exit Servant.*

Raif. 'Tis true indeed, my Lord, and I am sorry his Father won't let him live like a Gentleman.

Sir *Tho.* What, you'd have him Master of my Purse, as your Wife is of yours? as long as the World knows he is a Gentleman, what's matter for his living like one; 'Gad, I know abundance about this Town that live like Gentlemen, and are asham'd to own their Parents.

Sassa. So far I must side with Sir *Thomas*, he allows his Son to live on the Sharp, and that's like most of the Gentlemen of this Age.

Sir *Tho.* Come, come, 'tis best pinching 'em in their Youth, they'll the better know how to prise Money in their Age.

L. *Wor.* 'Faith, Sir *Thomas*, that Precept seldom takes effect; for a Son is apt to run into Extravagancies the latter part of his Life, to make amends for the ill Usage of the First; and when Pleasure's in view, Consideration's a Foe.

Raif. Understandingly spoken, my Lord; this Travelling is an ingenious thing, 'tis pity, that there are not half a dozen Members of the Com-

Common-Council, sent yearly abroad to learn Politicks, at the Expence of the Nation.

Sir *Tho*, What, how to cheat more than you do. Pox, Tradesmens Politicks consist in Lying only, and need not go out of your Parishes to learn that.

L. *Wor.* But pray, Sir *Thomas*, how long have you forsook the Court, and embrac'd the Order of Cits?

Sir *Tho.* Why, ever since Knavery took Place of Honesty.

Sasa. And that's a long Time, Sir *Thomas.*

Sir *Tho.* I speak in my Days, Pimp.

Rais. There's a Bob for Batchelors, for they're all so.

Sir *Tho.* There's nothing but Whoring, and--for Whoring, I think we are pretty even with 'em here; but there's Gaming and Perjury. Murder and Blasphemy, Divinity and Hypocrisie, running in Peoples Debts, and Borrowing of Money: I'll say that for the Honour of the City, I have liv'd here this three Years, and han't been struck for a Guinea by any younger Brother among 'em.

Sasa. He that won't provide for his own Son, will scarce lend to an Acquaintance.

Sir *Tho.* Peace, Bedlam. [*Kicks backwards.*] My Lord, shall I describe you the Life of a t'other end of the Town, thorow-pac'd Rakehell.

Rais. Pray let him, my Lord, he's an admirable Satyrist.

Sir *Tho.* 'Tis to speak ill of every Man; yet be courteous to all Men; borrow of most Men, and pay no Man; always at home to their Whores, and ever abroad to their Creditors; to cheat their Brothers, debauch their Sisters; to be Drunk Nightly, Arrested Weekly, Beaten Monthly, Poxt Quarterly, Live Cursedly, Die Wretchedly, and so be Damn'd to all Eternity.

Sasa. Here's the Spleen of the City, my Lord; we can be as sharp upon them as they upon us, sometimes.

L. *Wor.* Pleasantly describ'd, in faith, Sir *Thomas.*

Enter Y. Reveller.

But see your Son.

Sir *Tho.* What is the Reason you did not wait on my Lord up stairs, Sirra?

Y. *Rev.* You sent me word it was your Pleasure I should stay below.

Sir *Tho.* And therefore you went away, Jackanapes.

Y. *Rev.* I thought it not for your Honour I should keep Company with Footmen.

L. *Wor.* Nay, Sir *Thomas*, you must not look upon him now as your Son, but a Friend of mine, and pray be civil to him for my sake.

Sir *Tho.* Sir, for my Lord's sake, you are very welcome. [*Bows very low.*

Y. *Rev.* Nay, Good Sir.

Sir. *Tho.* Why, *Tom Totty*, will neither Austerity nor Civility please you?

Raif. Good my Lord take him off, here will be a Quarrel else.

L. *Wor.* Well, Sir *Thomas*, I'm resolv'd we'll dine together, since I did not pay my Foy when I left the Town, I'll pay my Welcome to't.

Raif. If your Lordship pleases, let me give you your Welcome; Sir *Thomas* has promis'd to dine with me, 'tis my Birth-day, and if you'll grace it with your Presence, I'll give you a cleanly and hearty Entertainment; we'll have Wine in abundance, speak but one at once; Wit, as it happens, and no Wives.

L. *Wor.* Truly, Sir, the Invitation is indeed alluring.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Come, my Lord, be good-natur'd for once, and let my Landlord have the Maidenhead of your Arrival.

Y. *Rev.* I think, my Lord, we can't do better.

Sir *Tho.* Who ſpoke to you, *Jack Sauce*, you may dine elſewhere.

L. *Wor.* Nay, Sir *Thomas*, you forget, he's my Friend.

Y. *Rev.* Nay, Sir, I ask your Pardon; for I'm engag'd, now I think on't, at *Pontacks*, tho' not with ſuch good Company.

Sir *Tho.* Indeed, Sir, and now I think on't, you ſhall not be engag'd at *Pontacks*.

Y. *Rev.* Indeed, Sir, but I am.

Sir *Tho.* I will break your Head, if you ſay that again.

Y. *Rev.* Why, Sir, my Word is paſt.

Sir *Tho.* Therefore you ſhan't go.

Y. *Rev.* Would you have me break my Word, Sir?

Sir *Tho.* Break your Word, 'twon't go for a Groat, Sir.

Saſa. That's your Fault, Sir *Thomas*.

Sir *Tho.* Drugſter! [*Stamps his Cane on Saſa's Toes.*

But I'll make you break it, for having the Impudence to engage your ſelf in any thing, without adviſing with me.

Y. *Rev.* What, not to dine with a Friend, Sir!

Sir *Tho.* No, Sir, not to ſay your Prayers, if I think fit.

Raiſ. Let him alone, my Lord, there's no other way of working him.

L. *Wor.* I know it.

Sir *Tho.* Did you never pray for my Death, Sirrah? anſwer me ſincerely. Did you never wiſh me at the Devil?

Y. *Rev.* I have wish'd him out of you often, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Out of me! Why, you Dog, do I incorporate with the Devil?

Raif. This is too far. Come, come, Mr. *George*, you shall dine with me.

Y. *Rev.* Indeed, Mr. *Raison*, I shall lose a Guinea if I do; for I left one as a Forfeit, if I made not my Appearance.

Sir *Tho.* Come, come, *George*; stay *George*, thou shalt not want for a Guinea.

Y. *Rev.* Sir.

Sir *Tho.* I say thou canst not want for a Guinea; my Landlord *Raison*, or Mr. *Sasaphras*, will lend thee a Guinea.

Raif. What, and the Father present!

Sasa. No, thank you for that.

Y. *Rev.* I cannot stay without the Guinea.

Sir *Tho.* Why, get you gone and be hang'd, you (mercenary----- *George.* [*As he's going off.*

Y. *Rev.* Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Won't you dine with your Cuckold, you fair-fac'd Dog?

Y. *Rev.* My Cuckold!

Sir *Tho.* Ay, ay, you leering Rogue, my Landlord; ah you're a sly Toad, *George*.

Y. *Rev.* I know nothing on't, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Why did you never lie with his Wife, Smock-face?

Y. *Rev.* Not I, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* As you hope to be sav'd.

Y. *Rev.* Nay, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* I'll knock you down, you cursed Dog, if you stand in a Lie to me. [*Offers to strike him, who offers to go.*

L. *Wor.* Nay fie, Sir *Thomas*. [*Parts him.*

Sir *Tho.* A harden'd Rascal; why whither are you going, Sirrah?

Y. *Rev.*

Y. *Rev.* Out of your Presence, Sir, that I may not disturb the Company.

Sir *Tho.* Stay, Sirrah, I cannot let him go, because he has a mind to't. And must you lose a Guinea if you stay, Sir?

Y. *Rev.* Ay, Sir, besides the Conversation of some pretty Women.

Sir *Tho.* Pretty Women Sirrah! My Lord, we'll all go and dine with *George.*

Raif. Come, Sir *Thomas*, give him the Guinea, I had rather give it him my self, than be without his Company.

Sir *Tho.* Why then give it him, if thou lik'st it so well.

Raif. Not before you, Sir *Thomas.*

Sir *Tho.* I'll go out of the Room.

Safa. Ah, hold there.

Sir *Tho.* I have no Gold about me;---- my Lord will you lend *George* a Guinea?

L. *Wor.* Ay, Sir, twenty, if you say the word.

Sir *Tho.* No, no, but one, my Lord; nay, give it *George*; but one, my Lord; twenty I must pay him, one he may forget, or be asham'd to ask for't.

Raif. Come all's well, and we'll be rare and merry.

Sir *Tho.* *George* be cheary, I will lay by the Authority of a Father, and dedicate this Day to Familiarity and good Fellowship.

L. *Wor.* Give me your Hand on't.

Sir *Tho.* There 'tis, and if I talk like a Parent, break my Head.

Y. *Rev.* There's mine, Sir, I'll do't.

Safa. Come, my Lord, lead the way.

Raif. Pray do, my Lord, and we four will sing a Whim *ex tempore.* Eat an Oyster before Dinner, and take a Whet.

L. *Wor.* Away with it.

Raif. SINGS.

The Son's reconcil'd, and the Father is free;
Sasa. *The Husband's at home, and the Wife is (abroad;*
Y. Rev. *We'll empty the Cellar, and drink it quite (dry;*
Sir Tho. *But every Man here shall have his full Load.*
Raif. *Confusion to him that's not true to his Friend,*
Sasa. *And hang the dull Rogue that shrinks from (his Wine,*
Y. Rev. *May all hard-hearted Parents and Usurers (mend,*
Sir Tho. *And may Sons at their Fathers never re- (pine.*
Raif. *May all these good Wishes increase with (our Riches,*
But a Pox take all Wives that e're wore the (Breeches.
Chorus. *May all, &c.*

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Garden.*

Enter Florella *and* Violante.

Flor. WELL, this Young *Reveller's* not coming to Dinner vexes me.

Viol. Ay, and had not Mrs. *Raison* come down this Morning, you would have been much more uneasie.

Flor.

Flor. Why truly I should have thought 'em together, that's the wicked Truth on't; but hang him, he has more Mistresses to divert himself with: These young Fellows that run at all, value no body any longer than they're with 'em. Well, virtuous Women, when once they're in Love, should never let the Man Stir out of their Sight, till they've made him sure; for we set the Devil a dancing in 'em; and because we won't comply without Matrimony, they meet while they're eager some kind she that has less Grace, which reaps the Fruit of our Labour.

Vio. Fie, how you talk!

Flor. Fie, how I talk! why you think the same, and so does the whole Sex.

Vio. Have you no Regard to Virtue?

Flor. Yes, as long as Virtue has any Regard to me. Prithee let us not affect that Nicety when we're alone, which we assume in Publick: I confess I would not go beyond the Rules of Honour, and yet I cannot help envying those that do, when I think they enjoy my Lover.

Vio. Florella, a lewd Satisfaction is but of a short Date; and however gay or splendid a Mistress may appear for the time she triumphs, she falls at last as unpityed, as unhappy; for the Thoughts in each Man, that every Fool who has Money is as acceptable as himself, makes the Woman as cheap as the Pleasure.

Flor. Why, do you believe that none of the Women about the Town were ever true to one Man?

Vio. No more than I believe one Man is enough for the Women about Town. The Vanity that first betray'd 'em, always pursues 'em. Pride makes more Whores than Love. Love ne'er made Whores; Conveniency and Lust: Love's pure and chaste, the Beauty of the Mind, if so allow'd: The Beauty of the Mind can ne'er abuse

the Glory of the Soul: They that can sit contented with their Being, will never use base Methods to advance it: And I cannot help thinking that she who will be debauch'd to mend her Condition, will afterwards lye with any Man that can better it.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's a Letter from Mr. *Reveller*, to Madam *Florella*.

Flor. So, the Rascal has sent an Excuse, that's better than nothing.

[Reads.] *Dear Madcap* (somewhat familiar for a Lover of a Fortnights standing) *I was robb'd of thy Company by the Arrival of a Friend, my Lord* Worthy, *who, this Morning, came to* London, *being return'd from his Travels, and waiting on him to my Father, was kept by the old Fellow at Dinner; pray pardon the Misfortune, since 'twas not my own seeking: I will wait on you this Evening in the Park, and bid your Sister look about her, for I will bring my Lord, who is as mad to see her, as she will be to have him, when she knows him. So, in hopes to Cherish you in Sickness and in Health, I remain your Obedient,*

George Reveller.

And thou shalt obey some time, *George*, for I know I must hereafter altogether. D'you hear, Sister, how you're threatned?

Vio. Oh, fore-warn'd fore-arm'd; however, if he be so accomplish'd as your Lover has spoke him, as frozen a Virgin as I am, I may be melted: but when that Time comes, *Florella*, I'm resolv'd, if possible, we'll be Marry'd the same Day, and Bedded the same Night, that the Ignorance of one may not put the Experience of the other to the

Fn. *Enter*

Enter Mrs. Raison.

Mrs. *Raif.* Your Servant Ladies, what, taking the Air to digest the Fumes of your Dinner?

Vio. Any thing, Madam, to avoid sleeping, which I am mightily given to after Meals.

Mrs. *Raif.* 'Tis very unwholsome, indeed: But your Mother expects you, for there are several Ladies come to visit her, and she wants your good Company to help her to entertain 'em.

Vio. We'll wait upon her, Madam; come, Sister.

Flor. Stay, I'll vex her a little first. Will not young Mr. *Reveller* be here to Day, Madam? He promis'd to c me and play at Cards again.

Mrs. *Raif.* Why, do you like his Company so well, Madam?

Flor. No, Madam; but I find he does mine; you were the first that introduc'd him into the Family, and I was civil to him for your sake, which I find he misinterprets, and has sent me a Love-Letter.

Mrs. *Raif.* A Love-Letter! what was in it? Pray let's see it.

Flor. 'Twas not worth your Reading, or my Remembring, and I expos'd it to the Flames the Minute I perus'd it. And tho' his Father makes Love to my Mother, I have more Value for my self, than to admit the Addresses of one who is a Beggar; and so pray tell him.

Mrs. *Raif.* I shall; and severely, Madam.

Flor. She's rouz'd: Will you not walk, Madam?

Mrs. *Raif.* I'll but gather a few Violets, and follow you.

Vio. Fie, why would you fret the poor Woman so? You might spare her the Use of him, till you purchase him your self.

Flor. Hang 'em for Cutt-Loaves, as they call 'em; if it were not for the Conveniency of such, young Fellows would marry faster.

[*Exit* Flor. *and* Viol.

Mrs. *Raif.* Oh, false, base Villain! Have I maintain'd him, kept him even from starving, fed still his Pride to keep his Figure up, slighted the Addresses of great Men for him, neglected every Duty of a Wife, and sacrific'd my Name, my Peace, and all the Ornaments of Reputation? With him I ran away, e'er scarcely warm within my Husband's Arms: Oh 'twas too short a Siege, he won too easily the Fort, which had, to others, seem'd impregnable; without an Oath I render'd him my Heart, and in the Zeal of Love forgot Conditions: I had Intentions to forget the Monster, return to the Obedience which I swore; for what I use so ill deserves it not; nay, I had resolv'd it, and fram'd my self by mild Degrees to leave him. I would have been his Friend tho' still in want, and could with Ease, I thought, have parted with him.

But that which was indifferent before,
His loving her now, makes me covet more.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. Dorinda *and her* Aunt.

Dor. OH tell me not of Honour, what I ought
Of Obligation's Gratitude to *Worthy*:
'Tis true, he is the Man who first seduc'd me,
And thou art the who first betray'd me to him:
I then was poor, was ignorant of Sin;
So Innocent, that had I lov'd as now,
I could not for the Soul of me have told
What 'twas I long'd for more than Talk and Kisses.

Aunt.

Aunt. Well, well, Experience has cur'd those (Errors,
And I suppose you can tell what you long for now.
You know this young *Reveller* is your Lord's Friend,
Who was so fearful of the World's admiring you,
He would not trust him with the Knowledge of you:
What can you hope for? If his Friend has Honour,
He cannot condescend to wrong his Love.

Dor. He knows me not, nor nothing of my Being.

Aunt. You will be known in time, and then con-
What the Event will be of such a Breach. (sider
My Lord can ne'er forgive so foul a Crime,
And in the Heat of Vengeance both may fall;
You then will wish you had kept the worst of 'em.

Dor. Impertinent, thou prattlest for thy Int'rest,
And seest no further than my ill-got Pension:
When Vice grows Ancient, it grows Mercenary.

Aunt. Well, well, I was believ'd in the Days of your Stepmother, when you sat with your Needle in your Hand from Morning till Night, with a short Meal a Day, whilst all her own Children took Place of you. I then was appeal'd to, and my Advice was acceptable.

Dor. It was my Poverty that gave the Credit.
Temptation in Affliction seldom fails.
Freedom was first propos'd, and first enclin'd to;
Then Wealth, which made that Freedom relish (better.
My Vanity was eager of the Bait; (better.
And thou with Art didst play it to my liking.
Fools, when they find their Masters Weaknesses,
Are eloquent in flattering their Errors:
The Wise that would correct them that are thought (Fools.
I lov'd the Purchase, but I curst the Price:
My Pride, not Inclination did undo me.

Aunt. But now your Inclination will, I find:
What is it you propose in following *Reveller*?
The Man must live on you, you can't on him;

Not-

Nor will your Stock maintain your Follies long;
Can't you take one without forsaking t'other?
Keep both, and I'll side with you.
Let *Reveller* his absent Hours supply,
But let the other's Gold still make you easie.

Dor. Thou art a worthy wicked Counsellor:
Sin when it shews good Nature is excusable;
My Treachery must thrive by Treachery:
I know the Act I am about is base,
But that serves little, when I cannot help it.
Morality, thou art unprofitable;
When once our Souls are prejudic'd to Reason,
Affection helps the most decrepid Sense,
And reconciles Impossibilities.

Aunt. Do you stand to my Proposals?

Dor. Oh any thing to feed my Hopes;
These four Years to the World I've liv'd a Nun,
Convers'd with nought but Books, and thy dull (self,
And Use at last made Solitude mott easie;
But, oh, that fatal Morning be accurs'd,
When Curiosity debauch'd my Quiet.
'Twas Yesterday, would some Disease had stopt me,
Fond of a Sight, I forc'd thee to the Wells,
And criticis'd upon a Crowd of Fools;
Each Fop buzz'd, in a Road of Talk, his Folly,
And being Ma qu'd, I was oblig'd to hear 'em:
I laugh'd at the insipid Chatterers,
And was diverted with Variety.

Aunt. 'Till *Reveller* approach'd?

Dor. 'Tis true.
I love my Weakness, tho' I blush to own it:
That *Reveller!* why was he made so lovely?
Not but I could have stood the Charms of Per- (son,
Had he not back'd his Beauty with his Tongue.
I was a Stranger too to Conversation;
But Reading which inform'd me, that the rest
Were Fustian Souls, uneducated Blockheads,

Prov'd

Prov'd *Reveller* had Art with wondrous Sense;
His Words fell easie, soft, not starch'd with Method,
Nor was his Language cramp'd with unknown (Terms;
His Arguments gentilely conquer'd mine,
And when he found me silent, urg'd 'em strongest.
Aunt. Why would you go? I perswaded you (against it.
Dor. Thou didst,
But 'twas an evil Itch that would not hear thee.
Aunt. 'Tis strange! you have the Sense o'th' ill, (yet cannot shun it;
Judge equally the Benefit and Loss,
Take in the cooling Draught of Temperance,
And weigh impartially, e're 'tis too late.
You that can argue thus the Right and Wrong,
If you'd endeavour, sure might make good Choice!
Dor. Oh, thou mistakest, the weighing it con- (founds us.
It is in Love, as 'tis with factious Writers,
Who state and answer every thing themselves;
That Side seems fairest which they most affect.
Aunt. Well, well, since it cannot be hop'd, you must have the Man, and there's an end on't.
Dor. I must, I will, by Heaven I have him now,
I feel the Panter throbbing at my Heart,
And hugg'd by every Artery about it,
Aunt. Still let's be merry and wise, as the saying is:
What will you do about my Lord *Worthy*?
He has sent you a Letter here, but you won't see it; he says he will be down to Night.
Dor. Give it me ------ (Read. *Dear, dear* Dorinda, (Dear and dull, but come let's on) *this Morning I came from* Dover *to* Greenwich, *where my Treasure was, but unknown to me; in the Pursuit on't I have lost such precious Hours, as nothing but thy self can make amends for: They told me, where I use to direct my Letters for you, how you were dispos'd of; and had not Y.* Reveller *hinder'd me, I had*

had been with you as soon as this: But at Night expect a longing Lover, to whom Dorinda *is the dearest Object.*

Worthy.

Aunt. Well, and who could write prettier; or indeed, who is prettier? I don't think you have mended your Choice; he's Young and Handsom, Rich and Noble; the other has nothing but his Wits to live on.

Dor. To Night! why *Reveller* meets me to Night! nor will I miss the Appointment, for ten Lords.

Aunt. Why, you don't mind what I say to you?

Dor. Disturb me not ---- what's to be done?

Aunt. Why, what are you thinking of?

Dor. How to avoid this *Worthy*.

Aunt. Mercy on me now, Heaven forbid!

Dor. Do you forbid his coming, or I go.

Aunt. Go, whether?

Dor. Any whether, Madness ne'er wants a Place.

Aunt. What will become of us? ---- Consider.

Dor. Perish, consider! I have curst all Thoughts, but those which favour Love and *Reveller*.

Aunt. Well then, he shall be put off. I'll tell him, that you went to *London* to see for some Letters, just before his came, which is probable enough, and so miss'd each other; and that you being fearful of the Water, would scarce venture to come home to Night; but says I, when she hears of your coming, her Love will do any thing: Then after you have discours'd with *Reveller*, you may come in as from *London*, which will the more and more endear him to you.

Dor. Do as thou wilt, and tell me on't hereafter.

Aunt. Sure you might hear what's for your own good, one would think.

Dor.

Dor. Talk but of *Reveller*, and I'll listen calmly;
My Soul shall dwell on the enticing Tale,
And I'll be stupidly in Love with Silence;
No Passion ever, ever equal'd mine:
But, oh, my *Reveller!* be thou as kind,
What Harmony will be in both our Souls!
Whilst trembling Sighs bedew the willing Lips,
And every Squeeze still closer than the former.
Oh Extasie!
But hold, keep down my Joy, it were a Crime
That I should lose my self before my time.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE. III. *The Park.*

Enter Y. Reveller *and L.* Worthy.

Y. *Rev.* THis coming by Water has refresh'd me (mightily.
'Sdeath, the old Fellows drank like *Germans*.

L. *Wor.* Or like Women with Child, it had no Operation with 'em: I was pretty far gone when we took Boat, but the Air has somewhat settled me.

Y. *Rev.* How did you like the Entertainment, my Lord?

L. *Wor.* Much better than I thought I should; they are the honestest *Plebeians* I ever met with; and as thy Father says, *George*, I wonder thou canst have the Heart to Cuckold so honest a Friend to the Bottle, as *Raison*.

Y. *Rev.* Faith, my Lord, I'll be ingenuous with you; 'tis an Intrigue of a pretty long standing, and tho' it be somewhat scandalous to receive more Favours from Women than one, my Necessity has oblig'd me to comply; for ever since your Travels she has been my Father.

L. *Wor.*

L. *Wor.* Thy old Man has us'd thee scurvily truly; but this Amour with with *Florella*, as thou talk'st of it, if it succeeds, will put it out of his Power to wrong thee.

Y. *Rev.* I have fair Hopes on't, she's worth 15000 *l.* and her Sister as much. They are the Co-heiress's of Sir *Tho. Hazard* a famous Merchant, that died about two Years ago. Their Mother in law, my Lady *Hazard*, did order it so, as to be their Guardian, but the Money's their own upon the Day of Age or Marriage; nor is there any scurvy Proviso of the Mother's liking, and so forth; and if I can but secure the Inclination, the Money comes of course.

L. *Wor.* How came you acquainted?

Y. *Rev.* Why, you must know, my old Man has made Love to the Mother this six Months; she has 1200 *l.* a Year for her Life, which her Husband gave her, not as a Jointure, but generously, when he dy'd; which with my Father's two thousand Pound *per Annum*, will put 'em into a Condition of living without being oblig'd to Relations. But indeed, Mrs. *Raison* was the Person who first presented me to the Family, for she Boards in the same House with 'em.

L. *Wor.* And thou hast well rewarded her. I wonder at the Humour of Women, that can't have a handsom young Fellow, without the Vanity of shewing him; had she never brought you into better Company, then her own Discretion had kept, what her Folly has lost.

Y. *Rev.* I think both Sexes are equally to blame in that Point; and especially Husbands that carry their handsom Wives to all the publick Places about Town as if Men married for the Approbation of the World, and not their own liking: Now, when I drink, I make use of my own Pallat; when I buy any thing, my own Opinion's my

my Guide; and not the Perſwaſions of the Seller.

L. *Wor.* But, *George*, you'd take it ill to put on a new Suit, and have the Town damn your Fancy. Every Man loves to hear his Choice commended; and a Rarity in any Kind will be ſhewn by the Owner, out of the Pride of his particular poſſeſſing it.

Y. *Rev.* Why truly, there is ſomething in that, my Lord. But I had rather keep my Money in my Pocket, than by expoſing my Stock, give Sharpers Opportunity of borrowing it.

L. *Wor.* But ſee, *George*, Petticoats!

Enter Violante *and* Florella *Mask'd.*

Y. *Rev.* The right, I hope; I know you, Madam, by that vicious Turn of your Head, and Side-leer.

Flor. Indeed, Sir!

Y. *Rev.* Yes, indeed, Sir, —— my Lord —— Madam, you know what I writ in my Letter: Pray unmask Ladies, that my Lord may be ſatisfied I ſpoke Truth; for I have given ye beautiful Characters.

Flor. I think an honeſt Face need not bluſh, tho' ſomewhat homely. Come, Sifter, let 'em ſee the worſt of us, leſt my Lord ſhould think us uglier than we are. I think our Faces are clean.

[*They unmask.*

Y. *Rev.* Little Charmer!

L. *Wor.* If my Friend, Madam, bought his Curioſity as dearly as I ſhall purchaſe mine, he's in a languiſhing Condition, I aſſure you.

Vio. Soft and fair, my Lord; you are an Artiſt I find; that can love, as Fidlers play, at firſt Sight.

L. *Wor.*

L. *Wor.* Love, as it's unaccountable, is irresist-
(able.
There must be a beginning, why not now?
A Lazinesſ in liking is insipid.
Nor would you prize the Lightning of your Eyes,
If it were slow in giving us the Wound.
That Flint is best, that fires at first Stroak.
Such fierce born Sparks, if they not take effect,
Proves that which should receive 'em is in Fault,
And makes the Striker peevish. (fast;
Viol. The Fire that kindles quickest, burns too
What boils too fierce ne'er strengthens, but decays;
The simmering, tho' slow, is still the stronger.
L. *Wor.* No Method, sure, can be allow'd in
Prudence and Passion never were ally'd. (Love.
The Flame which Reason rules has Interest in't:
What's rais'd by Art, is still maintain'd by cunning.
The naked Loosnesſ of the Soul is best;
And that which shews most Madnesſ, owns most
(Love.
Viol. I find you are experienc'd in't, my Lord,
And are a Bowler in the Green of Love;
Can lie i'th' Way, or hit the Heart at Pleasure.
I am a Stranger to my Byaſs yet,
Nor is it fit my weaknesſ should be challeng'd
By one who knows the Ground, and all its rubs.
L. *Wor.* The Game which I propose I'm sure to
(lose at;
The most unknowing of your Sex in than
Will quickly learn, and baffle the Instructer.
Vio. My Lord you go too far, I'll hear no more.
Flor. So, his Wit has made him too familiar; and she has done with him: What cant you say now that's pleasant and modest? I know 'tis a Restraint upon your Capacity to talk civilly and well: But if you don't, I shall follow my Sister. I
Y. *Rev.* As you say, Madam, Lewdnesſ is most easie, especially to those who abhor Virtuous Com-
pany;

pany; but I, who am naturally addicted to Goodness, can bear a Subject as Pious as the Priests of our Times.

Flor. So, your Vice will peep in spight of your Tiffany Virtue: But, d'hear, talk to me of nothing but Love; and manage it so that I may believe you; nay, honest Love too, mark that, Sir!

Y. *Rev.* That latter Obligation is somewhat heavy: Prithee let's talk of other Love, tho' we shall act none; the Thoughts of a Miss has oftentimes relish'd a Wife.

Flor. Indeed, Sir! is your Stomach so queasie? methinks you might swallow the bitter Pill of Matrimony, when so sweet a Bit as 15000 *l.* is to follow.

Y. *Rev.* Faith, Child, I bear a Conscience, and had rather serve thee for nothing, than take so unreasonable a Price for my Labour.

Flor. Truth is, I don't know whether you'll deserve it; and I think I had better keep my Money, than run the hazard of so uncertain a Purchase.

Y. *Rev.* Pox on't, thou hast too much Wit for a Wife; besides, I suppose you have such a Villainous Constitution, as to expect me all to yourself.

Flor. I leave that to your Discretion; but if you should play me foul, may you only think at the same time I am serving you the same sauce; and go on as well as you can.

Y. *Rev.* As you say, when a Man can't trust his Servants at home, he can take but little Pleasure abroad: I find I shall be undone, in spight of my Aversion to Wedlock. Well, my Lord, will your Fort accept of Proposals, or is it stubborn against Articles?

L. *Wor.* Faith, *George*, somewhat Peremptory, and much upon Resistance.

Flor.

Flor. Why, my Lord, I thought you Travellers had the Knack of taking Hearts.

L. *Wor.* I had of keeping one, till I saw your Sister, Madam.

Vio. I desire Consideration, my Lord, the Surrender's of Consequence, it being the Inlet to my Eternal Peace or Disquiet.

Flor. Ay, ay; give her Time, My Lord, as much as she will; the more you offer, the less she'll accept; so much I know of my Sex.

Vio. Thank you, Sister; but Men are not so scarce, that we need run mad for 'em.

L. *Wor.* But you may, if the War continues, for ought I know; you'll wish you had taken a whole Man hereafter; if the Prophecy comes to pass, you'll be very indifferently fed, when one Man is a Mess for Seven of you.

Vio. Methinks you young Gentlemen, Mr. *Reveller*, should go and serve your Country; 'tis a Shame to make Love, when there's Honour in view.

Y. *Rev.* Thank you, Madam; but if you could persuade my Father to go in my Room, you would much more oblige me.

Vio. He's old.

Y. *Rev.* The fitter to be knoc'kt on the Head. Young Fellows get the King Soldiers. Drones that have lost their Stings are useless.

L. *Wor.* I find these Ladies would be courted like those in Romances, we must kill Monsters for 'em.

Y. *Rev.* Thank Heav'n, we are not so hard put to't, as the *Romans* were with the *Sabines*; we need not fight for Women in this Age

Flor. Not if all be so free as the Lady in the Mask was yesterday Morning at the Wells, Mr. *Reveller*.

Y. *Rev.*

Y. *Rev.* Jealousy's a Sign of Love, Child, I am glad to see it. Why Faith 'twas a likely Soul, and a Woman of Sense; for she rail'd at Matrimony damnably.

L. *Wor.* Well, *George*, I as much envy thy Happness as I mistrust my own; my Lady has no Pity.

Vio. As much as you care for, my Lord, or becomes me: You have rallied enough now, I suppose, which was the utmost End of your Conversation. Do I colour, Sister?

Flor. A little guilty about the Eyes.

Y. *Rev.* Come, Ladies, will you honour us so far as to play at Cards with you this Evening? My old Fellow's with your Mother, and we'll pretend a Visit to her; I have often talk'd to my Lady of my Lord, and she'll be proud of a Nobleman for her Son-in-Law, tho' you are so indifferent to him for a Husband.

[*A Noise of Musick.*

Vio. Ads my Life, here's your Father, my Lady, Mr. *Raison*, and abundance more with Musick!

Enter Sir Thomas Revell. *Lady* Hazard, *Mrs.* Raison, Sassafras, Raison, *and Fidlers.*

Sir *Tho.* Come, my Lady, 'tis pity such an Evening should be lost within Doors.

La. *Haz.* Look, yonder are my Daughters, Sir *Thomas*, with your Son and another Gentleman!

Sir. *Tho.* Ad so, my Lord *Worthy!* the Flower of *Europe*, Madam: Ad if he takes a liking to your Daughter, we shall have a glorious Son-in-Law—— *George*——— my Lord, your Lordship's humble Servant; pray be pleas'd to know my Lady *Hazard*, the Mother of these Girls, and, in all likelihood,

lyhood, of Election to be the Partaker of my Flesh and Blood.

L. *Wor.* You much honour me, Sir *Thomas*, and I wish my Interest there were equal to yours here.

Vio. If he goes on as he begins, he may get the Start of 'em.

La. *Haz.* Your Lordship has so noble a Character, that were I a Stranger to your Quality, the Fame of your Virtues would recommend you alone; nor would I willingly call her Friend, or Relation, that could refuse such Goodness.

L. *Wor.* I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Sir *Tho.* Very well, Faith, very well said of both sides; and so much for Complements. Come Neighbour *Saffafras*, Landlord *Raison*, bear up Sirs; what a Pox, dos'd stupify'd, hum drum! Wine us'd to have another Operation.

Rais. Pox on't, I'm sorry we left off Drinking. Prithee let's to't agen: I don't care for Womens Company.

Sir *Tho.* Why, was it not thy own Proposal, to come down to *Greenwich*, to sup with thy Spouse, and be merry with this good Company?

Rais. Truth is, I was but half Drunk when I had a mind to my Spouse, I find, since the last Bottle, I am incapable.

Y. *Rev.* I am sorry your Husband's in such a Condition, Madam. [*To Mrs.* Rais.

Mrs. *Rais.* I am more sorry you're in such Company, Sir: I have not only a Beast for a Husband, but a Villain for a Lover.

Y. *Rev.* Madam!

Mrs. *Rais.* Rascal.

Y. *Rev.* Your Servant.

Flor. What, are you angry, Mrs. *Raison*?

Mrs. *Rais.* A little troubled he should make my Husband such a Sot, Madam.

Flor.

Flor. Such things will be: You may repair the Lady's Loſs, Mr. *Reveller.*

Y. *Rev.* I wiſh I might, Madam; for I was always enclin'd to help the Afflicted.

Saſa. Come, what do we do here, Sir *Thomas*? A Pox of theſe Petticoats, they ſpoil more Company than e'er they created; let's have ſome Wine, and cold Chickens, go upon *Flamſtead*'s Leads, and huzza to the Neighbouring Counties.

Raiſ. Ay, ay, let's huzza, let's huzza.

Y. *Rev.* Nay faith, Mr. *Raiſon*, ſince you have Fiddles we'll have a Dance, and what you will.

Sir *Tho.* Why, you impudent Raſcal, how come you to ſpeak of a Dance before I thought on't?

Y. *Rev.* You forget, Sir *Thomas*, what we ſhook Hands about.

Sir *Tho.* Gads ſo, I beg thy Pardon, *George*; come then let's have a Dance.

Saſa. Hang Dancing, Sir *Thomas*, 'twill put us all into a Sweat, and make the Air unpleaſant.

La. *Haz.* I think we had better Dance at home, for we ſhall have the whole Town here gaping at us.

Sir *Tho.* Agreed, then we'll firſt to Supper, and then for a Rubbers at Scampring. My Lord, we muſt deſire your good Company.

La. *Haz.* By all means.

L. *Wor.* 'Tis a Bleſſing I have pray'd for.

Sir. *Tho.* Lead on then; *George*, handle your Mother-in-Law, and I'll take *Water-wag-Tail*; my Lord here's yours, *Saſ.* take Mrs. *Raiſon*, and let the Husband bring up the Rear.

Raiſ. *ſtumbles on* Flor.

Flor. He had better lead the way, that he mayn't fall upon us.

Raiſ. I think I ought to go firſt, as being the only Married Perſon among you: Beſides, as I'm a Cuckold,

a Cuckold, I'm a single Man in this Company: Fidlers, Play Buff-coat, la, la, la.

Flor. Well said, Mr. *Raison*----- Madam, bear up, your Husband's good Company..

[*To Mrs.* Rais.

Mrs. *Rais.* What means this Devil?

Sir *Tho.* Come, away with it, la, la, la.

[*Exeunt Singing, and the Musick playing.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Park.*

The Moon : Enter Dorinda *and* Aunt.

Dor. HAs not the Clock struck Eleven yet?

Aunt. No, but 'tis very near it; I'll in, and wait my Lord's coming.

Dor. Do.

Oh! *Reveller!* thou'rt slow, or I'm in haste,
Love should be still before-hand with the time,
For 'tis a Thief that often Robs our Joys.
How tedious are the Moments of my Longing!
Whilst *Worthy*, at a Year's end comes too fast.
Yet such a Slave I am to my Impatience,
That for one early Minute with my Love,
I'd meet an hour sooner what I hate.

Enter Reveller *Drunk, followed by Mrs.* Raison's *Maid.*

Y. *Revel.* 'Tis a fine Moon-shine Night, much ado I have stole from my Company, and much ado I have to manage my Footing, 3 Bumpers more had rendred me incapable of crawling: Now for

for this Mistress, it is the prettiest wittiest Thing I ever met with; shine out thou Pale-fac'd Bawd to Midnight Wooers; blush, if thou canst, to make thy Flame more chearful, for I will do a Deed, if she will let me, shall make thy Cheeks glow, little *Luna*, and wish, instead of lighting the World, thou wer't in her Condition of Peopling it; Oh! there's Man's Meat already; has thy Blood, Child, any simpathetical Motion towards mine? If you expect a Lover, tell me? If not, leave the Place for one that does? There's a convenient Pond at the lower End, if thou'rt in a despairing Condition.

Dor. 'Twere hard to be drown'd so near a good Harbour, would not that Flesh and Blood, you talk of, fling out a Rope to save me?

Y. *Revel.* O, 'tis the Devil, I know the Instrument by the Sound; well, Madam, I know not whether you'll esteem it a Favour; but I have left Wit and Wine, Women and Wealth, to shew how much I am your humble Servant.

Maid. 'Tis as my Mistress *Raison* suspected, and I'll acquaint her instantly. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*

Dor. Well, Sir, and I have neglected my Repose, ventur'd catching Cold, and run the Hazard of a Parents Fury; to bid you welcome.

Y. *Revel.* So far we are upon the Square; but how must I accost you? Shall we chat easie and naturally, without the Cant of Romance, and ridiculous Whineing, or must I open my Heroical Budget, for extravagant Raptures?

Dor. Keep it shut, I beseech you, Sir; for as I desire no Lyes, I expect no Flights; let our Expressions be Cordial, whether they prove effectual or no; what a Condition the Knave's in! Now Cunning help me.

Y. *Revel.* Why then, as I hope to be sav'd, and that's a Presumption.----

Dor. Hold, Sir, I must give you some Cautions; in the first Place, I am a Maid, therefore talk decently; in the next Place, I am Honourable, therefore talk respectfully; and Thirdly, I am and will be Honest, therefore talk virtuously.

Y. *Revel.* Oh Lord! what Company hast thou betray'd me into? Virtuously and honest! the very Words have made me sober; if I were dying of a Hicop, the Surprise of a Thumb-Ring would destroy it.

Dor. I'll try you, Sir.
For if I yield, I lose him after it,
It is the Pride of Man, with Oaths to win us,
And then with Scorn he boasts his treacherous (Conquest.
Why should I for the Joys of one poor Night,
Create the Plague of Doating ever after? [*Aside.*
All Men despise what's given too willingly.

Y. *Revel.* Child, I find we shall do no great (Matters,
I wish thee and thy Honesty a good Night's Rest,
Such a cold Couple can get nothing but Agues sure.

Dor. Stay, Sir, I cannot part with him.
Goodness of Wisdom and Beauty help me,
Pour all the Guiles and Graces of my Sex
Into my Face and Soul, but for an Hour.
Diana, from thy Freezing *Isicles*
Of uninstructed harmless Chastity,
Send to his wanton Blood one Drop to cool it,
That I may catch him in the Bonds of Honour,
And never more expose my self to Lewdness.
Then will you go, Sir! [*She pulls him, and looks amorously.*

Y. *Rev.* Why, what a charming Look the Baggage gave me! Not if you talk within Compass; I am pretty good natur'd, and can pass by what's said, upon Condition, you don't relapse; for look you, Child, Honour is as great a Check to Love,

as

as fear of being discover'd is when we're acting it.

Dor. But how can you esteem what comes so cheap?

When there's no Tye, where's the Security?
You have a treacherous Notion in your Minds,
Which, on the least Occasion, you improve;
Believing, if we are seduc'd by one,
By the same Rule we may be kind to all:
But Marriage binds us by a sacred Oath,
And Reputation checks all lawless Thoughts.

Y. *Rev.* Look you, Madam, my Mother made me swear, upon her Death-Bed, I never should be bound for any Body.

Dor. Tho' I know the Rogue lies, yet he pleases me: (*Aside.*) But as great an Enemy as your Mother was to Wedlock, she was married to your Father, sure.

Y. *Rev.* If I thought 'twould any ways add to the making her a Whore, I'd confess my self the Son of one. Why, Child, I think there was some such Hugger-mugger Business, but that was to preserve an Estate from going out of the Family; 'twas a kind of an incestuous Match, for they were Sisters Children; but Interest, Interest; now mine's a Love free from all such Design: Our Fancies shan't be pall'd with Cares of Wealth, of Cuckoldom, or chargeable Posterity.

Dor. But nothing can be constant out of Wedlock.

Y. *Rev.* No, nor in't neither, scarce, to my Knowledge. Wedlock may cover a Sin, but 'twill never prevent one; and we have such an Itch to be gadding when we're confin'd: Had our first Parents never been forbid, they had never been curious. What makes Men love eating Abroad, when they may have it so much better and cheaper at Home, only because it is at Home.

Dor. Suppose you should gain Credit,
Would you for ever love, and never leave me?
Wou'd you not covet still Variety,
And seek out some fresh Mistress to deceive?
Y. *Rev.* Not I, by Heav'ns;
Thou hast Charms sufficient to secure a Heart,
Thy Wit's unimitable, thy Beauty matchless:
Nature was in the Composition lavish.
Would *Jove* create a Mistress for himself,
He'd chuse thy Mould to cast her in.
Dor. Blessed Monument, he grows sober.
Y. *Rev.* Think what a glorious Pride will swell (my Soul,
When I possess what none beside can purchase:
Thy Generosity will oblige my Faith,
And I must shame my self in wronging thee.
What Fool would run the Hazard of a Change,
When he's secur'd of certain Happiness?
Dor. Now, Woman----- Oh, you flatter!
This Heat of Love comes from the Zeal of Lust:
No Passion can be lasting that's so eager,
And when you've pleas'd your self, and ruin'd me,
You will forget as fast as you invented. (on;
Y. *Rev.* Desire can ne'er forget what it must feed
Like Jealous Piety, I'll have the Figure
Drawn of the Saint I worship, to prevent it,
And to thy Shrine such hearty Offerings pay,
As no methodical dull Wife can merit.
Dor. Then I have another Game to play.
Heat, heat his Blood, instead of cooling it,
That I may work his eager Hopes to Love,
Then act a Virtue which shall tie him faster.
Y. *Rev.* Our Joys shall be irregular, but often:
Despising a Domestick Decency;
And when we faint with Emulating Fondness,
As two hot Combatants wearied, not beaten,
Whose Violence has dry'd and choak'd their Lungs,
Creep to some Spring to re-instate their Spirits,
I from

I from thy Lips will take ſuch Verdure in,
As ſhall relieve my droopy drowthy Soul,
And make me fiercer for the next Engagement.
Dor. By Heav'n, if he perſiſts I am undone,
His charming Tongue will blaſt my Stratagem;
And will ye ſwear? But what avails Mens Oaths!
Forgot when the Occaſion's paſs'd which urg'd 'em.
Y. *Rev.* What ſhou'd I ſwear?
Dor. Swear that you'll never Marry whilſt I live,
For that's the Rock our yielding Sex ſtill ſplit on.
You to the Generous Miſtreſs curſe the Snare,
But when you're tir'd, make Uſe on't to avoid her.
Y. *Rev.* May Poverty and Jealouſie attend me
The Minute I prove falſe;
Come let's retire, and wind our ſelves in Bliſs,
Tangle our Souls in Extaſies unknown,
And drop into Confuſion by Conſent.
By Heav'n, I'm fir'd, her every Touch diſtracts me,
So over eager am I to poſſeſs her:
I fear the Fierceneſs will deſtroy the Power.
Dor. And will you ever love me? (tent?
Y. *Rev.* Can I love Heav'n, Proſperity, or Con-
Oh do not drill me thus! but take me to thee,
Smother me in thy Arms with kind Convulſions,
And hug me to the utmoſt Verge of Bliſs.
Dor. Stand off, baſe Villain! thou beaſtly Part (of Man!
Thou glowing Satyr! got by ſome rank Devil.
Go to the Stews, vile Thing! and make thy (Choice;
Take Pleaſure and Diſeaſes both at once,
And ſcatter 'em through all the Strumpet-Tribe:
I loath thee for this wicked Suppoſition:
And all the noble Notions in my Soul,
Which crowded with a Fondneſs to prefer thee,
I here diſmiſs, and in their Room admit
As baſe Thoughts of thee, as thy intended Practice!

Y. *Rev.* Stay, Madam; what an Apoplexy's here in the midst of Health? You can but try me sure, and think this way to work me to a higher Value for you.

Dor. Touch me not, Monster!
If thou dost, I'll call for Help; I fear'd thy Trea-
(chery, and have it near me!
Because I try'd thee with a seeming Kindness:
Could'st thou believe so poor of me, to yield
On a first Conference? Had I really doated,
So much I hate thy low Esteem of me,
That thou'rt as much my Scorn, as once my Liking?

Y. *Rev.* Yet stay, Madam! by Heav'n, I can-
(not leave her!
There's something from her which has touch'd me
Stay, Madam! (nearly;
And since I have committed such a Crime,
Let me gain Pardon, tho' I lose your Favour:
For mild Discretion tells me I'm to blame,
And all those Charms, which when my Blood was
Entic'd me to a lewd Imagination, (warm,
Now strike a Reverence upon my Soul:
'Twas cursed Wine! that Spirit of Assurance,
And Introducer of all lawless Thoughts,
That bred the Mischief. I now am temperate,
Shame has destroy'd the Vice, and I am honest.

Dor. Oh happy Management!
How can I trust what has so lately wrong'd me?
If I forgive you, and you again relapse,
I am alone in Fault.

Y. *Rev.* By Heav'n, I am as calm as a *Platonick*:
Thy glorious Virtue has encreas'd that Flame,
Which after its lascivious Heat had ended.
Propose a Remedy to heal this Breach,
And like expiring Mortals, fond of Life,
I'll take in any thing that gives me Hope.

Enter

Enter Aunt *and whispers* Dorinda.

Dor. No more, I'm call'd ; keep ſteady in this (Faith,
And you ſhall hear ſoon from me.

Y. *Rev.* Will you not tell me when ; that being full of the expecting Bliſs, I may ſome Comfort purchaſe, with the Knowledge that every tedious Hour that falls away, I have an Enemy the leſs?

Dor. To Morrow at the Wells : But be gone.

Y. *Rev.* I cannot leave you.

Dor. Nay, offer not to match me, but convince me of your Love, by your Obedience, and you ſhall know to Morrow what I am.

Y. *Rev.* Thou deareſt, thou firſt I ever truly lov'd, adieu. [*Exit.*

Dor. Thanks to my proſperous Art, I think I (have thee.
Now to my Int'reſt ; how dull is all
That's coming, how dear was all that's paſt!
Yet I muſt ſeem to covet what I'd ſhun ;
Oh what a Curſe 'tis, when for filthy Gain
We affect a Pleaſure in a real Pain. [*Exit* Dor.

Re-enter Reveller.

Y. *Rev.* What the Devil ails me! Or does the Devil govern me! My Blood's quite alter'd, and thoſe looſe Deſires, which never lik'd but for Conveniency, are chang'd to real Paſſion ; my wanton Drunkenneſs turn'd to a ſober Admiration, and I begin to fear I'm growing a downright dull, inſipid, conſtant Lover! Oh, for ſome kind She to allay this mighty Fever, that I may ſnub this damn'd honeſt Inclination, before it gets the better of me.

Enter Mrs. Raison *Mask'd, in a Scarf.*

Satan, I thank thee, here's a Petticoat I'm sure! I find Wickedness will not be kick'd out this Night, and my Constitution returns to its rambling Custom. Madam!

Mrs. *Rais.* Sir.

Y. *Rev.* What cruel Accident can be the Occasion of this solitary Travelling so late?

Mrs. *Rais.* Why, Sir, I am come to look after a lost Lover, who parting from me in a sullen Humour, I fear has hang'd himself.

Y. *Rev.* No, No, Child, never trouble thy Head about that, those *Roman* Gallantries are expir'd; but if thou would'st be throughly reveng'd on him for leaving thee, take up me: I bear a tender Conscience to all distressed Damsels, and keep a particular Fund for Acts of Charity.

Mrs. *Rais.* Should all the distressed Damsels come to you for Relief, I believe you'd shut up your Exchequer quickly.

Y. *Rev.* Look you, Madam, I am not the first Banker that has broke, when his Bills have come too thick upon him.

Mrs. *Rais.* Say you so, Sir. [*Unmasks.*]

Y. *Rev.* Mrs. *Raison!*

Mrs. *Rais.* To your Amazement, ungrateful, perjur'd Villain.

Y. *Rev.* Oh, I find what this will come to, and Thanks to my unknown Mistress, am pretty well provided for a Reconcilement. What means this Fury, Madam?

Mrs. *Rais.* Devil, canst thou ask that Question! The Lady you have had so long should know the Meaning, could I find her out.

Y. *Rev.*

Y. *Rev.* Now for a good Face to a bad Cause I suppose, if you'd examine into't, you might easily find her out.

Mrs. *Raif.* What says the Beast?

Y. *Rev.* I do confess I am somewhat Bruitify'd, but I have so much Humanity left, to remember I tipt you the Wink when I left you, and you leer'd, as much as to say, I'll follow you.

Mrs. *Raif.* Was ever such Impudence!

Y. *Rev.* Was ever such Forgetfulness! why, what the Devil, because I am Drunk, d'you think I've lost my Senses? Did you not come presently after me, Mask'd? And have you not been bantring me this Hour, with a Pretence I did not know you, tho' I call'd you by your Name; and hinted some Particulars of our Familiarity? And did you not turn short from me at the upper End of the Walk, and run from me, and now here I have met you again?

Mrs. *Raif.* This is beyond all Patience!

Y. *Rev.* I'm sure I have shewn a great deal, in bearing what I speak of; and but I was throughly convinc'd it was you, and only a Trick to try me, I would no more have saunter'd after you, than an old Courtier would have follow'd a Statesman out of Favour.

Mrs. *Raif.* Distraction! Did you not address to me as a fresh Woman?

Y. *Rev.* Ay, that was when you us'd me like a fresh Man; Trick for Trick, Child, that's all: And since you have had your Humour, come along, and let me have mine.

Mrs. *Raif.* And do you think I'll be satisfy'd thus?

Y. *Rev.* No, No, I'll satisfie you better.

Mrs. *Raif.* This won't do, Devil, I am so convinc'd of your Baseness, that ----

Y. *Rev.* Psha, pox, too much is too much: Prithee don't drive the Jest so far neither; I can bear you know by what's past, but I gad the Worm will turn at last.

Mrs. *Raif.* 'Tis a Folly to talk to him in this Condition, I'll take the Morning to School him in; perhaps it might be some Midnight Jilt watching for Prey, like a Polecat in a Warren, and my approach might frighten her away.

Y. *Rev.* Come, come, Child.

Mrs. *Raif.* Whither, what d'you mean?

Y. *Rev.* How silly that is; Where's your Husband?

Mrs. *Raif.* Why, your Father and he, with the Drugster, are all gone a Rambling into the Town: I expect none of my Wedlock-Monster this Night.

Y. *Rev.* That is as much as to say, I must take care of her. Well, we'll to my Lodging, you may get in early enough unseen the back-way, as you use to do.

Mrs. *Raif.* My Maid will take off that; but I shall catch my Death here, standing so long in the Dew.

Y. *Rev.* We'll go my Dear. Claret I worship thee!

At last the injur'd Termagant's grown civil,
A drunken Impudence can out-face the Devil.

SCENE IV. *Continues the Park.*

Enter Sir Tho. Reveller, Raif. Safaph. *Drunk, Singing; with Musick, and Servants with Wine.*

All SING.

There's nothing like a Brimmer,
To make the Heart full glad;
It chears the Soul,
Inspires all,
The Drunk are never sad.

Raif.

Raif. Sir *Thomas*, let's out-roar Thunder, be Lewder than Atheists, out-swear a Gamester at the loss of his lost Stake, out-drink a Cook i'th' Dog-days, be saucier than kept Whores to their Cullys, and Prouder than Constables at Midnight.

Sir *Tho.* Let's be as conceited as City-Wits, vainer than City Wives, fonder than City-Husbands, and as great Strangers to our old Acquaintance, where-ever we meet 'em, as a new made Sheriff to his next Neighbour.

Sasa. Let's be frolicksome as Counsellors Clerks, and as awkard as their Masters; make as much of our Whores as Presbyters in private value Discretion no more than our Nobility: Let's commit Murder, that we may be Company for Gentlemen, and stalk as stately as a Foot-Captain, when he marches through the City at the Head of his Mirmidons, to relieve at the Tower.

Sir *Tho.* Till by affecting what we are not capable of, we become as ridiculous as a Dancing Judge.

Raif. Well said, Sir *Thomas*, but where's this Son of yours?

Sir *Tho.* Hang him, Rogue, he's stole home to some Whore I warrant him.

Raif. A Pox take all Whores, say I.

Sasa. Thou hast Reason, poor Cuckold. 'Tis a Heavenly Moonshiny Night. Some Wine, Rogues. [*Servants fill Wine.*

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Stand.

Raif. And that's as much as we can.

Const. Who are ye?

Sas. Drunkards, rich Fellows, and not over wise.

Const. Oh, Sir *Thomas*, and Mr. *Raison*, good-morrow to you Gentlemen; you're upon the Frolick

lick I see. Rest ye merry, Gentlemen; pray do no Mischief, and be as jovial as you please.

Sir *Tho.* Nay, drink the King's Health, Mr. Constable.

Const. If ye please, Gentlemen; come, Sirs, Heaven bless him. [*Drinks.*

Watch. Mayn't we pledge ye, Masters?

Sir *Tho.* No, Vermine, no; there's Money to swill Malt with, Claret's as much out of your Element, as good Manners beyond your Understanding.

All Watch. Bless ye, Masters.

[*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*

Saf. This Constable has more Sense than ever I met with in any of his Tribe; some Rogues now would have provok'd a Quarrel, only for the Conveniency of their Watchmens stealing Hats and Perriwigs, and so forth.

Sir *Tho.* The Watch of *Covent-Garden* would no more have miss'd such an Opportunity, than a Thief would of slipping into a House, when the Door's open.

Raif. There is one of those Watchmen, they say, is a terrible Fellow, pray who is he?

Sir *Tho.* Why, he's a Midnight Rakehell-Driver, that has crack'd more Skulls, than ever Pavier thump'd Flints; there's not a Scourer of any Reputation, whose facetious Noddle has not had the Honour of being dub'd with his Quarterstaff; he was never in the right, and yet always gets the better; he will sit up three Hours after his time to watch for Prey, and use you the worse for not coming sooner; and being an ill-look'd Fellow, he has a Pension from the Church-wardens, for being Bullbeggar to all the froward Children in the Parish.

Raif. A most notable Description: but your Son, Sir *Thomas*?

Saf.

Saſ. Ay, your Son.

Sir *Tho.* Let's go and diſturb the Dog, and drown him in Pint Glaſſes.

Saſ. Agreed, agreed. Play Cats-guts and Rozin. [*Exeunt Singing,*] *There's nothing like a Brimmer.*

SCENE V. Y. Reveller's *Lodging.*

Enter Mrs. Raiſon.

Mrs. *Raiſ.* Well, Mr. *Reveller*, you're a wicked Man; and were it not more out of a Motherly Affection, that you might come to no Harm in your Drink, than any Inclination or Deſire I have to your Perſon, I ſwear I would not have come with you.

Y. *Rev.* This will be the Cant when ſhe riſes in the Morning; ſhe never was with me in her Life but ſhe told me, 'twas to keep me from ill Women. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Raiſ.* But I hope you are ſomewhat come to your ſelf now?

Y. *Rev.* I ſhall be, Child, when my Vapours are expell'd; the Night's much waſted, come, we loſe Time. [*A Noiſe of Muſick, Sir* Tho. *and the reſt ſinging without.*

Enter Servant.

Mrs. *Raiſ.* Heav'ns, what Noiſe is that? 'Tis your Father's Voice, and my Monſters!

Serv. Sir, your Father's juſt coming up, with Mr. *Raiſon* and ſeveral others.

Y. *Rev.* Go, get you in, lock the Door, and go to Bed, I'll ſend 'em away, I warrant you.

Mrs. *Raiſ.* Don't drink no more, dear *George*, you'll be ſenſeleſs if you do.

Y. *Rev.* Don't fear it. [*Puts her in.*

Enter.

Enter Sir Tho. Reveller, *Saf.* Raif. *Musick, Servants with Wine, &c.*

Sir *Tho.* Sings.

A Pox of the Rogue that sneaks from his Wine,
And runs to a Daggle-tail'd Whore;
May Nature be drowzy, and baulk his Design,
Or may he ne'er drink any more.

How now, Rogue, how now Skulker, what leave your old Dad for a Whore? I never serv'd your Grandfather so, Sirrah.

Y. *Rev.* Indeed, Sir, you were too hard for me. If I had drank any more, I should have forgot the Duty of a Son, and have us'd you saucily.

Sir *Tho.* Why, that's like most of the Sons of this Age, when we're old, they're the only young Fellows will keep Company with us, and it's against their Wills too, only the Respect of what we'll leave 'em obliges a little, so we're forc'd to wink at their Wickedness to keep our own in Countenance.

Raif. Ay, Sir *Thomas*, the greatest Seducers of Children now a-days are the Parents; the Fathers for the Sons, and the Mothers for the Daughters.

Sir *Tho.* And who are the greatest Seducers of Wives, old Race of Ginger?

Saf. Batchelors, Sir *Thomas*, illustrious and free Batchelors.

Raif. Not of thy Age, Drugster; thou'rt as dry as the Ingredients of thy Trade, and hast no more Moisture in thee than a Potato.

Saf. Well, had I any Children, they should never go to a Play-house, nor to Church.

Sir *Tho.* Why so?

Saf. Because they go to learn Wickedness at the one, and Hypocrisie, how to dissemble it, at the other.

Y. *Rev.*

Y. *Rev.* Ay, but you may learn Good at both, if you'll make a right Construction.

Saf. Yes, you may be sober in a Tavern, if they'll bring you no Wine; but where there's Object, there's Temptation, and where there's Temptation, there's Desire, and where there's Desire, there's Uneasiness, and where there's Uneasiness, there's Impatience to be cured, and when there's Impatience to be cured, Adultery or Fornication's the only Remedy; so the Devil in the end's your Physician.

Sir *Tho.* Well said, *Saf.* and since the Clergy on all sides are so fickle, I think that Layety wisest, that believes none of 'em: and now we are talking of Church-Affairs, where's your Whore, you Dog?

Y. *Rev.* Whore, Sir!

Sir *Tho.* Ay, Sirrah, I am sure you would not have run away, if there had not been a Whore in the case---- therefore I'm resolv'd I will see her, and if I like her, I'll be better acquainted with her.

Raif. Why, Sir *Thomas*, suppose your Son had a Woman with him, would you have so little Grace as to commit Incest?

Sir *Tho.* Incest! that's a Jest! for most of the younger Brothers about Town, are kept by their Fathers Whores, and I say I will see her.

Y. *Rev.* Nay, pray Sir, you'll disturb-----

Sir *Tho.* Ay, therefore I'll do it.

Y. *Rev.* But, Sir, he is not well.

Sir *Tho.* He, what he, Sirrah?

Y. *Rev.* Why Sir, my Lord *Worthy*'s Chaplain; who being in want of a Lodging for this Night, is within in my Bed: He is a grave sober Man, Sir, and you'll frighten him out of his Wits.

Sir *Tho.* How, a sober Fellow, and a Noble-man's Chaplain, he is at Board-Wages then; for where

where they command the Cellar, the Butler is never idle; and I will see this Miracle.

Y. *Rev.* Nay, pray Sir. Mr. *Raison* and Mr. *Sassaphras*, I conjure you, by the Worth and Honour of Citizens, stand by me, and keep my Father out, or I am ruin'd for ever.

Raif. Yes, *George*, you shall find we Citizens have Honour and Worth: Come, Sir *Thomas*, here's a Bumper to you.

Saf. Agreed. Sir *Thomas*, your Inclinations.

Sir *Tho.* They're in his Bed-Chamber, here's her Health. Drink you Dog, that we may be upon the square with her. [*Drinks.*

So, now I'll see her. [*Offers to go in*, Raif. *holds him.*

Raif. You shan't go in.

Sir *Tho.* Gad but I will.

Saf. Faith but you shan't.

Sir *Tho.* By the Hectors of *Covent-Garden*.

Raif. By the Members of *Grocers-Hall*.

Sir *Tho.* Why, is not the Whore as free for me as for him?

Raif. Sir, I have given him the Word of a Citizen to stand by him, and my *Puncto* will not allow me to violate the Honour of my Corporation.

Sir *Tho.* Why, you Cuckoldy Dog, it may be your own Wife for ought you know.

Raif. I care not if it were my Mother, and he were getting an Heir to disinherit me, he shall not be interrupted; and tho' I am as it were dead drunk, yet I will stand by him, I say I will stand by him. [*Falls down.*

Sir *Tho.* So suddenly fell the Walls of *Jerico*, and *Joshua* plunder'd the Town.

Y. *Rev.* Mr. *Sassaphras.*

Saf. Hold there, Sir *Thomas*, I stand in the Gap, and like the Bassa of *Buda*, will die in defending the Place. [Saf. *draws* Y. Reveller's *Sword, and stands between the Door and Sir* Thomas.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Why, what a Pox have we got a *Hydra?* No sooner one Head down, but another sprouts up? Why, dare you fight?

Saf. Dare! Ounds draw, come, for the Pass, yours or mine.

Sir *Tho.* And hast thou really Courage? [*Draws.*]

Saf. Have you a Heart, try if I can hit it; come on, Sir, come on.

Sir *Tho.* Nay, if thou art so hot upon fighting, thou art no Citizen I am sure; and considering how Captains and Lac'd Coats have been admir'd by Shop-keepers Wives, thou may'st be the hasty Offspring of an Afternoon's Recreation in *Moorfields.*

Saf. Come, come, will you Tilt for this Lady?

Sir *Tho.* No, I shan't do like the Fools now a-days; Tilt for a Whore I don't know; Come, Sirrah, since I must not see her, [*Puts up.*] Tho' I am sure it is *Raison*'s Wife——

Raif. I care not, I'll stand by him.

Sir *Tho.* What Liquor have you? have you any Cherry, Sirrah? Cherry, the Comfort of Midnight.

Y. *Rev.* Yes, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Fetch it then; three Beer-Glasses of Cherry, Sirrah.

Saf. Ay, now you say something. [*Puts up.*]

Sir *Tho.* He had as good let me see her, for I'll debilitate him so with Brandy, he shall be useless to her. [*Enter Servant with three large Glasses of Cherry-Brandy.*] Hold, let me taste 'em all, to know if the Rogue has not palm'd something else for his Master. Sincere and Spiritual, a conceal'd Body, and yet a considerable [*Tastes.*] Body too. Come, to the Memory of our poor Brother departed.

Saf. Agreed.

Sir *Tho.* So, now *George* fall to your Lady, and if the Brandy does its Part, I think thou wilt faulter in thine.

Saf.

Saf. Take care of the good Man, *George*, for the good Woman's sake.

Y. *Rev.* I warrant you; ten thousand Thanks.

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah, rememember this when I have a Wench. Strike up; *A Pox of the Rogue that runs*, &c. [*Ex. Sir* Tho. Saf. *and Musick.*

Y. *Rev.* Now to the Female; if Fear has not kill'd her. Sirrah, draw *Raison* into your Room, and take care he peeps not out in the Morning till all's safe.

Each Whore-master his Cuckold thus o'er pow-
(ers.
We make 'em Drunk, and then their Wives are
(ours.

[*Servant takes up* Raison, *who all the while cries*, I'll stand by him.] [*Ex.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Dorinda's *Apartment.*

Enter Lord Worthy *and* Dorinda.

L. *Wor.* MY Dear *Dorinda*, Darling of my Senses, how sweet is Love after so long an Absence; my Hours have been as troublesome without thee as they have been delighted in being with thee; nor will I ever travel more for Knowledge; my utmost Study center'd still in thee; I have wandered like a Child without my Guide, followed the Notion of improving Arts, when I had left my Natural Genius here.

Dor. My Lord, you know you are welcome to these Arms, but if the Separation was so tedious to you, who've had such vast Variety of Countries and

and of Courts, of all that's worthy the Pursuit of Fancy, think how uneasie has been my Solitude: No Object, Entertainment of Acquaintance, nothing diverting to deceive the Time, my Prospect limited, my Measures fixed, nothing but Lectures from a peevish Aunt; nay, had I not been bless'd with constant Letters, which satisfied me that my Lord was safe, I must have sunk beneath the sad Restraint.

L. *Wor.* I'll study how to recompence thy Patience; the generous Compliance thou hast shewn in thy Submission to my Jealous Love, (the Dread of losing thee inflicted it) but I'm united now for ever here, nor will I e'er torment thee more with Absence; great Nature's utmost Curiosity can never match *Dorinda*'s full Perfections.

Dor. Oh tedious Raptures and insipid Eloquence, [*Aside.*
Be constant to your Words and I am happy, but you were saying you must go to *London.*

L. *Wor.* My Love.

Dor. I say, if you do go to *London*, do not stay long; May I expect you back at Dinner?

L. *Wor.* I have Accounts to settle, Bills to receive, Things to look after that belong to thee, some Presents.

Dor. Presents, alas! you are all I covet.

L. *Wor.* No, my Delight, I have brought o'er some Toys, some Silks, and Points; still what I saw that might adorn my Love, I pick'd up by degrees in Travelling, to let you know you never was from hence.

Dor. But be sure you come at Night.

L. *Wor.* Will the Night come, thinkest thou, I could stay from thee; but I'll not leave thee yet.

Dor. Nay, then you'll be so late, you'll not come home; the earlier you are there, the sooner you'll be here.

L. *Wor.*

L. *Wor.* And won't you take it ill I leave you?

Dor. Unkind Suspicion, can I pretend to love, and be displeas'd at ought is for my Lord's Conveniency.

L. *Wor.* Blessings upon thee, adieu then for a while.

Dor. Be sure you think upon me.

L. *Wor.* My Soul is useless when not employed on thee, my Life.

Dor. My Heart's Devotion.

L. *Wor.* I cannot stir whilst I behold thee.

Dor. You shall not stay to prejudice your Business. [*She seems to hug him, and all the while drives him towards the Door.*

L. *Wor.* At Night, my Love, betimes.

Dor. Forget not.

L. *Wor.* I warrant you. [*Exit* Wor.

Dor. He's gone, and all this Day is mine. Within there, Aunt.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. What's, my Lord gone?

Dor. To *London*, put on your Hood and Scarf, and get me mine, 'tis a fine Morning, I'll to the Wells.

Aunt. And will you still pursue this *Reveller*? You will repent.

Dor. Peace, manage for thy own Ends, I'm resolv'd, if you'll stay at home you may: Who waits? get the Chariot ready.

Aunt. Well, Heaven direct all for the best.

Dor. Thus the Gallant is by the Mistress rul'd, Whilst by some other Lover she is fool'd. [*Exit.*

Aunt. What will this come to? here is nothing but Destruction to be look'd for: In Fine, I'll e'n tell the Gentleman down-right who and what she is; better he should have her any way, than marry her, for the Treason must out, and then she's undone;

undone, he can never forgive her; nay, what's worse, I shall be turn'd a starving; I can't work; and we ancient Gentlewomen that live upon the Sins of our Relations, are very ill qualified to get a Penny in the Fear of Grace. Well, take Warning by me, good Dames, for it is not only an ill Thing in being accessary to the Debauching your Kindred; but it is a provoking Thing to see young Girls partake of what we cannot. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Garden; in the Middle* Debtford-Wells.

Enter several as Drinking the Waters, Florella *and* Violante.

Flor. WELL, I am satisfied, my roving Rascal, *Reveller,* and Mrs. *Raison,* have been together this Night, I watch'd her stealing in this Morning at Five a Clock, and I do not know of any other Lover she has here about.

Viol. I suppose my Lord and he have not separated whatever Adventure they've had; well, I wish I had not seen him.

Flor. Why so? You must have some Body, and why not him; he's a pretty Gentleman, and besides a Lord, and that you know goes a great way with a Merchant's Daughter; most of our young Nobility by the Extravagance of their Fathers are left very inconsiderable in their Fortunes; so their Quality being necessitated for Money, and our Citizens ambitious of Honour, many a Title has been kept up by the Pride of a Tradesman, who never values what he gives for a Nobleman to his Son-in-law.

Viol.

Viol. Tis true, and Interest is so absolute, and Poverty so pressing, that a Taylor who can but get a considerable Estate, need not despair of seeing his Daughter die a Countess.

Flor. Well, Sir *Thomas* has told us what pass'd between him and his Son last Night, our shifting of Cloaths may conceal us; and I am resolv'd to teaze him, and all the Fools that talk to me this Morning, as far as the Spleen of a jealous Mistress can reach.

Viol. Agreed, we shall have Variety of Game presently, the Coxcombs thicken already.

Enter Sir William Thoughtless *and Captain* Bounce.

Sir *Will. Bounce*, come along, ha! A Brace of tite Lasses yonder, let's make up to 'em ---- How do you, Ladies? Why this melancholly Velvet upon such fair Complexions? Has the Chilness of the Waters made the Roses on your Cheeks to fade? Or has their Influence rudely press'd upon the Tip of your Noses, and made 'em black and sharp?

Viol. How ever sharp they have made our Noses, they have had no Effects upon your Understanding, for your Language is as ridiculous as your Person.

Cap. *Bou.* Prithee, Sir *William*, let's seek some other Game, these have better Tongues than our usual Acquaintance.

Sir *Will.* No, gad, my Stock of Railery's not out yet.

Viol. I believe you may put it all into a Sentence, and not be out of Breath with a Delivery.

Sir *Will.* Why, gad, I love to talk with Vizards mightily, for we have the Privilege of Railing as much as we please.

Flor.

Flor. Without running the Danger of being beaten for it.

Sir *Will.* Why, pull off your Masque and I'll be civil.

Viol. If I were sure the Sight of my Face would frighten you away I would.

Sir *Will.* Why, you don't know but it may; I have known many a pleasant Tongue belong to a damnable ugly Face.

Viol. I see a very indifferent Face that belongs to a foolish Tongue.

Flor. So we have the Pleasure of being convinc'd, and leaving your Worship in doubt.

Sir *Will.* Damn me, I believe you're ancient, your Features are expir'd, and your Face is in Mourning for 'em.

Cap. *Bou.* Well said, Knight, my dear Sir *William Thoughtless*; Ounds, if she answers that, I'll allow her a Wit.

Viol. Or you'd be allow'd no Spunger; is he your *Probatum est*, bound to flatter a Fool, or dine with the Servants?

Sir *Will.* Answer me to what I reparted upon your Masque, and gad take me I'll kiss you.

Viol. No, I wear it on purpose to keep Flies from my Face.

Sir *Will.* Flies, Madam; why I am a Knight.

Viol. The best Excuse in the World for a Blockhead; tell but your Title before-hand, Sir Knight, and no Body will be surpris'd with your Conversation.

Sir *Will.* I must go now, *Bounce*, my Wit's quite gone, I have but one thing more to say.

Bou. Ease your self, and let's depart.

Sir *Will.* Gad, I believe, for all your fine Cloaths, you're but Servant-Maids in your Ladies Apparel.

Flor.

Flor. That's the constant Cant of the Citts at the Chocolat-House, where, as they receive Favours from nothing but Chamber-Maids and Trulls, they abuse all that are above 'em; how long have you haunted that Nursery of Fools?

Sir *Will.* Ever since it was the Rendevouz for Whores-----that was a smart one, Faith; and if I have not seen thee there, I'm sure I shall Child, come *Bounce.*

Cap. *Bou.* Buy Bulkers.

Viol. Buy Bully.

Cap. *Bou.* 'Sdeath, if your Lover were here, he should find-----

Viol. None of you I'm sure ---- but yonder he comes.

Enter at the upper End of the Stage, Y. Revel. *and* L. Worthy.

Cap. *Bou.* Let him follow me if he dare.

Viol. He can't spare so much time, Sir, I believe, but if you'll stay a Minute.

Bou. I, Damme, I'll wait for no Man.

[*Exit Singing.*

Flor. Look you, Sister, yonder comes our Sparks, my Lover looks a little heavy for want of Sleep; Prithee let's slip into the Crowd and observe what Female Flag they'll first strike to. [*Exit.*

L. *Wor.* Faith, *George*, this was a narrow Escape; had the old Fellow satisfied his Curiosity, you had been in a scurvy Condition.

Y. *Rev.* Thanks to the kind Husband and Drugster, my Credit is yet safe; but see, here comes the old Gentleman with my two Champions.

Enter

Enter Sir Tho. Raison *and* Sassa.

Rais. Well, I protest, Sir *Thomas*, there's no living with you at this rate; Adsheartlikins, two more such Nights would kill me out right, my Constitution will never bear it.

Sir *Tho.* Then I'd never bear such a Constitution.

When I can drink no more I hope to die,
For without Drink Life's a dull Property.

L. *Wor.* Sir *Thomas*, good Morrow.

Sir *Tho.* Ah, my Lord *Worthy*, Gad take me, you're a Flincher, tho' ---- you serv'd us somewhat basely last Night; Faith, I am sorry to see a young Nobleman that has no Dependance on the Government, so like a Minister of State that has his Fortunes to make out on't.

L. *Wor.* Really, Sir *Thomas*, you must excuse me, I was weary Riding Post, that I could not help it, but I'll make amends speedily.

Sir *Tho.* But here's a Dog that left us too, Sirrah, Sirrah, some Body stay'd out till Six this Morning; Pray, my L. where did your Chaplain lie last Night?

L. *Wor.* Chaplain, Sir *Thomas*, I have none.

Sir *Tho.* Ha! *George*, good Boy, *George*, ah, pretty *George*.

SINGS.

At Westminster *a Sight was known,*
The like was never heard;
A Judge that never wore a Gown,
And a Bishop without a Beard.

Oh rare *George* ---- why, Sirrah, you cursed Villain, what do you think will become of your Soul,

Sirrah, to ſtand in ſuch a Lye to your own Father, and lay your Sins upon the Church, you Dog, as if they had not enough to anſwer for of their own?

Saſ. Pray, my Lord, take him off.

L. *Wor.* Well, Sir *Thomas*, to Night I give a Ball, or a ſort of Maſquerade at my Lady *Hazard*'s, and will fetch up loſt time: I muſt only go up to *London* on ſome urgent Buſineſs, and will be with you in the Evening without fail; Gentlemen, till then your Servant.

Saſ. and *Raiſ.* We'll prepare for you, my Lord.

Enter at one ſide of the Stage, Dor. *and* Aunt; *at the other,* Flor. *and* Viol. *Mrs.* Raiſ. *&c.*

Sir *Tho.* Why what abundance of Whores-fleſh is here! Landlord and Drugſter, let's have a Bruſh with 'em, I am hot-headed and can talk ſmartly.

Raiſ. I feel the Spirit of Scandal a little provoking in me too.

Saſ. Let us join, and combine,------We'll make 'em repine, as *Satyr* ſo fine,------Our Wit ſhall outſhine,------Their Faces Divine,------ And we'll ſing the Praiſe, the Praiſe of good Wine.

Dor. That's *Reveller* and his Father; what Women are they? They're making up, I think my Lady *Hazard*'s Daughters, let us obſerve.

Y. *Rev.* Ladies.

Sir *Tho.* Jackanapes, after me's Manners, Sirrah; why, what will you ingroſs the Women both at Home and Abroad?

Y. *Rev.* Nay, Sir, here's more Game; there's no Occaſion for Confinement in this Place. [*Going.*

Sir *Tho.* Rogue, I will make you ſtay here, and if you ſpeak with any Woman till I have done with her, I'll break your Head.

Viol. Is

Viol. Is this Gentleman your Tutor, Sir, that he bears so strict a Hand over you?

Y. *Rev.* He is my Father, Madam, as to the Begetting me; but an utter Stranger as to the Maintenance of me.

Sir *Tho.* He was my Son, Madam, when he was in his virtuous Teens; but since the Devil has stamp'd him One and Twenty, alas a-day, he has out-sin'd me like an Elder Brother.

Y. *Rev.* I may out-sin you like an Elder Brother but as to Estate I'm sure I'm the Younger.

Viol. What, is the Gentleman of Age, and worth nothing, Sir?

Sir *Tho.* There's a Thousand such Gentlemen about this Town, Madam: Why what, Sirrah, would you have my Estate before I'm dead? ---- When I'm dead he shall have all, Madam, I can't live much above forty Years longer.

Flor. And then he'll be as much past the Pleasure of enjoying it as you are now that have it.

Sir *Tho.* I past the Pleasure, adsheartlikins, if you dare venture, you shall find I can play on Taber and Fife still, Madam.

Raif. Old Instruments are a long time a Tuning, Madam.

Viol. D'you speak for your self, or the Gentleman, Sir?

Saf. Prithee stand by, married Man, what says your Ladyship to me, Madam?

Viol. You Sir, why who are you?

Saf. Who am I, Madam! a Reverend Alderman of the City of *London*.

Viol. What, one that lends Money upon Acts of Parliament, manages Juries in your Ward, and snacks with the Sheriff, give Courtiers Credit in Hopes of getting Employments, bribe Common-Council-men, cheat Orphans, and spunge Dinners all the Year round at my Lord-Mayor's Table.

Sir *Tho.* Well whistled Black-bird, a notable Baggage, and a Whore by her Wit; Child, if thou likest me, I will disinherit my Son, and settle all upon thee.

Viol. Faith, Sir *Thomas*, that would be a sure way to settle all upon your Son, for I like him so well I should give him every Groat.

Sir *Tho.* Pox on me for a Fool to make Love, and this young Dog present: Get you gone, you Rogue, don't dangle after me thus, you Booby; are you not able to walk alone and be hang'd? Get you gone and be hang'd.

[Dor. *beckons Y.* Revell.

Flor. Observe him, Sister, with that Woman whom I will have dog'd, 'tis the same he talk'd with Yesterday. But, Sir *Thomas*, I hear you are to be married to my Lady *Hazard*, and methinks this is not a very good Sign of living virtuously.

Sir *Tho.* Ay, Madam, I may marry her, but may love none but you.

Flor. But Sir *Thomas*, pray let us observe your Son

Sir *Tho.* Hang him Rogue, an inconstant Dog, a faithless Villain.

Mrs. *Raif.* So those are *Florella* and *Violante*, but who is that my false Villain's so hot upon?

Raif. Prithee let us make up to yonder Woman, I find these are too hard for us.

Saf. Thou may'st if thou wilt, but I gad I'll speak no more to the Sex.

Raif. Pray if a Man be so bold, what come you here for?

Mrs. *Raif.* Not to talk with Fools.

Saf. Prithee *Raison* let's give over making Love; adsheart, a Citizen making Love is as ridiculous as a Parson making Legs; I'll go to the Coffee-Room, smoak a Pipe, and drink a Glass of Mum.

Raif.

Ref. Agreed, where like true Tradesmen we'll seem politick, tho we know nothing. [*Exit Sal. and Rail.*

Y. Rev. This is a Happiness I could not expect. [*To Dorinda.*

Dor. I'm sure you don't deserve it, I find all Women are welcome to you.

Y. Rev. Only to pass away the Time with, Madam. Men may divert themselves with several Women, but only one can make 'em truly happy.

Dor. And how many of those ones have you said this to?

Y. Rev. As I never was really in Love till now, I never had occasion for the Expression before.

Dor. Do you not know those Women you talk to?

Y. Rev. No.

Dor. Your Love is blind indeed, when only a strange Petticoat can cheat you of your Mistriss.

Y. Rev. Upon Honour I knew 'em not.

Dor. They're my Lady *Hazard's* Daughters.

Y. Rev. Indeed!

Dor. Nay this is over-acted.

Y. Rev. By Heaven and Earth I knew 'em not.

Dor. The Youngest I hear is the Ruler of your Affections.

Y. Rev. I must confess, Madam, till I saw you I had a hankering that way; she has a very considerable Fortune, which in my Circumstances was very prevailing.

Dor. Besides their Father was Lord Mayor of *London*, their Mother I hear was a Court-Laundress, and being given to blab betray'd the Intrigue of a great Man to his Wife, and was cashir'd; but having purchas'd an Interest for former Service, got *Hazard* Knighted, and married him.

Y. *Rev.* You are better acquainted with the Family than I am.

Dor. But 15000 *l.* makes amends for all Faults in Parentage, and the Children are as acceptable as best born.

Y. *Rev.* Faith Madam, so far I must justify 'em, that they deserve better Families, for their Accomplishments will give 'em Titles without their Fortunes to Noble Blood, nor would the most Honourable blush to own 'em.

Dor. You speak like a Man of Honour, Sir, but we are observ'd; you must dine with me to Day.

Y. *Rev.* Blessings upon you.

Dor. Be in the Park at One of the Clock, I'll send to you.

Y. *Rev.* Must you go soon?

Dor. Immediately; they are making up to us; I suppose I have rais'd the Ladies Jealousie, and she has a mind to have a fling at me.

Flor. Why how now, Mr. *Reveller*, you're the Favourite of our whole Sex, I find the Lady's inclining.

Dor. 'Tis but your Leavings, Madam, she must have Charms indeed that can pretend to raise the Siege you have laid.

Flor. The Fort is of no great Consequence, not worth much Trouble, when it is willing to yield to such Things.

Dor. That's *Florella*, I'm sure, I know it by that despicable Speech;----I'll fret her more, I love as she, am equally malicious, and will try the Wit she's fam'd for. [*Aside.*

Y. *Rev.* Faith Ladies I'm not stubborn, the fairest in Conditions I give up to, and she who thinks best of me now may have me.

Dor. The Lady's Silence tells you she's indifferent; if you stand good to what we have agreed on, we'll seal Articles when next we meet; and if this Lady's

dy's Face has no more Charms than her Tongue, I dare truſt you alone with her, without one jealous Pang.

Flor. Pray take your Spark with you Madam, for if you ſhould relapſe, 'twill ſave you the Trouble of coming back again and being laugh'd at.

Dor. I have ſo much Good-nature, Madam, that I had rather make you laugh by coming for him again, than weep by taking him from you now.

Viol. Mr. *Reveller*, take the Lady home with you for ſhame, and put on clean Linnen both; 'tis mightily ſullied with laſt Night's rambling.

Dor. 'Tis whiter now than ever your Mother wash'd, and finer than ever her Children wore when the Father was Lord-Mayor, and made 'em ride in his Pageants to ſave Charges [*Exit* Dor.

Flor. Devil, does ſhe know us?

Sir *Tho.* A tite Baggage, by the Sons of *Apollo*; now, Madam, I hope I may go down with you.

Viol. I'll ask my Mother, Sir *Thomas*. [*Unmasks.*

Flor. I'll tell *Florella* how conſtant you are. [*Unmasks to Y.* Rev.

Y. *Rev.* Oh your Servant, d'you think I did not know you.

Sir *Tho.* Here's fine Work.

Viol. O yes, and ſo did your Father.

Sir *Tho.* Now Impudence, I gad, and ſo I did, Kitlins, and rallied accordingly, did not I, *George*. Iye luſtily you Dog, and I'll be familiar with you for a Fortnight.

Y. *Rev.* Why, Sir *Thomas* told me of you Ladies, ſaw when you came out, and we ſet you accordingly.

Flor. This will not do ſweet Mr. *Sly*, therefore follow your Damſel, and trouble me no more.

Viol. Is this the Lady that was with you laſt Night when Mr. *Raiſon* ſtood Centinel to ſecure the Paſs from your Father?

For. Good Man, we saw the Wife come in this Morning, and he following an Hour after, and begging pardon for his staying out so wickedly, but said it was to preserve a Lady from the sight of Sir *Thomas*, who would have forc'd her from his Son.

Sir *Tho.* Well said Wag-tails.

Y. *Rev.* Well, Madam, then you see there are those that will be less shy of their Persons, and not to serve with their Tongues.

Flor. And the fittest for your Purpose.

Enter several Women, Sir William Thought, Capt. Bounce, two or three Beaux, &c.

Y. *Rev.* Well, Madam, if I have but Patience, I find here's Encouragement for Chapmen of my Nature: When your celebrated Beauties are gone, I may have hopes among some of the ordinary Sort.

Flor. Yes, you may make Love as the Poor go to Market, when the Choice is bought up, you'll have the better Penny-worth in the Fragments.

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah, Sirrah, she's too hard for you, give over while you're well, for she'll make as great an Ass of thee at Board, as she would of me in Bed.

Y. *Rev.* In Language and in Love the Females are always too hard for us, they will have the last Blow; but I'll leave you to take up the Cudgels.

Sir *Tho.* No, hold there Sirrah, if they make so little of you, they will make nothing of me presently.

Flor. Well said Sir *Thomas*, don't let him go.

Y. *Rev.* Madam, I have an Appointment.

Sir *Tho.* Therefore you shan't go, you Dog.

Y. *Rev.* Sir, there is an old Saying, *Never spoil Sport*, and so much

Sir

Sir *Tho.* I know it Rogue, I know it; but I am like Rivals; when one is despis'd, let him do all he can to hinder the other.

Viol. Ads me, Sir *Thomas*, yonder's some *London* Sparks come down this Morning, some City Things, and *Covent-Garden* Beaux, pray let's rally a little with 'em.

Flor. Ay, but let Sir *Thomas* and his Son be within Call, for they say your Beaux, when they cannot talk with a Woman, are apt to beat 'em.

Y. *Rev.* Not when they've a Man with 'em; indeed when they're alone, they're like Hackney-Coachmen, if they won't come to their Terms they'll unrig 'em.

Sir *Tho.* How d'you Miss? do you come to take the Waters in hopes of being fruitful, or to destroy some unlawful Conception?

Mask. Neither; I came to satisfie my Sight with Sir *Thomas Reveller*.

Sir *Tho.* With me, Child, I gad I'm a Noun-Substantive, and am to be seen, felt, heard or understood: Prithee Child let's walk off a little, and be better inform'd of each other.

Sir Thomas *and* Mask *goes to the upper end of the Stage*, *Mrs.* Raison *takes* Y. Reveller *aside*, *the* Beaux *come down to* Florella *and* Violante.

1. *Beau.* Madam, will you please to eat some Sweet-meats, they'll expel the Wind and take off the Coldness of the Waters.

Viol. I thank you Sir, but I never drink any.

1. *Beau.* The better Hopes for a Lover, if your Spirits are not chill'd; Madam, I should be happy to be warm in such comfortable Inclinations as your Ladyship is able to bless me with.

Viol. Indeed Sir, my Inclinations are as Comfortless as the Waters you speak of, for I'm troubled

bled with a Fit of the Spleen, and desire to be in Private.

1. *Beau.* I should be accessary to your Disquiet to encourage your Melancholly, by leaving you, and there----

Viol. You will be accessary to your being ill-used if you encourage your Impertinence.

1. *Beau.* Ah Madam, we Lovers and Pilgrims, in the Devotion of the Fair Sex, must bear much more, the fiercer you are at first in your Indignation, the fonder you are at last of an Assignation.

2. *Beau.* Rot her, let her depart, she'll follow us anon.

Viol. For what, your Charity; let me alone till that Time comes, and you'll oblige me.

Sir *Will.* to *Flor.* Madam, Madam, this will not pass upon me.

Flor. No, Sir, nor upon me, I told you my Mind before.

Sir *Will.* P'shaw, Pox, I know thee well enough; come, come, unmask, and let's be familiar, as we have been.

Flor. What, d'you take me for one of the Orange-Wenches at the Play-House, that fasten upon every Fool they meet with.

Viol. And disturb the rest of the Audience with their nauseous impudent Behaviour.

2. *Beau.* I protest I think the Ladies are somewhat in the Right of that, those Creatures are very ignominious, and I see 'em encourag'd by Great Persons, and I think it a scandalous Object to see Quality condescend to be familiar with the Spawn of a Coster monger.

Flor. Do you use the Play-house much, Sir?

2. *Beau.* Out of Gratitude to the Ladies, Madam, who are pleas'd to bestow many Favours on me by the way of Ogle, Fan, the Language of the Fingers, I am mightily envy'd by the Men,

and

and have observ'd, that when-ever there is any Jest in a Play, relating to a neat, cleanly, slender, well-shap'd Man, the whole Audience have turn'd upon me, and maliciously ridicul'd the Perfections they could not attain to.

Sir *Will.* Pox o' this Puppy, Madam.

Flor. Nay, pray Sister, let's humour this Fool, and seem fond of him.

Viol. Ay Sir, there are abundance of those envious Fellows who are in their Hearts as much Beaus as the most eminent, and only rail at others because they are not lik'd themselves.

2. *Beau.* There are so, Madam, but 'tis a harder thing to be a Beau than they imagine.

Viol. Pray Sir, what are the Ingredients, I beseech you, which accomplish so fine a Person?

2. *Beau.* Oh your Servant, Dear Madam: Why, in the first place, he must have a very white Hand; if it be not so by Nature, he must make it so by Art; and he must be constantly taking Snuff or picking his Teeth.

Viol. Before or after Dinner, Sir?

2. *Beau.* No matter which, it is not that there is Occasion for piching his Teeth, but it gives an Opportunity of shewing the Beauty of the Skin: He must avoid all Wine for fear of Pimples; he ought to have a mighty sweet Breath, but that very few Beaux have, they ruin 'em all with Cashaw; he must keep in upon Windy Days, never miss *Covent-Garden* Prayer, and if he receives Visits in Bed, he must lye in his Perrewig.

Flor. And pray Sir----

Sir *Will.* Gad take me, Madam, I knew a Beau once that flux'd for a Complexion.

Viol. But how d'you pass away the Time?

2. *Beau.* Why, Madam, it never lies heavy on our Hands, we have hourly so many *billet Deux* from Ladies, that we are almost work'd off our Legs;

Lage; you never saw a Beau with a full Purse but really now and then the Knave with Wits at *Will's* Coffee-House will direct Letters for us as from Women, appoint a Meeting too, and make us sit sometimes in a Hackney-Coach six or seven Hours in the Cold, and the Devil of any Soul comes near us.

Sir *Will.* Pshaw, Pox o' these Beaux, they're damn'd poor Rogues, the little Stock they have goes all to Perrewig-makers and Washer-women; come, Child lets to the Ship, where we'll have a rich Dinner, Fiddles, and Mirth in abundance.

Flor. Sir, I thank you, but I like this Company much better.

Sir *Will.* Why, they have not wherewithal to make thee Drink, Child, they're as Pennyless as a Jew on his Sabbath; come along Lasses, I'll provide ye——

Flor. No Rudeness, Sir.

2. *Bea.* Pray Sir desist.

Sir *Will.* Damn me not I. [*Pulling* Flor.

Viol. What Insolence is this?

Boun. Be civil, or I shall unrig. [*Pulling* Viol.

Sir *Will.* Nay, nay, come along.

Flor. Fools. [Beaux *pull*

Sir *Will.* Jilt, this shan't do.

2. *Bea.* If you dare go out Sir.

Sir *Will.* I shall wish this Lady.

Viol. Mr. *Reveller.*

Y. *Rev.* Nay, Gentlemen, be not boisterous to so tender a Sex, but let 'em go. [*Strikes* Bounce's *Arm.*

Boun. Quads what d'you mean?

Y. *Rev.* I'll tell you, Rascals; come *Beaux*, Fools and Bullies, seek for Company that's fitting for you. [*Strikes all their Arms off from the Ladies.*

Sir *Will.* S'death, shall I draw, *Bounce?*

Boun.

Roy. Do, 'tis but retiring. I warrant he han't hurt us.

2. *Beau.* Sir, this Affront.

Y. Roy. Asses.

Sir *Will.* You're a Son of a Whore. [*They all draw upon* Roy, *the Women run crying out Murder.*

Enter Sir Thomas, Saf. *and* Raif.

Sir *Tho.* What's here four upon one? Courage, George. Rascals.

Saf. For the Honour of the 12 *Companies.*

[*Beats 'em,* Raif. *gets behind* Saf. *and fights over his Head.*

Re-enter Sir Tho. Saf. *and* Raifon.

Sir *Tho.* S'death, the Rogues Heels are as nimble as their Tongues.

Saf. Beaux, d'you call 'em, I have bounc'd one of 'em, I have made his Head ring, I warrant him; I wonder at the Impudence of these Fellows that would engross all the Women to themselves, and dare not look a Man in the Face.

Raif. We should have fine Work this Summer if our Fleet were Man'd with such.

Sir *Tho.* P'shaw, Pox, these are Bastard-Beaux, Counsellors Clerks, kept by their Mistresses, and palm'd upon us at *Epsom*, and these Places for Gentlemen: I know abundance of very honest hearty Fellows they call *Beaux*, who setting by their blind Side of being a little over-neat will be Drunk with their Friends, fight for their Friends, pimp for their Friends, and do what Friends ought to do; but these are Scoundrels, awkard things of your Chocolate-House that depend upon Ordinaries, and go at Twelve with a charitable Man at the Groom-Porter's, Beaux to Day, and Beggars to-morrow, for whose

whose Coming into the World no Man e'er rejoyc'd, or for whose going out any will ever grieve.

Saf. I have seen these spruce Tits look scornfully, and as sour upon a plain-dress'd Country-Gentleman as a Grumbletonian upon a Clergy-man that has taken the Oaths------ But, Neighbour *Raison*, what made you keep so behind me all the Fray, and push me forward?

Raif. Why, in case you had been run thorough, I had been ready to have carry'd you off in my Arms.

Saf. A Pox o' your Civility, but 'tis much better as 'tis.

Sir *Tho.* But come let's after these Baggages to Dinner, where, if occasion be, you must vouch for me.

Saf. In what?

Sir *Tho.* Why that I knew *Florella* and *Violante* for all their Masks.

Saf. Why, were those they you talk'd to?

Sir *Tho.* Ay, I gad, stand by me, or the Mother will give me over else; can you swear heartily?

Raif. Are we not Tradesmen, what a Question's that to a Shop-keeper?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Park.*

Enter Young Reveller.

Y. *Rev.* I am punctual to my Time, 'tis just One by the Sun-dial; if this Lady should convince me she is honest, and has a Fortune, I might be Fool enough to love her in good earnest; and that would be a Raically Trick to *Florella*; she has Youth, Wit, Beauty and Money; this has Youth,

more

more Wit, and Beauty, and may have more Money: I but *Florella* was my first Mistress; well, but this is my first Love, I only like the other as yet; Pox on't I'll not trouble my self with the Puncto of the matter, let the Stars take their Course, and Fortune use her Pleasure.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Mr. *Reveller.*

Y. *Rev.* Here my little *Peter* of Paradise, may I enter?

Aunt. Follow me.

Y. *Rev.* Till I'm weary of so good an Errand.

[*Exit* Aunt *and* Y. Revel.

SCENE IV. Dorinda's *Apartment.*

Dor. Now to my Lover, this Intrigue 'twixt him and *Florella* I would feign break off, I have consider'd and weigh'd every thing, and upon second thoughts, promise my self more Security and Satisfaction in *Reveller* as a Lover, than a Husband; for howsever fond he may seem, nay, even to Marriage, when I am known, as I must be, nothing but Destruction can be my Reward; however, I'll so order it, that he shall think the Conquest worth his Labour, and fancy he's the only Victor here.

Enter Aunt *and* Y. Reveller.

Are you not much surpriz'd Sir at my Boldness? will not my Freedom make me less esteem'd? Men ought to wooe.

Y. *Rev.* They do so always when they are encourag'd, but where they are approv'd and know it

it not, they cannot justly sure be thought the worse of: Errors of Ignorance are most excusable, Fools often fancy all that sees 'em loves, but prudent Men their Imperfections know, and give no way to such Self-flattery.

Dor. But Men too often, when they think they are lik'd, affect a Negligence of what esteems 'em: You're naturally vain without Occasion, but on the least Advantage most intolerable; many pretend to Favours ne'er receiv'd, others regardless seem when we strike first: So fickle and foolish are your Sex, 'tis more for Vanity than Love you court, nothing so wretched till we give you credit, nor nothing more uneasy till you've told it.

Y. *Rev.* Such Follies are, but such ne'er enter'd here; I of a contrary Temper am: Enjoyment is the least of my Affection, tho' 'tis the Crown of all, alone 'tis worthless: were Heav'n as easie gain'd as 'tis wish'd for, the Blessing scarce would tempt us from this World, improving Fancy, constant Conversation, frequent Addresses fed with courteous Hope, makes me uneasie till I am possess'd, but when possess'd, then my Impatience comes, then I am eager to encrease my Joys, and still the last breeds Appetite for more.

Dor. How charmingly he talks: Well, you have cunningly excus'd your self. Bring Dinner in. Come in, sit down there opposite, that with full Pleasure we may view each other.

Y. *Rev.* My Eye will have the greatest Banquet, Madam.

Dor. Your Ear too shall be entertain'd.

Enter Servants with Dinner; An Entertainment of Musick.

Come Sir, you seem uneasie.

Y. *Rev.* Blast, not my Entertainment with that Thought, Madam, my Senses are all charm'd with

such

such Perfection, they're crowding which shall be first gratify'd.

Dor. Some Wine; come Sir, Health to that Sense which is your Favourite.

Y. *Rev.* This Distance starves it Madam.

Aunt. Sir, with my Nieces Leave, I'll change Places with you; [*change Seats.*] Give me some Wine: Come Sir, to the delicious Prosperity of your emergent Inclinations.

Y. *Rev.* Nay, fill it, Madam, 'tis the Lady's Health.

Aun. Here is enough, Sir.

Y. *Rev.* I beseech you.

Aun. Nay, pray Sir.

Y. *Rev.* Your Pardon Madam, please your self.

Aunt. Well, that kind Word has wrought upon me, I hate to be impos'd on; come then, since it is left to me, a little more,---- up with it now; we Women can never have too much of a good thing, come Neice, your Health.

Y. *Rev.* Up with it full as my Love, come Madam, to your Wishes Satisfaction.

Dor. And to a good Understanding betwixt yours and mine.

Y. *Rev.* Cunning and sweetly hinted; pluck up a Spirit, you Dog, take another Bumper, and be saucy.

Dor. Sing the *Scotch* Song I love so. [*Song.*]

Now Sir, if you please we'll retire to another Apartment, for this is intended for a Bedchamber.

Y. *Rev.* Heavens! Madam, she may have Faith to believe, and Charity to believe, or I'm a dead Man; for I like her to Madness; this retiring carries somewhat of the face of a Bedchamber in't, she has a rare sleepy Eye, which they say seldom fails; if she has any comfortable Waters, I'll drink her into Compliance.

Dor.

Dor. Your Hand, Sir.

Y. *Rev.* My Heart's in your own, Madam.

Dor. I fear my Ruin.

But oh with ſuch a Bait I am drawn in,
It may excuſe, tho' not forgive, the Sin.

[*Exit* Dor. *and* Y. Rev.

Aunt. Now all's well, and my Fears are over, and ſure none can blame my Diſcretion in this Point; 'tis true, 'tis not altogether ſo honeſt as I could wiſh it, but the prudent part of it is good, and I am ſecur'd from the Thoughts of being undone, which of neceſſity I muſt have been any other way, and ſhe had better have two Gallants than none.

Pardon me Frailty, ſince upon the Score
Of Self-Security I encreaſe her Store,
'Tis to preſerve him whom ſhe had before.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Florella *in Boys Cloaths*, Violante *in a Masquerading Habit.*

Viol. THOU art a mad Girl to transform thy ſelf thus from one Sex to another.

Flor. Well, were I a Man I ſhould be a very wicked Fellow, there's ſuch an Air and Freedom belongs to Breeches, to what our dull and dragging Petticoats allow of, that adſheartlikins I fancy my ſelf of the Maſculine Gender, and am for ravifhing the firſt Woman I meet; Prithee let me try upon thee, 'tis the Faſhion now to begin with Relations.

Viol.

Viol. Well said Mad-cap, thou makest a very pretty Rake-hell, and I could almost wish thee capable of being a Husband that I might have the Honour of taking down your presumptious Spirit.

Flor. Thus accoutred will I court Mrs. *Raison*, and try if the Lady be constant to my inconstant Rogue, or whether she's for making the most of her time: I fancy she's a right bred City-Dame, fond of every young Fellow that can tender her ready Money upon her Counter.

Viol. If you can but manage the Man's Part well, he'er fear it.

Flor. All but part of the Man I am pretty well provided for; I can huff, and be saucy, be troublesome in rumbling their Cloaths, and talk a great while, seem to be familiar and force Whispers, drop out an affected Oath, and take Snuff, Stare till my Eyes are as stiff as my Cravat-string, Laugh only at my own Jests, and be only the Jest of the Company, and these are the greatest Materials of the Fools that make Love now a days; then I will Ogle, Tip, and Leer with either Court or City-Fop from the Jews Synagogue to St. *Anne's-Church* in *Soho*, or St. *James* in *German-Street*. Well, I'm sure to be diverted, but our Company Encreases.

Enter Mrs. Raison *in Man's Cloaths, several others, Lady* Hazard, *Lord* Worthy, *Sir* Thomas, Sal. Raison, *&c.*

Mrs. *Raif.* Now for the Ladies, 'tis Youth and Beauty, not Sense and Breeding, Conquers now a days; I think I'm a pretty Man, whate'er I am for a Woman: and this Beardless Boy may have as good Success with the fair Sex, as if I had been a Page in a particular Family, and destin'd

destined from my Childhood for a Comfort to my Lady's old Age; I must find out *Flavella*, whom I will court with such an Eagerness, that if she seems inclining, I'll make young *Revellin* curse her from his heart, and think her easy to each Fops Addresses.

Raiss. I wonder which is thy Wife among all those, Sir *Thomas*.

Sir Tho. I dont know which is thy Wife, but I believe any of 'em may be thy Whore upon a good Occasion; I never saw such Confusion of *Babel*.

Raiss. My Lamb is among 'em, that's certain; but I know no more how to distinguish her than a Shepherd a Stray Sheep, that's mix'd with another Flock.

Saf. This is a Heavenly Life, Sir *Thomas*, we lead, sitting up all Night, and being sick all Day, disturbing all Men, and abusing all Women; loving all Mischief, and hating all Good; affecting Lewdness, when you know you're incapable, which will bring you to the Devil in time, old Knight.

Raiss. Ay, and this, and I, if we do not reform.

Saf. I'm afraid shall meet in those everlasting Hummums with time.

Sir Tho. No Fox, above half a Proverb on thy side; thy Spouse will save thy Soul in spight of thy teeth.

Raiss. All in good time, your Worship coming into the Noose, my Lady *Wildard* may give me an Opportunity of returning your Jest, for they say Merchants Widows are as good at it as Tradesmen's Wives.

Saf. I Faith, Sir *Thomas*, you are to blame, I think, considering your Age, and what a brisk Son you have, to think of Matrimony, you'll not only rob her of her Jointure, but cheat her Expectations.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Good lack d'ye hear the Batchelor, prithee old Cracker of other Mens Pipkins trouble thy Head with thy own Abilities, and distrust not mine: Gadsookers I am a Boy to thee yet, thou Shavings of Harts-horn and Ivory.

Enter Young Reveller.

Y. Rev. *Cœlia was coy and hard to win,*
With artful Cunning play'd the Virgin Part;
But when she once had try'd the Sin,
She hugg'd the charming stinging Dart,
Cry'd nearer, dearest to my Heart;
Thou'rt Lord of all within.

Oh what a luscious Feast of Love I've had, the unexpected Conquest rais'd the Joy; full of Desire and Trembling with my Doubts I lay half satisfy'd, then half destroy'd, she cry'd, oh do not, do not ruin me; weakly she struggl'd till she seem'd quite tir'd, then fainting sigh'd; do force me Villain, do: I took the yielding Moment in its Prime, and sent my expiring Soul to seek for hers.

Flor. So, there's *Revellas*, but I can't find out this Mrs. *Raison*, I'm sure she is among 'em; I have a Trick to play her, and would no more be disappointed in my Mischief, than she would be her Man.

Mrs. *Rais.* What can become of this *Florella*? there's my Villain whom I will plague with Jealousy, if possible, as much as he has vex'd me.

L. Wort. Dear *George*, your late the Company has mourn'd for you.

Y. Rev. Oh! Friend, such an Adventure, such Joy, such Delight, such unspeakable Pleasure, incomprehensible Transport; Imagination cannot reach it, Fancy draw it, Nature match it, the World value it, Art improve it.

L. *Wort.*

L. *Wort.* What the Devil, art thou mad?

Y. *Rev.* Mad, ay; and so would you, had you been where I have; seen what I have; felt, heard and understood, what I have; thou hadst been in the uppermost Region by this time.

L. *Wort.* Dear *George*, what is it?

Y. *Rev.* I'll tell you when my Soul's cool enough for my Tongue to relate it; at present, Reflection's so vast in my Thoughts, it stifles my Speech, being above its Expression.

Flor. Some fair Lady, I suppose, Sir.

Y. *Rev.* You may suppose, Sir, but ask no Questions as you value your Nose, Sir.

Flor. Did the Lady you Din'd with, entertain you kindly, Sir?

Y. *Rev.* Look you Sweet-heart, I gave thee a Caution about Questions; such Familiarity at first Sight, is not agreeable to my Constitution, therefore keep thy Tongue within Compass, lest my Feet go beyond Measure.

Flor. I won't provoke the Rogue, lest he should be as good as his Word, and force me to discover my self: Where the Devil is this dry'd Fig of his?

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah, Sirrah, where have you been till this time?

Y. *Rev.* About some urgent Business of my own, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Of the Devil's you Dog, the Flesh and the Spirit: Ounds, Sirrah, what is the meaning I can't Whore and Drink with you?

Y. *Rev.* There is a natural Infirmity, Sir, allied to Fifty-nine, which in Cases of this Matter, do bear a debilitated Influence over the frigidiated Circumstances of halting Inclination, which being preingag'd to a foregoing want of Power, renders the Faculties incapable of exerting those necessary Ingredients which commonly are requis'd in the eager Occurrences of predominant Desire.——

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Why, you Rhodomontading, Canting, Bantering, Sputtering. ---- [*Offers to strike him.*

L. *Wort.* Hold, hold, Sir *Thomas.*

Sir *Tho.* Why, the Rogue's a Bantering of me, spitting out his superfluous Bombast, and ridiculing my Understanding, as if his Father was liable to his Nonsensical Raillery: Get out of the House, Sirrah.

Omnes. Nay, hold, Sir *Thomas*, not so.

Sir *Tho.* I have liv'd to a fine Age, a fine Time. I mean indeed----Sirrah, get you out.

Lady *Haz.* Nay, Sir *Thomas*, let me intercede.

Sir *Tho.* Why, 'tis a Shame, Madam, what an impudent Son-in-law will he be to your Ladyship, when 'tis such an insolent Rascal to his own Father.

Lady *Haz.* I warrant you, Sir.

Y. *Rev.* Hark, you Sir, lay by your Mustiness, or my Lady shall know how brisk your Worship was at the Wells to all the Masques you met with.

Sir *Tho.* Dog-Rogue, shall she so------well; I won't disturb the Company now, but another time. [*Winks at his Son, and puts his Finger on his Nose.*

Lady *Haz.* Come, come, a Dance.

All. Ay, a Dance, a Dance.

Sir *Tho.* Gad so, it's break o'Day: Come on then, strike up now, Rogue, I'll frigiditate you. [*Cuts a Caper.*

Enter Dorinda *and* Aunt.

Dor. My Fears are true, and he is false as Hell.

Aunt. What could you expect less from such a wild Fellow? (ter'd in an Hour----

Dor. Peace, Mischief! inconstant Villain, al-
Are all those Charms which extasy'd his Senses,
Those melting Joys, his Life could scarce dispence
When all his Spirits with Excess of Bliss, (with a

Lay

Lay gasping as in Fits struggling for Vent,
As if his Soul had sicked with the Pleasure,
And Nature could not bear the vast Delight.

Aunt. Come, will you go Home, now you're satisfied?

Dor. There's *Worthy* and *Violante*, whom he spoke of,
That is *Florella*, whom he's coupled with;
I'll stay and watch a little, tho' I burst.

L. *Wort.* Oh! here's more Company; Ladies, will you Dance?

Dor. Not yet, Sir, if you please.

L. *Wort.* Your Time's your own.

Dor. Why, there's another Villain, whom, tho' I love not, I hate to think another should get from me.

Lady *Haz.* Hold, Sir *Thomas*, I swear you'll kill us all, there is no Dancing with you.

[Dance. *All the time of Dancing, Sir* Thomas *calls to his Son; about* George, *there's frigiditate for you.*

Sir *Tho.* Ay, Madam, here's a true *English* Heart for you, uncorrupted with the gross Luxuries of the Age, a plain well-bred North-Country Tit, that shall tire Forty of these *Barbary* Colts, and break their Backs, Gad take me.

Mrs. *Raif.* Sure that must be *Florella*, I'll try her. [*Goes up to* Dor.

Flor. Certainly that must be the Woman *Reveller* talk'd to at the *Wells*, 'tis just her Shape and Air; I'll bear up to her, and try her Inclinations.

[*Goes up to* Dor.

Viol. Well, my Lord, I'll take into Consideration what you say, and if your Inclinations be as honourable as your Language.

L. *Wort.* Else, curse me from the Blessing I desire.

Y. *Rev.* This must be *Florella*: Come, why so froward little Mad-cap? Do you think it possible

ſible to diſguiſe your ſelf from ſo zealous a Lover?

Wom. I don't know who he takes me for, but I'll humour his Suppoſition for Sport ſake.

Dor. Confuſion, how fond he is!

A Banquet of Sweet-meats.

Flor. to *Dor.* Madam, what makes your Ladyſhip keep ſo far from the Company, will you not make one at the Collation?

Mrs. *Raiſ.* Sir, I had the Honour to ſpeak firſt to this Lady, and deſire you would make your Addreſſes elſewhere.

Dor. Fools! [*All this while Y.* Revel. *and the ſtrange Woman are toying together, and* Dor. *is looking at 'em uneaſy.*

Flor. Sir, I hope my Civility, tho' not ſo early as yours, is no Affront to the fair Lady, and till ſhe tells me, I'm troubleſome, I ſhall follow my own will. [*Both take* Dor. *by the Hand.*

Dor. Oh! how the Poppets toy! Diſtraction. Nay, Gentlemen, I never admit Suitors I don't know.

Flor. I think I can't be diſcover'd; Madam, to ſhew how much I eſteem your Favour, I'll conceal nothing from you. [*Unmaſques.*

Mrs. *Raiſ.* A pretty Youth, Madam, I ſcorn to be out-done. [*Unmaſques.*

Flor. I diſcover'd firſt, Sir; and now, Sir, I am as much before-hand with you in Point of good Breeding, as you were with me in your Approaches.

Aunt. By the Pleaſures, I have paſs'd a Couple of ſweet Youths: Can't you divert your ſelf with theſe.

Dor. I hate 'em both.

Aunt. Well, would I had the worst of 'em.

Mrs. *Rais.* Madam, I'll tell you.----

[Reveller *hugging the strange Woman, and making several ridiculous Postures, kneels down to her*; Dor. *comes up, and gives him a Box of the Ear.*

Flor. I'll acquaint your Ladyship---

Dor. By Hell, I cannot bear it.

Flor. Hey-day!

Dor. Villain and Traitor.

Y. *Rev.* Is the Frolick to go round, Madam?

Dor. to *Flor.* and Mrs. *Rais.* If you've Honour, protect me.

Flor. This is lucky, 'tis she I'm sure.

Mrs. *Rais.* This is some Rival; Madam, my Service.

Dor. Both, Gentlemen. [*They clap their Hands upon their Swords, and nod at* Rev.

Sir *Tho.* Madam, can I serve you?

Dor. Perdition seize your Generation.

[*Ex.* Flor. Dor. *Mrs.* Rais.

Sir *Tho.* And the Devil take your Inclination. Why, what's the Meaning of this, *George*?

Y. *Rev.* Indeed I know not, Sir, some Frolick upon a Wager I suppose.

L. *Wor.* *George*, I'd speak with you------ my Blood is chill'd o'th' sudden; sure that could not be *Dorinda*.

Y. *Rev.* I'll wait on you.

Sir *Tho.* Come Ladies, faith we'll have no Bed-time yet; let's into the next Room, there's a fresh Entertainment. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Park.*

Enter Dorinda, Florella, *and Mrs.* Raison, Aunt *following.*

Dor. Now, as you're Men of Honour, I entreat you'd leave me to my self.

Mrs. *Raif.* Ay, pray Sir depart; the Lady would be in Private.

Flor. That's what I would be with the Lady, Sir. Come Madam, we're a couple of likely young Fellows, take your Choice, and he you approve of, the other shall give way to.

Dor. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis late.

Flor. Early by this Hand, Madam, the Sun's just breaking; come, take one of us into your Livery, and see how heartily we'll earn our Wages.

Dor. I have no Business for you.

Flor. If she knew me rightly, she'd swear it.

Mrs. *Raif.* Sir, methinks you might perceive by the Lady's Uneasiness, she would willingly have you gone.

Flor. And methinks, Sir, you might perceive by my Uneasiness, I'd have you gone.

Mrs. *Raif.* Not till the Lady pronounces, Sir.

Flor. Not, Sir.

Mrs. *Raif.* Not, damn me, d'you think I'll be Brow-beaten.

Flor. Ha! by Heavens, Mrs. *Raison*, that awkard Huff and Stamp betray'd it; I might have look'd long enough for her in Petticoats; ah! I'll swagger lustily, now I know my Man---- Look you, Sir, either desist, or I'll make you the first dead Carcase this Day's Sun shall breed Maggots in.

Mrs. *Raif.* Bear up, *Raifon*, and be not daunted, he's too well dreſs'd to love fighting, and too much like a Courtier to have any Courage. Sir----

Flor. Well, Sir.----- [*Lay their Hands on Swords.*

Dor. Nay, no quarrelling, Gentlemen, to end the Diſpute, if it muſt be ſo, let me go in here to my Lodgings, and I'll ſend for the Man I like beſt in half an Hour.

Flor. Upon Honour.

Dor. My Hand on't.

Mrs. *Raif.* And me Madam.

Dor. There, Sir, each of you has a Hand, but he that has my Heart ſhall be reſolv'd immediately.

Flor. We depend on't.

Dor. As I hope to be ſatisfied in the Embraces of my Choice.----

Flor. Swear by ſomething elſe, your Expectations may halt elſe.

Dor. Oh, *Reveller!* thou Hell and Heav'n, thou Plague and Pleaſure, come rid me of theſe Coxcombs. [*Exeunt* Dor. Aunt.

Flor. Now will I bully this She-Spark, and revenge my ſelf on her, for *Reveller*'s Kindneſs to her: Oh! for the Impudence of a true bred Page, and the Management of an old Souldier. Sir, being jealous of my Deſtiny concerning this Lady, and being likewiſe ſo ſtruck with her Eyes and Converſation, that my Heart cannot bear the Loſs of her, ſhould ſhe unluckily pitch upon you; I am reſolv'd to try, who moſt deſerves her by the Merit of his Sword, and not her Choice: therefore draw, Sir.

Mrs. *Raif.* Adſlife, what will become of me now?---- Draw, Sir!

Flor. Daw, Sir, ay draw, Sir; damn me, d'you think to Brow-beat me?

Mrs. *Raif.* 'Tis a pretty Fellow, and I could put him

him to a better Employment, than running me quite through. Sir, I don't think it worth fighting for, till we know her Inclinations, if they claim you, there's no occasion for it, and if it be me----

Flor. That if's impossible; for he that dare but think so damn'd a Lye, and so forth----

Mrs. *Rais.* I never saw such a little Fury; I must tame him in my own Sex, for I find this will never do.

Flor. Draw, Sir.

Mrs. *Rais.* Pray, Sir.

Flor. Rot you. [*Drives Mrs.* Rais. *about the Stage.*

Mrs. *Rais.* How, Sir.

Flor. Burn you.

Mrs. *Rais.* Dear Sir.

Flor. Sink you.

Mrs. *Rais.* Stay, Sir.

Flor. Damn you.

Mrs. *Rais.* Hold, Sir, I must discover my self.

Flor. Roast, fry and frigacy, chop, slice and mince your Soul into Atoms.

Mrs. *Rais.* Hold, Sir, I am a Woman. [*Kneels.*

Flor. This shall not save you.

Mrs. *Rais.* My Name's *Raison*, my Husband keeps a Grocer's Shop at the *Stocks-Market*, and here he comes to justifie it.

Flor. Rise, Madam.

Enter Raison.

Rais. I could not find out my Wife, but there was a Woman order'd me to come into the Park, and said, she'd follow me.

Flor. I am resolv'd to thrash him a little, for I'm sure he's a Coward. Sir, do you know this Lady?

Rais. Lady, Sir, what, a Lady in Breeches!

Flor. Ay, Sir, she says she is your Wife; this Lady in Breeches.

Raif. Nay, 'tis no great Wonder, for she always wore 'em since I had her.

Mrs. *Raif.* Oh! dear *Raison*, I disguis'd my self thus for the Masquerade; and making Love to a Lady out of Waggery, this Gentleman has drawn upon me.

Flor. Ay, Sir, And I don't know but by her Impertinence I've lost the Lady for ever; therefore I will have Satisfaction.

Raif. Why, Sir, my Wife's excellent at giving every body Satisfaction but me.

Flor. No quibbling, Sir, but take her Sword and do me Justice.

Raif. I, Sir, why, I'm no fighting Man, Sir.

Flor. No fighting Man, Sir.

Raif. No Sir, I can pay those that fight, and that's as much as was ever requir'd from a Citizen.

Flor. Not fight, and an Officer in the Royal-Regiment!

Raif. Why, that's only Ornament, Sir, it was never design'd for Use; but if we would fight, we have taken an Oath, not to strike a Blow out of our own Walls.

Flor. If you won't fight, Sir, I must have the Satisfaction of kicking you, thus Sir, thus Sir.

[*Kicks him.*

Raif. It may be a Satisfaction to you, Sir, but little or none to your humble Servant.

Mrs. *Raif.* Nay, Sir, if you have any Value for a Woman, let me entreat for him.

Flor. Well, Madam, to shew I am a Man of Honour, for your sake, I will forbear him.

Raif. Ay, but she let him kick me first.

Flor. And now Mrs. *Florella* has had her Frolick as well as your Ladyship.

Mrs. *Raif.* and *Raif.* *Florella*! I had some Suspicions of that effeminate Face indeed; Confusion, how shall I be laugh'd at!

Raif.

Raif. I thank you, Madam, for the Maidenhead of your Bullyſhip.

Flor. Come, Mr. *Raiſon*, you're ne'er the worſe Man; and I'll make you ample Satisfaction, for I'll marry Mr. *Reveller*, and then you may keep your ſpouſe to your ſelf.

Raif. Well, I am the firſt Man that ever was kick'd by a Woman, that was not his Wife ſure.

Enter Lord Worthy, *and Young* Reveller.

Flor. Here comes *Reveller* and my Lord *Worthy*, I'll have a Frolick with him too, you'll ſtand by me, Mr. *Raiſon*.

Raif. Not if he kicks like your Ladyſhip.

L. *Wor.* And your firſt Acquaintance with this Woman was at the Wells?

Y. *Rev.* The very Morning before you came to Town.

L. *Wor.* Hell and Confuſion; Oh! damn'd Jilt: methinks your Conqueſt was very eaſie, conſidering the Character you give of her Beauty and Converſation, that in three Days you ſhould bring her to Compliance.

Flor. They're diſcourſing about a Miſtreſs, I think, Mr. *Raiſon*, pray ſtand aſide a little and obſerve.

Y. *Rev.* Faith, what ſhe ſaw in me, I cannot tell; our Familiarity was ſomewhat haſty I confeſs; not but I could have ſtay'd a Twelve-month, ſo I had been ſure at the end, of thoſe Joys ſhe gave laſt Night.

L. *Wor.* Damnation on the artful Whore. Now I reflect, methought to me her Love was all affected; and her Embraces, which ſhe ſeem'd with Baſhfulneſs to give, proceeded from Uneaſineſs: By Heaven--- Do you not know her?

Y. *Rev.* The Name she told me, was *Dorinda*; I do believe she is of some Fashion, and debauched by some Noble-man or other, and kept here for Security of not being known.

L. *Wor.* Legions of Devils burst her canker'd Heart-strings.

Y. *Rev.* She hurried me away about Nine a-Clock out of her Back-door: I suppose the Spark was come, for one of her Scouts came and whisper'd her; it was a hearty Well-wisher to St. *Valentine's* Day, for she coupled us as lovingly and as securely, as if she had been to have had me her self; I think she call'd her Aunt: It was the wholsomest look'd Dame-----

L. *Wor.* O true bred, plump fac'd Baud; Then *Florella* is quite laid aside?

Y. *Rev.* No, my Lord, That I design for my constant Habitation; this is only a Lodging by the by, to divert my self with, whenever I'm uneasie at home.

L. *Wor.* And you're going now to her?

Y. *Rev.* If I can gain Admittance.

Flor. I'll have a Brush with you first, Mr. *Reveller*; you're a Son of a Whore. [*She strikes him.*

[*He lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Raif. O fie, draw upon a Woman!

Y. *Rev.* What, my little Mad cap in Breeches!

Flor. Hearing your Father resolv'd not to give you a Groat, and in Despair you had got a Commission to go to the Wars, Mrs. *Raison* and I come to offer our selves as Volunteers.

Y. *Rev.* Mrs. *Raison!* a couple of amiable Supporters faith, *Alcibiades* never regail'd himself with two titer Lasses----- My Lord, will you take one aside a little, till I step in to this *Dorinda*; for I am very Impatient to know the Meaning of that Box o'the Ear.

L. *Wor.*

L. *Wor.* A Friendly Request truly---- but I shall alter your Joys speedily: Ladies, pray walk this way a little.

Mrs. *Raif.* Mr. *Reveller*, won't you?

Y. *Rev.* I'll but correct my Watch by the Sun-Dial, and---- [*Ex. Y. Rev.*

L. *Wor.* Let him alone, Madam.

Flor. So, he's gone to his Mistress, I'm sure.

Mrs. *Raif.* What, the Lady that gave him the Box o'the Ear?

Raif. Gad I believe the whole Sex are turn'd Kickers and Cuffers.

L. *Wor.* The same, Madam; and if you'll promise me to use your Interest to your Sister, to pardon me in some things I have err'd in, I'll not only restore you Mr. *Reveller* wholly to your self, but entertain you with an unexpected piece of Diversion.

Flor. I do not know what you mean; but in any thing that's honourable, your Lordship may command me.

L. *Wor.* I ask no more, Madam.

Flor. Hey-day! here's Sir *Thomas* and my Lady, with Fiddles; 'tis a mad old Knight; my Mother will never recover the Fatigue of this Night's Disorder.

Enter Sir Tho. Reveller, *Lady* Hazard, Violante, Sassaph. *and Musick.*

La. *Haz.* For Heaven's sake, Sir *Thomas*, give over your Frolick; I am so sick and untoward, pray let me and my Children go to rest.

Sir *Tho.* Not till Night faith, Madam, and then not much Rest neither; for I am resolv'd we'll dance to a Priest, and be made Flesh and Blood out of hand.

La. *Haz.* How, Sir *Thomas*?

Sir *Tho.* Even so, my Lady, it must be done, and no time so fitting as now we are in a good Humour, therefore let's nick it; Widows, when they're heated must be kept stirring.

La. *Haz.* O fie, Sir *Thomas!* it requires Consideration.

Sir *Tho.* Consideration in Matrimony! Nay then, I'll be hang'd, if any Man ever weigh'd the State of Marriage seriously, and enter'd into't afterwards; I'll be bound to answer for my Father's Sins.

Flor. I wonder then, Sir *Thomas*, you that have prov'd it once, will venture upon it again.

Sir *Tho.* Why, how now, you little Smock-fac'd Dog, a pretty Boy faith; Sirrah, Sirrah, if you were in *Italy*----

Flor. Nay, nay, but answer me as I'm in *England.*

Sir *Tho.* Why, because I'm sure I can't have a worse Wife than I had before; and I would try if there be any better.

Mrs. *Raif.* Then I find you marry more for the Experiment, than for any Comfort the Lady's to have of you.

Flor. Therefore, if I might advise my Mother----

Sir *Tho.* Thy Mother! ----

Raif. Florella and my Wife, Sir *Thomas*, not being loose enough in their own Habits, have chose one to be lewd in with less Scandal.

Flor. Good Sugar-loaf none of your Censures; you know the length of my Foot.

Raif. Yes, and breadth, I thank you.

Sir *Tho.* Ah, my little Squirril turn'd Hector!

La. *Haz. Florella*, I wonder at your Frailty, to commit such an Absurdity in Discretion, by giving your self up to---

Sir *Tho.* Nothing but a harmless Frolick, Madam; I beseech your Ladyship not to construe it worse than it is.

Viol.

Viol, Well, my Lord, you have behav'd your self so like a Man of Honour in this Discovery of your Mistress, that it shall no way turn to your Prejudice in my Esteem.

L. *Wor.* Heaven make me capable of deserving so much Goodness.

Sir *Tho.* But where's *George*, what's become of that Rogue?

L. *Wor.* Sir *Thomas*, I have a Favour to beg of you and this good Company; pray ask no Questions, but follow me into this House; I have a Key here commands it.

La. *Hax.* What should this mean?

Sir *Tho.* Faith, I know not; but let's follow him.

Flor. Now *Vulcan* and *Venus* will be caught in a Net.

Mrs. *Raif.* Some Comfort, I shall know who this Rival is; come Husband.

Raif. Ay, Wife, where you please. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Dorinda's *Apartment*, Reveller *following of her.*

Y. *Rev.* Can nothing appease you?

Dor. Ungrateful Villain! Was the Prize so poor
It could not merit one Night's Constancy.
Oh! Curse upon my Folly which betray'd me,
Which gave such hasty Credit to thy Oaths:
My Generosity overcame Discretion,
And I am despis'd for being kind too soon.

Y. *Rev.* Conscience, give way a little, Madam; by Heavens I went strait home; nay, was in Bed when my Father came and pull'd me out, and forc'd me to go with him.

Dor. By Hell 'tis false; you went strait thither, I had you dogg'd.

Y. *Rev.* So, that won't do then---- Why then, in short, I should have been pull'd out of my Bed if I had not gone, and 'twas better as 'twas.

Dor. Why, did you not swear to me, you would not see *Florella* last Night?

Y. *Rev.* The Devil take, if I know I did; I fancy'd several for her, but as I hope to be reconcil'd to you, I did not to my knowledge see her; and to make you Amends, I won't see her this Week.

Dor. You'd sooner hang your self.

Y. *Rev.* Nay, if you won't believe----

Dor. I have believ'd too much, and you have promis'd more than you can keep.

Y. *Rev.* By the dear Joys possess'd, I will be faithful.

Dor. And will you not marry *Florella*?

Y. *Rev.* Buy Trouble so dear, when I can have Pleasure so cheap.

Dor. And you will never?

Y. *Rev.* Impossible, I should keep me here ever with thee thus, and scorn thy Sex besides.

Dor. Oh, take me all then! thus let us grow and never separate. [*Embraces.*

L. *Wor.* Within. By Heaven, a Shreik destroys thee;

Enter Worthy, *his Sword drawn, and forcing the* Aunt *upon her Knees.*

Down Bawd, down.

Dor. Destruction, thou art come!

Y. *Rev.* My Lord! [Rev. *draws.*

L. *Wor.* Put up *George*, here's my Aim. [*Runs at* Dor.

Y. *Rev.*

Y. *Rev.* Honour forbid that, and a Man so near.
[*Holds him.*

L. *Wor.* I thank thee, my Passion was too violent, What canst thou say, perfidious hellish Jilt?

Dor. I am struck o'the sudden, and have nought to help me; Where art thou Cunning, thou Devil at a Pinch, canst thou be backward when a Woman wants thee?

Y. *Rev.* The Meaning of all this?

L. *Wor.* I'll tell thee *George*: Oh! had I trusted thee before, thou hadst not wrong'd me.

Dor. Or had I caution'd him, thou hadst not known it: Curse on my Folly----

L. *Wor.* This Lady that has been thy Whore, was once my Mistress; this Reverend Matron sold her to me: her Father was an ancient Servant in our Family, and dying, left her with this Widow'd Aunt, whose curs'd Avarice betray'd her to me. In short, I had her for 500 *l.* for I did love her (to my Shame I own it) above the World: 'Tis six Years since, in which Time her Ladyship has somewhat weakned my Estate; for as I had no Wish above her Love, I had no Power above her Wish; all she comanded, and she has well repaid me: Thy Ignorance, and my Breach of Friendship in not trusting thee, makes thee unblameable; and she sure's doubly damn'd, to wrong me with the only Man she knew my Friend.

Y. *Rev.* By Heaven it staggers me, and I could wish----

L. *Wor.* It is too late, forget her as I shall, and we shall be much happier.
What sayest thou, Bawd, is't true what I have said?

Dor. Ay, let her speak; I'll stand to what she says.

L. *Wor.* Say, is it true?

Aunt. Yes.

Dor. Convulsions Choak thee.

Aunt.

Aunt. But as I hope to die out of an Alms-House, 'twas all against my Will; but she threatned to run away and leave me to beg, if I did not comply; and being old, and uncapable of getting Bread in any other Employment, I thought it better to wink at her Fornication, than starve through her Indignation.

Y. *Rev.* Madam, this has a Face----

Dor. So has an Ass; Confusion on you all.

[*Is going.*

L. *Wor.* Nay, not so fast, good Madam, we'll part with Witness, tho' we met with none. Sir *Thomas*, will you enter?

Dor. Must I then be derided; poor Insulter!

Enter Sir Thomas, Sassaph. Viol. *Lady* Haz. Flor. *Mrs.* Rais. Rais. *&c.*

Y. *Rev.* No, let her go, my Lord.

L. *Wor.* Nay, *George*, dispute it not; by Hell I'll have some Revenge.

Sir *Tho.* Why, what are we to do here, is there any Conveyance we must be Witnesses to?

Y. *Rev.* Yes, here has been a Conveyance, only a damn'd Mistake in the drawing it up.

L. *Wor.* Ladies, Sir *Thomas* and Gentlemen; I desired your good Company to see me take leave of an old Acquaintance, being resolv'd to live a sober, discreet Life, and bend my whole Thoughts towards this kind Lady, I have bid adieu to the only Mistress I had, whom by the way, Sir *Thomas*, your Son has rid me of.

Sir *Tho.* How, my Son!

L. *Wor.* I'll tell you more hereafter. Madam, you may retire, I have ended my Triumph.

Dor. That's she that has undone me; I could have work'd him yet for all this Mischief; but there's a Fortune and a Face too powerful.

Viol.

Viol. Is this the Lady that was so very severe upon our Parents? I suppose you'll wash all at home now, Madam.

Dor. May Jealousie unquenchable possess thee; may Impotence in him still cross thy Wishes; and may you love still in despite of both: for thee I have some Pleasure in my Ruin; thou didst intend, I find, for her to leave me; and I have been before-hand with thee, in him. And since we both design'd to cheat each other,

It is my Pride, tho' with the Loss I am curs'd.
I had my Man and was in Falshood first. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* I had my Man, and was in Falshood first! A notable Baggage by the Pleasures of Whoring--- but what a Pox, I'm still in the dark here---

Y. *Rev.* You shall know all anon, Sir. Now Madam, for our Design with the old Gentleman: if I seem to be fond of it, I certainly lose it; my Lord assist her.

Sir *Tho.* Faith, Widow we will to Church, and there's an end on't.

Flor. Of Love! indeed it may probably enter the Church, but seldom comes out: Madam, I have a Request to your Ladyship; you're shewing a very good Example with Sir *Thomas*, and really, I have a mind to follow it with his Son, but he's so very perverse towards Matrimony, that without some Assistance of the good Company, my single Interest will never prevail.

Mrs. *Raish.* What do I hear?

La. *Haz.* Why truly, *Florella*, I have no averse Exceptions to the Gentleman, if his Father be willing.

Sir *Tho.* Willing, ay, Madam, with all my heart. 15000 *l.* you Dog, and you not worth a Groat.

Y. *Rev.* I thank you Sir, but I value my Freedom above all Fortune.

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* You Dog, you have been free ever since you were born, and I'll make you draw now with your Father.

L. *Wor.* Ay, ay, 'tis time to leave off rambling, *George*, so much Beauty and 15000 *l.*

Y. *Rev.* My Lord, had I wherewithal to settle a Jointure upon the Lady equal to her Portion, something might be said; but I have so much regard to my own Honour, not to take a Wife who shall twit me hereafter with what she brought me.

Sir *Tho.* Twit you, Jackanapes, what need you value her Twitting, when the Money is in your own Hands: When Wives twit, Husbands may Whore with a safe Conscience, Hang-dog.

L. *Wor.* No, but Sir *Thomas* shall take the 15000 *l.* and settle 2000 *l.* a-Year on you, and make a Jointure equal.

Sir *Tho.* Pshaw, ne'er trouble your Head, my Lord, I warrant you I'll be a loving Father to 'em.

Y. *Rev.* As a Jew to his Child that had marry'd a Christian: Sir, if you would give me 50000 *l.* I would not marry.

Mrs. *Raif.* Oh! he has some Honour left I find.

Sir *Tho.* You would not marry, Rogue!

Y. *Rev.* No, Sir.

Raif. Come, pray, Mr. *Reveller*, be persw aded.

Mrs. *Raif.* What have you to do to perswade him to marry?

Raif. Because I'd willingly have him have a Wife of his own to make use of, that he mayn't borrow of his Neighbours.

Sir *Tho.* And you won't marry?

Y. *Rev.* No: pray Sir don't trouble me.

Sir *Tho.* You Dog, you shall marry, and I'll stand to what my Lord propos'd---but I'll make you marry. I'll have the Writings drawn presently, and if you refuse, I'll go to Church in a Per,

marry,

marry in a Passion, get a Son in a Fury, and disinherit you, you Dog.

Y. *Rev.* Well, Sir, to avoid the Curse of Disobedience, I will submit; nothing but my seeming Averse could have wrought this.

Flor. I thank you good People, tho' I fear I shall repent it.

Mrs. *Raif.* And will you be such a Villain?

Y. *Rev.* Faith, Madam, I have been a great Charge to you, and am very happy I can---

Flor. No whispering now the Man's sold, you have had your Penny-worths, I'm sure.

Raif. Come Wife, you had as good live honest, since you find you can't help it.

Mrs. *Raif.* Why, let him go; here Husband, take what you never had till now, my Heart; your Generosity and good Temper, however I have abus'd it, I'll strive to deserve it.

Raif. Why better late than never, *Kate.*

L. *Wor.* And Madam, may I hope?

Viol. My Lord, you may, my Sister and I shall take some Time first; when my Lady's fix'd with her Consent----

La. *Haz.* His Lordship has it; But pray where's Mr. *Sassaphras*?

Sir *Tho.* Dismal drunk in Bed by this time, I left him upon it at Three this Morning: Come Widow, I find we shall be the only Pair this Day, then, and be not frighted.

It dreadful seems to those who wed at first,
But we who've try'd it once can guess the worst.

Y. *Rev.* And may all contradicting Fathers (know,
Their Sons by me, may teach 'em what to do.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

WELL, Sirs, is't Peace or War, that you declare?
I am ready arm'd, So is my Second here.
If you're displeas'd with what you've seen to Night;
Behind Southampton-House we'll do you right,
Who is't dares draw gainst me and Mrs. Knight?
Be kind, Gallants, if you can Mercy show,
Press not the Plant which of it self does bow.
Ladies, your Goodness is our best Support,
The Men must like the Play, if you are for't,
And sure the Vizards will not cry it down,
Since our Intrigues resemble still their own,
Here all your Coquet Tricks to th' Life are shown.
Will you take us to answer your Desires?
We look like two kind-keeping Country Squires.
You'll say we're Chits, too slight and little made,
You'll scarce find larger in this Age, I Gad.
For such a Pigmy-Race are now come up,
They're but half sprouted, like a Second Crop.
The Fathers Sins are in their Offspring shown,
And each now Puny Chits's an elder Son.
Nature disowns the slender half-got Race,
Every Lath-Carcass, with his small Pigs-Face,
By Art, endeavours Nature to out-do,
And since he can't pass for a Man, 's a Beau.
If such as these your Favour, Ladies, find,
To Knight and me, as Paget, pray be kind.

FINIS.

King EDWARD III.

With the Fall of

MORTIMER

EARL of

MARCH.

AN

Hiſtorical - PLAY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

BY THEIR

Majeſties Servants.

LONDON:
Printed for *G. STRAHAN* in *Cornhill*, and *W. MEARS*, at the *Lamb* without *Temple-Barr*. M. DCC. XIX.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY,

Lord Viscount SYDNEY *of* Sheppey, *one of the Lords of their Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council, Principal Secretary of State in this Kingdom, one of the Lords Justices of* Ireland, *and Lord-Lieutenant of the County of* Kent.

My LORD,

WERE not your Goodness equal with your Greatness, I durst not presume to lay this humble Offering before you; but as in Distress, the poorer the Object, the nobler the Charity; so in my Circumstances, the meaner the Dedicator, the more worthy and esteemed Will be the Condescending Patronage of your Lordship. Nor ought

ought I to doubt your generous Favours, since your Predecessors were always great Encouragers of Poetry.

I must not omit the Renowned Sir *Philip Sidney*, (whose Father was thrice Lord Deputy of *Ireland*) which was not only an admirable Writer (besides his vast Accomplishments in other things) but so indulgent a Patron to the Sons of the Muses, that the famous *Spencer* dedicated his Works to him as the only Person capable of espousing 'em. But this Illustrious Worthy was at last taken from us (tho' to the eternal Honour of the *English*) in that Glorious and never to be forgotten Action in the Low-Countries, the Battle of *Zutphen* in *Gelderland*.

But I go too far from my Purpose.

My Lord, I could not help my Presumption in begging your Protection of this Play, it being an *English* Story so fam'd for the Reign of its Monarch, and the Management of those few good Men about him, who with great Difficulty preserv'd this Prince from the Evil Machinations of *Mortimer* and his Faction, from the potent Enemies of an Interested State; and the unnatural Connivance of a Mother (who design'd as much to usurp his Right as she really did destroy his Fathers) and the delivering their Country from the Tyranny and Oppression it had been long afflicted with, and which, in all probability threatned the total Overthrow of the Establish'd Liberties of the Subject.

I say,

I say, these weighty Motives induc'd me to consecrate this Piece to your Lordship, as a true bred Son of the Country, and a Person who has always valued the Freedom of his Native Brethren, above the Temptations of a prejudic'd and designing Court.

If Preferment could have drawn you from your Esteem to the Publick, never Bait was better managed than that which was offered to decoy your Lordship: But you stood it out with the Resolution of Sir *Robert Holland*, went on with the Sincerity and Prudence of Sir *Tho. Delamore*, and maintain'd it with the Spirit of Lord *Mountacute*.

The World cannot be insensible of the unalterable Esteem the Family of the *Sydneys* have constantly shewn both in their Endeavours and Sufferings for the Benefit of the Common-Weal. And sure (if we are honest to our selves) we must thrive, since those who always opposed the Enemies of our Country have, with much Patience and Diligence, overcome their industrious Mischiefs, and have now the Care of what they've so hard tugged for.

We have a King who thinks his Life no longer useful than when employed for the Service of his People; We have a Parliament stedfast and generous, the Publick Employments in the Hands of Men of Worth, Fortunes, and Honour: (not liable to be brib'd from Abroad) The necessary Part of the Nation satisfy'd and united with a Providence that

that has prov'd (by its Care of our Monarch, both Abroad and at Home) how our Choice is esteem'd Above.

That these Blessings may not be withdrawn, is surely the hearty Prayer of all the Well-affected; and that the Country may never want a Friend like your Lordship, is the zealous Wish of him, who shall always beg the Honour of subscribing himself,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

Obliged and Dutiful Servant,

Will. Mountfort.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Powel.*

I *Can but think how many here are come,*
Prepar'd to give the ensuing Play its Doom:
But like the Gordian-Knot *this Play was made,*
By one who brought it us in Masquerade.
Plays were at first design'd to lash the Age,
By shewing all its Vices on the Stage,
As in a Glass there each might see his own,
And being conscious blush'd at what he'd done;
The Fool, the Knave, the Villain they expos'd
And the Blood-thirsty Politician nooz'd;
But Virtue, tho' she suffer'd long at last,
Was Crown'd with a Reward for what was past;
The honest-thinking Heathen *shew'd the way,*
And handed down the Moral, call'd a Play.
Old Ben *and* Shakespear *copied what they writ,*
Then downright Satyr was accounted Wit.
The Fox *and* Alchymist *expos'd the Times,*
The Persons then was loaded with their Crimes:
But for the space of Twenty Years, and more,
You've hiss'd this way of Writing out of Door,
And kick and winch when we but touch the Sore.
But as some Fashions long since useless grown,
Are now reviv'd, and all the Mode o'th' Town,
Why mayn't the antient Way of Writing please,
And in its Turn meet with the same Success?
The Story's true if you'll believe Record,
Edward the Third *has stampt it on his Word.*
Here English-men *with Pleasure may behold,*
How much their Liberties were prix'd of old.
How hard this Prince for's Country's Freedom strove,
And how both prosper'd in each others Love.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING *Edward the Third.*	Mr. *Powell.*
Mortimer, Earl of *March.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Lord *Mountacute.*	Mr. *Mountfort.*
Sir *Thomas Delamore.*	Mr. *Kynaston.*
Sir *Robert Holland.*	Mr. *Hodgson.*
Tarleton, Bishop of *Hereford*, and Chancellor of *England.*	Mr. *Lee.*
Serjeant *Eithersside.*	Mr. *Nokes.*
Turrington.	Mr. *Bridges.*
Nevill.	Mr. *Freeman.*
Sly.	Mr. *Bright.*
Secret.	Mr. *Trafuse.*
Earl of *Leicester.*	Mr. *Bowman.*
Earl of *Exeter.*	Mr. *Sandford.*

WOMEN.

Isabella, Queen-Mother.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Maria, Niece to Serjeant *Eithersside*, in Love with *Mountacute.*	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

Lords, Attendants, Guards, Lawyers.

SCENE, *Nottingham.*

King

King EDWARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Nottingham.*

The Court of King Edward.

Enter Lord Mountacute, *Sir* Tho. Delamore, *and Sir* Robert Holland.

Lord Mountacute.

T much disturbs me, *Delamore*, that (thou
Of all Mankind should'st think my (Temper frail;
What hast thou ever seen in *Monta-* (*cute*,
Or read i'th Annals of his Ancestors,
To fear him, or suspect his Resolution?
Proclaim me Bastard, if my Blood proves base,
I tell thee good old Friend;

I'll banish Sleep and Pleasure till I've found
A Means to set my bleeding Country free;
And in the fury of this noble Heat,
Plunge through a Sea of Blood for her Deliverance.
Sir *T. Dela.* I question not your Spirit, But--
L. *Mont.* What?
Sir *T. Dela.* Pray give me leave:
Nay, I must chide you, for you give the Reins
To such a Passion may undo us all;
Are there not sharp Observers plac'd about us,
Who, if 'twere possible, would search our Souls?
This eager Fire will quite forestal our Purpose.
L. *Mount.* Well! I am hush't. (Thoughts,
But pray propose some Means may please my
Since you'll confine my Tongue.
Sir *T. Dela.* Nay, I'm for urging of our Wrongs,
There is a time (but calmly,
When Heaven will do us Right for all our Woes.
And if the Orphans Crys or Widows Tears,
The Blood of Innocents which stains the Land,
Can hasten Vengeance, sure 'tis drawing nigh.
L. *Mount.* 'Tis full three Years since *Mortimer* (began
To Lord it o'er us by the Queens vile Favour;
He stalks as on a Mountain by himself,
Whilst we creep humbly in the Vale below,
And eye, and curse, what we're afraid to reach at.
Sir *Rob. Holl.* In this short space, he and his Bro- (ther-Devil
Have made, undone, new-fram'd, shuffl'd and (tos'd
The antient Customs of our Native Soil
So very often, that the Kingdom staggers
Under the heavy Burden of her Change.
L. *Mont.* What are our Princes? what the No- (bles now?
Are they not Vassals to this Upstart's State?
No more the Fame of our Nobility

Be

Be call'd in mind; who when Usurping Powers
Did but attempt to innovate our Laws (stood
With their keen Swords like Guardian Angels
And kept the Harpies from the Sacred Fruit.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Is it not fatal to resist his Will?
Nay, none must smile if *Mortimer* be sullen;
Curse on his Pride: Why should we brook it (longer?
Why don't we boldly tell the King our Thoughts,
And make him Great in spight of evil Counsel?

Sir *Tho. Dela.* There will be *Mortimer* in every (State;
Some Favourite Villain to oppress the Subject,
Who sell to Knaves what honest Men should have,
Which lose their Right only for being poor;
The largest Bribe is still his dearest Friend,
And values not the Credit of his Prince,
Therefore 'tis just
The King should know how much he is Eclips'd,
Who 'tis that grasps the Scepter in his stead,
And how his Mother lavishly doth waste
The best of his Revenue on this *March.* (self,

L. *Mount.* It rests not there, she prostitutes her
Pardon me, for I will not giv't no better Name;
Is she not grown the common Tale of all?
One Palace holds 'em both, one Table feeds 'em,
Nay, I will speak it, Sir, one Bed contains 'em:
The Brawny Minion's dieted on purpose
To do the Drudgery of Royal Lewdness. (Knaves:

Sir *Rob. Holl.* How are we manag'd by a pair of
March rides the Privileges of all the Peers;
For who in Parliament speaks not his Thoughts
Must never have a good Look from the Court:
Whilst *Hereford*, the Reverend Chancellor,
Perswades the Queen she may dispence with Laws,
And renders 'em according to her purpose.

Sir *Tho. Del.* If as sometimes he meets a knotty (Point

Which will not stretch to what his Need requires,
He Summons the most Learned of the Robe,
Begging their kind Interpretation of it,
Telling how necessary, nay how Loyal 'tis
When the Prerogative o'th Crown is pinch'd
Within the Clutches of the Griping Law
To ease the Royal Power, and give it Freedom:
If they comply not, then his Greatness culls
From out the Scum o'the Inns of Chancery,
A Set of poor necessitated Rogues, (Court:
Who've run through all the Judgments of each
And these he makes his Learned Expositors;
These, as they steadily perform their Task,
He puts into their Places who refus'd him:
Some have the Fortune to ascend the Bench,
But then they're such Proficients in their Art
They'd baffle Truth tho' never so well back'd,
And dare the Devil in his own Profession.

Sir Rob. Holl. Justice and Honesty have left the
For since the Prelate *Hereford* is chosen, (Robe,
(Under Pretence that Piety best suits
To adorn the Person of a Chancellor)
Because on Conscience Equity depends:
The antient Practicers refuse to plead
Baulk'd with his over-ruling clamourous Tongue;
They tell you with a heavy Heart and look,
That after many Years of constant Practice
They must to School again and learn the Law.

L. *Mount.* Come, come, it never was a prospe-
(rous World,
Since Priests were Judges made of Temporal Mat-
(ters:
Why should we wonder People grow prophane,
When Miter'd-Heads lead 'em the way to Hell;
The Customs of their Ancestors they slight,
Have chang'd their Shirts of Hair for Robes of
(Gold;
Thus Luxury and Interest rules the Church,
Whilst

Whilst Piety and Conscience dwells in Caves.
Let's stem the Current of this furious Tide,
Our Country is the Parent of us all;
And shall we talk away the precious Hours
Whilst these vile Hang-men stretch her on the Rack?
Let's force young *Edward*'s Safety by our Swords,
And cut off all the Holds which bar his Glory.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Blessings upon thee for this generous Heat,
From hence my Fears and Jealousies, be gone;
Thou art the Soul of Honour new reviv'd,
Which for some Years, as once the *Romans* did,
Withdrew thy self into a willing Exile.
Action, there will be Fuel for thy Fire,
Great as thy Spirit courts, and worthy of thee,
The Matter's ready, and the Engin's fix'd,
Many prepar'd and eager for their Work,
But Place and Time forbid the telling more:
The Darling comes.

Enter Guards, Gentlemen, Turrington, *and* Nevill; *followed by the Earl of* March.

Waiters. Make way there—
Guards. Room for his Lordship:
L. *Mount.* See how the Toad swells with his own Applause:
Sir *Tho. Del.* My Lord you do forget.
L. *Mount.* I'm silent.
Mortim. *Turrington*:
Turring. Your Pleasure.
[*Petitioners kneeling with Papers.*
Mort. What are those Men which bend their Knees to us?
They seem as Suppliants.
Turring. So they are indeed from several Towns,
Cities and Boroughs they are come,
Humbly imploring you would intercede
For their lost Charters to the incens'd Queen.
Mortim. That is the Chancellor's Business.

Turr. They know your Interest greater and en-
(treat it;
The Judges have annull'd 'em; and unless
Your Goodness can prevail, many a Town
By their own Faults incurr'd will fall to Ruin,
And be a Wilderness; Thousands of Families
Now in the way of Life must starve and perish.

Mortim. Their antient Charters by the Law are
(forfeited,
But I will study how to get 'em new ones:
Our Time is spent in telling things aright,
This Kingdom wants it, and I am its Friend.

L. *Mount.* Was ever Pride or Arrogance like
(this?

Mortim. Nevill, What would those People have?

Nevill. May it please your Honour,
They are Inhabitants of the adjacent Corporations,
They all of 'em have Voices at Elections,
And promise for the Parliaments to come,
(like.
They will choose none but what the Court shall

Mortim. 'Tis well, and we take notice of their
(Wisdom,
See that you give 'em Welcome as becomes us;
Such Subjects must not want Encouragement,
And *March* be living.

L. *Mount.* Unheard of Impudence.

Dela. My Lord, we are observ'd, see he
(eyes us;
Nor are we safe whilst we stand trifling here.
(stiff.

L. *Mount.* Why let him eye us till his Balls grow
His Looks may fright those who have Dependance
I slight the worst and best of 'em:
(on him,

Mortim. Ha! What said he?

Turr. Sir.

Mortim. Read on.

As he moves, is met by Mountacute, *who frowns him; they stare at each other, and jostle.*

Ha, jostled!

L. *Mount.*

L. *Mount.* I find the Man is greater than the Room;
Sure else he might have strutted clear of me.
Mort. Thou art a froward Peer.
Mount. Thou art a vain one: Nay, frown not
Thy Terror's lost on me: (*March,*
Look big upon those Bastard *English-men,*
Who tamely yield their Rights and Charters up,
And swear to pick a Parliament
Shall sell our Freedoms, Persons and Estates,
To gain a short-liv'd Smile----
They probably may dread thee.
Mortim. Rash Youth, no more; lest thou pro-
(voke my Anger,
Till I forget the Palace that protects thee;
But the Eagle seldom condescends, I think,
To combat with the Passion of a Wren.
L. *Mount.* I tell thee, Boaster, that my Veins do
A Nobler, Richer, Purer Blood than thine. (hold
Mortim. Thy Words are Air which no Impres-
(sion make;
So Boys hurl Stones in Water, and so lost.
L. *Mount.* So Men shun Provocations under
(Proverbs.
Mort. Shun thee, poor Wretch; I pity thee.
L. *Mount.* I scorn thy Pity, and contemn thy
(Hate.
Della. Nay, *Mountacute.* (thee forth
L. *Mount.* Rot his proud Spirit--- Oh that I had
On some wide Plain to hunt thy haughty Soul,
Distant from all Protection but thy Sword,
There thou shouldst find----
Mort. A Prattler;
Thy Mother's Folly dwells upon thy Tongue.
Thou cam'st from School too early,
Fye Boy, fye. (neer of Hell.
L. *Mount.* Statesman, Statesman, thou Engi-
Mort. Rail on, and spend thy Gall, malicious
(Thing,
Whose

Whose Nurse's Milk still hangs upon thy Lips,
You should be scourg'd to Manners.

L. Mount. The King shall know thee.

Mort. Then he'll know himself.

L. Mount. Arrogance, I shall meet thee.

Mort. Beware the Thunder Child, 'tis dangerous.

L. Mount. If thou art so, like Lightning I'll fore-
(run thee,
And if thy self thou dar'st a Thunder prove,
Follow me *Mortimer* and I'll thank thee *Jove.*
[*Exeunt* Mount. Dela. *and* Holland.

Turring. Had you not Patience as you have the-
(Power
Of an offended Deity, this Language sure had been
I watch'd, my Lord, your Eyes, (his last;
And ready for the Signal of Dispatch,
Had laid his reaking Heart beneath your Feet.

Nevill. You are too merciful, too full of Good-
Such high Indignities call for Resentments (ness,
No less than Death; Pardon my Plainness Sir,
For here I prophecy, unless you break
This Serpent's Egg before the Monster's hatch'd,
'Twill bring Destruction on your self and Friends.

Mort. I thank ye, and am happy in your Ser-
(vice;
The Babbler I despise, he shall be punish'd,
The Envy that his Canker'd Breast is big with,
By preying on it self shall work his Ruin:
So Dogs behold the Lustre of the Moon,
And so run yelping backward into Madness.

Nevill. The Queen.

Mort. Retire, meet me anon, and we'll consult
(what's best.

Enter Queen Isabella. *All retire but* Mortimer.

My Lovely Queen, my charming *Isabella,*
The Empress of my Soul, and Balm of Life,

Ten

Ten thousand Cupids play within those Circles,
And dart the Rays of Love so quick and fast,
That all my Spirits leap to meet thy Glories.
Queen. I find my Soul so near resemble thine,
That when you speak, it hastes to catch thy Words;
So when some curious Artist strikes the Lute,
The Harmony excites the Astonish'd Sense,
And to the Face conveys the sudden Transport.
When thou dost offer up this Sacrifice;
Like *Cynthia* to her Lov'd *Endymion*,
I must descend and thus caress my Charmer.
Mort. To you alone I own my Second Being,
And can I pay my Life to other Use
Than the adoring of my saving Goddess?
Well I remember when *Carnarvon*, *Edward*,
By *Spencer*'s Art lodg'd me within the Tower,
Where every minute boaded still my last,
'Midst of Despair; 'twas thou my better *Genius*
Contriv'd the Means to save thy Vassal's Life:
A sleepy mixture artfully convey'd
Into the Wine, the greedy Warders drank,
While, by a Friend that thou hadst made with (Gold,
I pass'd the Guards, and fled the hated Place.
Queen. Could I do less than that for him I lov'd,
He who in Steel had fought my Battles o'er
'Gainst the false *Spencers*, and worse *Gavestone*;
He who all Danger in my Cause defy'd,
Was my best Friend against a Host of Foes:
Oh *Mortimer*, how happy had I been
If 'stead of *Edward* thou had'st been my Lord,
Then innocent and pure as Vestall flames
I'd come unspotted to thy wishing Arms,
And left no Stain upon my Memory.
Mort. Beauty like yours was ever absolute,
Crowns should not awe, nor should the Throne (command,
But he that's bravest, best deserves the Blessing;
Was

Was *Edward* fit to reap ſuch Joys as theſe?
Ungrateful *Edward*, who receiv'd a Prize,
Heaven could not match in all its wondrous Store;
And for return, inſtead of Prayers and Incenſe
Slighted the Giver, and the glorious Preſent:
A Minion *Spencer* muſt ſupply the Place,
A *Ganemede*, a *Hylas*, ſenſeleſs Prince,
The Gods Repriſal gave for the Contempt;
And for Reward of all my Cares and Toils,
Decreed this ſlighted Beauty ſhould be mine.

Queen. You Men are skilful in the Trade of (Love,
You ſound our Souls and catch our Weakneſſes,
Apting your Words ſtill to the Theam we're fond
And we believe 'em to our own undoing.

Mort. Whilſt thus I preſs, I feel a kindly Heat
Glow in my Heart, urging to eager Bliſs:
Sweets let me ſip from theſe immortal Springs;
Youth we'll renew, and Humane Nature change,
Making the extaſie a Paradiſe.

Queen. May'ſt thou for ever feel this pleaſing Fire;
May Fears ne'er cool it, Time or Age decay it,
Deſire for ever wait upon our Joys,
And may the laſt be ever thought the beſt.

Mort. What Brain-ſick Prieſts do in their Rap- (tures tell
Of the *Elizium*, endleſs Happineſs
Falls ſhort of what each Minute I enjoy;
But oh my Care, our Paths of Love are ſtrew'd
With Briers which thwart and croſs us in our Plea- (ſures:
Young *Mountacute*, with *Delamore* and *Holland*,
Thoſe ſubtle Bellows which keep in his Fire,
And raiſe and calm it as their Work requires,
Muſt be remov'd; Their Intereſt is great,
Their Prudence ſtrict, *Mountacute*'s Courage firm,
Their Fortunes able to maintain their Meaſures,
Which ſtrikes for thy Son's Greatneſs and our (Ruin.

Queen.

Queen. The Boy is pliable to all my Wishes,
'Tis a half Soul, bred in the Lag of Love,
And Spiritless as the Desire which got him;
We'll think of them at leisure.

Mort. No more then, now.
Let us retire to our Delights, unutterable Joys,
Oh! why should Death for ever part such Lovers
Fate? When your Pleasure comes that we must (fall
Let us together mount the *Etherial* Region:
But oh I fear my Soul's too poor for thine,
Queens have peculiar Stations sure Above;
I toss'd and shatter'd must remain below,
Ever imploring for my Heaven in view.

Queen. No, if the Powers despise my *Mortimer*,
Their Care of me alone's not worth my Thanks.
Single a Paradise I could not bear,
Heav'n would be Hell were *Mortimer* not there.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Scene *Opens and Discovers King* Edward *on a Couch, after some struggling Rises.*

King. WHere have I been, or what is't I have (seen?
'Tis said, the Soul, while the tyr'd (Body sleeps,
Her Mansion often leaves and roves Abroad,
Sometimes to Groves and Solitary Cells,
Sometimes to Courts, to Cities, and to Camps;

Mingling

Mingling with Crowds, then strangely left alone:
But mine has fall'n down dreadful Precipices,
Walk'd in the Charnel-Houses of the Dead:
My Father's Ghost staulk'd thus before my Eyes,
Cry'd out Revenge, then shreik'd and disappear'd,
With so much Haste, as if it seem'd to dread
The Hand of Murder did pursue it still;
Yet, as it fled, it forc'd the yielding Air,
To Eccho back, beware of *Mortimer*.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Lord *Mountacute*, Sir *Robert Holland*, with (Sir *Thomas Delamore*,
Wait for Admittance to your Majesty.

King. They're welcome, bring 'em in;
[*Exit Messenger.*
Then Headless *Kent*, my once beloved Uncle,
Led on a Train of miserable Shades,
Who seem'd bewailing their untimely Deaths:
With up-lift Hands they begg'd as for Relief,
And in sad Postures told their several Fates:
Then *Mortimer* led in my wicked Mother,
Who snatch'd the Crown from me and gave it him,
At which the numerous Crowds of Ghosts look'd (paler,
Their mangled Limbs broke out afresh with Blood,
And the surprizing Horror shook off Sleep;
What is it, oh ye Powers, that ye decree?
Am I design'd to fall a Sacrifice
To the ambitious Lust of this fell Monster?
If Dreams presage, or Visions can forebode.
The Fate of *Edward*, *Edward* must succeed,
If so you've fix'd it, yet I'll face this Storm,
Stand like a King 'gainst my rebellious Doom;
And perish worthy of my Dignity.

Enter

Enter Lord Mountacute, *Sir* Thomas Delamore, *and Sir* Robert Holland.

All. Health to your Majesty.

King. The like to all of you, ye are good Men;
My worthy Uncle *Edmond*, when alive,
Bad me select and value ye as Jewels,
When Dying, as a Legacy, bequeath'd
Your Faiths and Service;
I am too young to know the Arts of Men,
But by my Hopes I think ye mighty honest.

L. *Moun.* Our Happiness lies only in that (Thought:

King. Tell me my Friends, and with that honest
As suits the Character I have of you: (Plainness
Why is it that with folded Arms of late,
And heavy Eyes which speak distemper'd Minds,
Ye measure out your Steps?
Seeming like Statues more than Counsellors,
As Mourners wait upon the dead Remains
Of some lov'd Friend to his eternal Home.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Most Royal Prince, my honour'd (Leige and Master.

King. Honour'd! my Liege! my Prince! and
How like this sounds to *Mortimer*; (Royal Master!
I find he's grown the *President* o'th' Court,
The Star by which each Courtier guides his Hopes.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Rather a *Meteor* or some *Exhalation*
Rais'd by the sulphurous Vapours of the Earth,
Which borrowing of a Blaze from real Lights
Attracts the Eyes of Fools to gaze on it.

King. No more on your Allegiance, to the Point:

L. *Moun.* You have touch'd us home, Sir, now, (and we obey,
The Secrets of our Hearts shall be unlock'd,
Where you may read yours and the Nation's Doom;
It is the Man you've named which rides our Spirits.

Oh

Oh my lov'd Lord!
Why is this Viper harbour'd in your Bosom,
Which gnaws insensibly upon your Honour?
Why pamper'd with the Worship of Mens Knees?
You are our King, rouse sleeping Majesty,
Awake and view the Souls which wait your Rising,
To pay their long kept Homage where 'tis due.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Where now is Right? To whom (shall we appeal?
The Queen has plac'd her Power on *Mortimer*:
Whilst the Laws edge is Ground but on one side,
Nor that employ'd unless to lop your Friends:
The Man who dare reflect on his Proceedings,
Or pity but the Circumstances of *Edward*,
Is streight beset and sworn into some Plot:
His Life or Fortune's seiz'd, it may be both:
Juries and Witnesses are kept in Pay,
Who have agreed his Ruin e're he's heard.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Thus your good Subjects daily are (oppress'd,
Who perish by Consent of Perjury.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Thus whilst these vile Possessors (wrack the Land;
Your Worth decays and Glory runs to Ruin:
It can't last long they think, so make the most on't,
Assume your Right, or we must all submit,
Our Country like Estates held in Dispute,
Fertile in Woods and Parks the Pride of Wealth.
If he that's in Possession thinks it short,
He cuts down all the Pomp of's Ancestors,
Which many Years their Diligence improv'd
So worthy Men the Prop of future Hopes,
By this Usurper *Mortimer* are lopp'd,
Their Fortunes torn by th' Roots from long Succession;
And scatter'd to maintain Voluptuousness.

King. Is't possible! I always thought him ill,
But you Decypher him a very Devil;
Filling my Thoughts with Horror of his Crime.

Sir

Sir *Tho. Del.* Each Magistrate which should ad-
(minister
Justice impartial; why all are made by him,
Which ruin others to preserve themselves;
The Clergy and the Law are both his Creatures,
The Bishop Chancellor, takes Care of that;
Places of Trust and Profit are all sold:
'Tis practis'd from the Mitr'd holy Head
To th' Needy, Starving Verger of the Church:
You can't serve Heav'n on Cushions but you pay for't,
Or blister your numb'd Knees upon the Marble;
Then from the Scarlet and the Purple Gown,
Down to the very Cryer of the Court.

L. *Moun.* Well may the Nation groan while
(such as these
Sit at the Helm, and what expect but Shipwarck.

King. Now by my Honour I'll no longer bear
The ignominious Hand of a Controul;
I find my self enlarg'd; each Artery
Beats double Time, as if my Spirits strove
To be in Action; my Father's Soul
Shoots in my Blood, and prompts to Resolution:
Thus I cast from me
The Name of Duty and the Tye of Son,
Since thou art dead to Shame, be so to me.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Ay, now my Lord, you speak
(your self a King:
Do but appear with that Authority,
The Praise of *Edward* every Tongue will sing,
While ravish'd Heav'n does Echo back the Sound;
You can't want Hands for such a noble Work,
A Cause like yours would summon the Just Gods
With all their Thunder to the Royal Aid:
Oh let me kiss your sacred Feet, dear Prince;
These Words have added Years to my sick Life.
[*Kneels.*

King. He weeps, indeed the honest Man
Does weep; raise *Delamore*, for I will be my self.
And

And this Usurper *March* shall down to Hell,
All spare the Tree whose Branches serve as Shade,
'Till the spread Mischiefs kill the under Plants,
Then every Man assists to fell it down;
So this *Colossus* of the *English* Isle,
Under whose Legs the tallest Ships must pass,
E're they gain Harbour shall to Seas be hurl'd,
And in their Bottom find a Monument:
My Dream comes on a-pace, and I foretel
This Meeting ominous to *March*, for it portends;
The Wardship of the Queen, and he expires,
He seeks my Life, and Crown: Ah! Is't not so?

Sir *Tho. Del.* Right, Sir, that must be surely the
By his Removing you to his Residence: (Design
Why was not *Salisbury* as good a Place?
Oh! there you liv'd surrounded by the Peers
And Loyal Commons, 'twas a Place too safe.

L. *Mount.* Possibly he did it, Sir, to shew the
Your Royal Mother keeps it. But then (State
Why was not his fair Castle made your Palace?
No, your Eyes would pierce too deep in his Design,
For there he lives in Grandeur,
In Masks and Revels every Night he reigns
While all's barr'd up as if he fear'd a Spy.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* You now are open to each Traytor's
And in the very mid'st I dare avouch it, (Shaft,
Of those who long to taste your Royal Life.

King. Thanks my good Angel, thou hast turn'd (my Fears,
The Chilness of my Blood now Ebbs a-pace,
My shivering Nerves shake their Convulsion off,
And ye have rouz'd the youthful Lyon up:
Oh that I had the Hearts of these Blood-hunters,
This pious Chancellor and treacherous *March*;
Like young *Alcides* would I gripe the Snakes;
My worthy Friends be still about my Person,
Send instantly to *Berkly*, *Salisbury*, [*Exit* Holland.
Leicester and *Mordant*: You withdraw with me;

Business.

Business I have requires your best Advice,
For like the Marriner I see from far
A Storm is gathering in the distant Sky;
But with these Vessels I can fear no Sea,
The utmost Rigour of the Clouds I'll stand
Safe as the Souls which pity us from Land.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* Chancellor's *Apartment.*

Enter Sly, *and* Secret Assurance *with Papers in their Hands; then the Mace and Purse, the* Chancellor. *On each Side of him Judges who Complement him, and then take their Leave: Then the* Chancellor *sits in a Chairs of State, while the* Lawyers *present him with New-Years Gifts.*

1st. *Law.* I beg your Lordship would accept of (this poor Offering;
I have had but a bad Term; as the Times mend
My Acknowledgments shall grow greater.

[*Exit* Law.

Chan. Three broad Pieces. (*Counts the Money.*)
This Fellow will come to nothing, I remember him an Attorney, you know him *Secret.*

Sec. Yes, and please you, he was once of the House of which I'm President, he always shun'd coming into Commons, and us'd to Dine at a Threepenny Celler, always went to Bed by Day-light, stole Paper and Pens, and begg'd Ink, he had but one Band which he wash'd himself at the Pump, and then dry'd it by the Hall Fire.

2d. *Law.* If your Lordship be at Leisure ——

[*Gives him Money.*

Chan. Councellor Dundepate, I am glad to see you; I hope your Family is well.

2d. *Law.*

2d. *Law.* At your Lordship's Service.

Chan. You're a sensible Man, 10 *Pieces* ---- well I never forget my Friends.

2d. *Law.* There is a Cause will come before your Lordship between *Pluckat* and *Holdfast* ----- Now I am for the Defendant----*Holdfast* and the Case is thus. -----

Chan. Why, you Rascal, are you going to corrupt me with Prepossession of the Cause e're I've heard. ----

2d. *Law.* With your Lordship's Permission. ---

Chan. Sirrah, I will have nothing to do with it till it lies before me: Why you Jackanapes, because I indulge your Presents, d'you think I take 'em as Bribes, --- ha!

2d. *Law.* I beg your Lordship's Pardon, thus I confess my Error. [*Gives more Money.*

Chan. This makes some Attonement; but d'hear, if ever I catch you at the like, as opening the Merits of the Cause in private again----I'll make you such an Example, that that------ *Sly*, take Councellor *Dunderpate* into the Buttery, and give him a Bottle of Sack.

2d. *Law.* Your Lordship's devoted Slave.

[*Ex.* Sly *and* Dun.

Several Law. If it please your gracious Lordship.

Chan. Why, lay down what you have, I cannot look over it now.

They lay down their Presents, he smiles on some, nods upon others, more or less; as he likes their Gifts, they go off.

Enter Serjeant Eitherside.

Chan. Serjeant *Eitherside*, how do you? I hope your Brother-in-law Serjeant *Huddle-Cause* is well: I am glad to see you, you are my old Friend and Acquaintance,

Acquaintance, (let me ſee) above twenty Years ſtanding: Ha, is it not not ſo?

Serj. Your Lordſhip hits the Mark of Time exactly; and I proteſt the Honour you have done me requires Acknowledgment beyond the Talent I am endow'd withal; let me therefore, avoiding Prolixity, profoundly celebrate your Lordſhip's Praiſes, and acquaint the World, the Favours you have plac'd on me, your Creature, exalts me to the Pinacle of Ambition, and as an incumbent Duty obliges me to conſecrate my ſelf and Poſterity to your Lordſhip's Pleaſure: Give me Admittance therefore moſt humbly to pay this Tribute of Duty, and with it the Orizons of many happy Years.

Chan. The Man ſpeaks well [*weighs the Purſe.*] there's Weight in his Words; a great Sign of an able Pleader---- How does your Neice?

Serj. My Lord?

Chan. How does your Niece, I ſay, what art thou deaf?

Serj. She's well, my gracious Lord, and happy that your Emminence takes notice of her.

Chan. I never ſaw her, but am told ſhe's a notable Baggage, a tite Laſs and a pretty one.

Secret. Fetch her whilſt his Blood's warm, I ſee it glow through his Praiſes.

[*Exit Serjeant* Eitherſide.

Enter more who give Money.

Chan. Lay it down, I ſay, why I won't forget ye. [*They all bow mighty low and retire.* If this Trade were to laſt the Year round, I ſhould have a fine Time on't, Gold in abundance, without which (as *Anthony* ſaid) the World's not worth my Care: 'tis great Pity the Firſt of *January* comes but once in a Twelve-month. Every one of theſe crouching, fawning, ſniveling Sons of Perdition expect

expect I should do Wonders for 'em, but I know none of 'em; as I lock up their Presents, I bury their Memories;----nor can I recollect 'em under fresh ones----*Secret.* I am but a Man, yet am glad to do good in my Function when the Persons are truly sensible.

Secret. 'Tis a great Goodness in you then.

Chan. Why there's that old Spawn of the Serpent, *Eitherside*, a Fellow of rare Parts, eminent Practice; I have known him undo twenty People, and they never the wiser---a very wicked Fellow ----but then on the other hand, his Repentance is always so hearty, so substantial and feeling, that my Nature is overcome with his Penitence, and I can no more chide him, than I can refuse his Oblation.

Secret. Such Men are wanting to fill the Bench withal, and I hope he may stand fair in your Lordship's Opinion in the next Remove, he'd perform his Part rarely, he is no charitable, consciencious, timerous Fellow, but a thorough-pac'd Lawer, and mighty hearty in the Cause---

Chan. Say'st thou so Man, and by my Troth it was well thought on; if these peaking Velvet-hearted wary Knaves, that pretend to Scruples, and seem averse to comply with the Queen's Desires, hang an Arse any longer, they shall make room for more deserving Persons----I do admire they can have so little Grace as to receive a plentiful Salary, and make no Return for it.

Secret. I'll pawn my Soul for him---- his Temper may be moulded to what Use Occasion shall require; besides, his Wants will prompt him to comply, his Gains are not sufficient to maintain his Family as his Wife would have it, for she loves to go fine, as most of 'em do; and for a new Gown, would make him give away the justest Cause in the

the World; his Estate too is Mortgag'd past Recovery, to maintain her Pride.

Chan. But his Neice, *Secret*, his Neice.

Secret. Oh she is the prettiest Creature my Eyes e'er looked on, such a Composition of Flesh and Blood, so witty, so modest, so alluring---

Chan. And such a Servant I want, for I am grown of late so melancholy, I am not what I was--- we are all Flesh and Blood, *Secret*, if she is of a coming Nature she is made for ever; I grow aged, this turmoyling in the Government, what with my Affairs of the State, and bustling on the Bench, bandying about Equity, and one thing or other, wearies me out strangely---- I want, like the Heathen Monarchs, my *Seraglio*, to refresh me after the Business of the Day, but I must keep that to my self.--- And is she tractable?

Secret. Easy as Innocence it self; he's gone to fetch her.

Chan. Say'st thou?

Secret. He's gone to fetch her.

Chan. Hither?

Secret. Hither to your Lordship.

Chan. He shall be a Judge, let him bring her instantly; I am much refresh'd with the Thoughts that I can serve the Nation and my self so luckily---- Go and bid the Serjeant prepare for his Advancement.

Sly. I shall, my Lord. [*Exit* Sly.

Secret. Will it please your Lordship to peruse these Papers?

Chan. No, Sir, I design to peruse something else, I thank you, I will not have my Imagination disturb'd, nor my Fancy pall'd; tell me of Papers when I'm to give my Judgment upon Flesh and Blood: What, do you take me for nothing but Hurry-durry all my Life-long: Thou thinkest my Brains are taken up like thine, who's to be fined next:

next: No, thou Half-skin of Parchment, I have the Sin of being Covetous, tho' I love Gold extremely, not altogether in regard as it is Money, but because Physicians have told me 'tis a great Restorative, you Varlet.

Secret. I beg your Lordship's Pardon.

Chan. Pardon, Why, you Jack-Call to the Law, didst think I was angry, angry on a New-years Day, angry when Riches and Love is towards me? No, no--- but hearkye Sirrah.

Secret. What is your Pleasure?

Chan. That shall be nameless---- Sirrah, was ever such a Question ask'd a Man in my Office? why, you saucy impertinent----

Enter Sly.

Had is the coming, Rogue, say you? You little sucking Devil, by the Mass I'm strangely alter'd within this Half-hour--- Look you, I am not angry, *Secret*, as I said before ---But is she such a pretty sweet dapper Piece of Beauty? I will make thee a great Man shortly, by the Mass.

Sly. My Lord, she's whatsoever you can fancy; nor can you stretch your Thoughts into Imagination, but she exceeds it in Substance, her Uncle overjoy'd at the good Office brings her himself.

Chan. He shall be a Judge---- shall---- he is already.

Sly. See, they are here, my Lord.

Enter Serjeant Eitherside *and his Neice* Maria.

Chan. Leave us. [*Exit* Secret *and* Sly. A glorious Woman: how her Eyes sparkle, and how the Blood juts in and out upon her Cheeks, as if it hop'd some Good were coming toward her---come, sweet one. [*Kisses.*]

Her

Her Lips are made of Velvet, ſmooth, ſoft, and plyable; I'll Lip her and Eye her, and every thing her.--- *Serjeant*, as I told you before, I have a great Kindneſs for you, and hearing that you had a Neice of worthy Education, whoſe Merits ſpoke her Praiſe, (oh you little Baggage) I can do no leſs, having your Preferment in my Eye, than while I was doing Good for you in ſome meaſure, to advance your Neices Fortune, my Houſe wants ſuch a ſober, diſcreet young Woman to manage it, and by the way I muſt call you my Lord.

Serj. Oh Sir!

Chan. Indeed I muſt--- the Queen, upon my Requeſt, doth conferr the Office of Judge on you, as you deſerve; that for ought I know, you may be, in a little time, Chief-Juſtice.-------- This I have done, my Friend, to ſerve you: But to the Matter, what ſay you Mr. *Serjeant* (my Lord, I beg your Pardon) are you willing to put your Neice under my Care and Protection? ha!

Serj. My Lord, you ſo highly oblige me, I am ſtruck ſilent with the Manner of it---- a Judge, Chief-Juſtice, I am confounded with the Honour. ----My Lord, the Maid is whatever you pleaſe to make her.

Chan. Then I'll make a Woman of her ſpeedily. What ſay you, pretty Lady, are you free to take the Trouble upon you? I am a weak Man, and have but few Relations--- If I do well, I will make your Fortunes; If I die, you ſhall have no Cauſe to repent.

Mari. Would thou wert dead already; muſt I then be the Sacrifice to my Uncle's Ambition? be ſteady, Virtue, and aſſiſt me Heaven, tho' poor, I'll not be baſe.---- Oh *Mountacute.*

Chan. What ſay you Fair-one?

Mari. In any honeſt way I ſhould be proud to ſerve your Lordſhip, and obey my Uncle.

Chan. Pretty Innocence, I am but Twenty---- not so much I believe; I know not what I am.

Serj. He may in time make her his Heir, at least her Fortune's made, and I am freed of a Burden.-- My worthy Lord, her Mind and mine are all one, she is the Creature of your Pleasure, and will take any Impression your Lordship shall stamp on her. (a Jud[illegible]) Wife be of Comfort, thy Chariot shall be turn'd into a Coach; thy Pew at Church be stripp'd of Baise, and lin'd with Velvet; and thou shalt take Place of my Lady *Mayoress*, Neice; you were born under a happy Planet, Fortune throws her self into your Lap, make use on't while 'tis offer'd. A Lord--- oh lack-a-day, I can't contain my Extasie.

Chan. Have you consider'd, Little-one of the Offer? You shall command in chief, and be esteemed as if my Sister:
No Harm shall come to you.

Mari. I hope not.

Chan. Fear it not.

Mar. I trust in your Honour, your Robe's too worthy sure to harbour Ill.

Serj. Neice, you must not talk so impertinently: Incline your Mind and Body as his Chancellorship and Holiness shall think fit.

Mar. Hold there, good Uncle.

Chan. I am mightily o'er-joy'd it should fall out so pat that I can serve my old Friend: 'Tis an Angelical Jade, and I grow very warm; well, Child, I will take care of you. My Lord, within two Days your Patent shall be ready; I would discourse a little with your Neice in Private---- I protest things fall out so lucky.

Serj. I'll leave her with your Lordship.

Chan. Pray call me Brother-Lord, we are both Judges now, and Lords alike.

Serj. Then Brother-Lord--- oh pretty---I'll leave her with your Lordship.

Chan.

Chan. Do, do.

Mar. How, will you leave me alone with a Man, Uncle?

Serj. Peace, Baggage---Uncle---I'm a Judge.

Chan. Why, are you afraid of an old Man?

Serj. I'll make the Knaves that brought the Extent against me smoak---a Judge!---I'll league the Rogues---Brother, I am your Lordship's most humble and eternally engaged Servant and Judge.

Chan. Oh my Lord Judge your Friend.

[*Goes to the Door with the Serjeant and locks it.*

Mar. Ha! What now? I find here will be Sport,
But *Mountacute*, I will not wrong my Love to (thee,
I kept it pure unsully'd hitherto,
And will, spight of this mighty Man,
And mightier Villain Uncle.

Chan. My Dear Child, I shall respect thy Uncle infinitely for thy sake, thou hast the enticing'st Look with thee---I must peep in thy Face, and admire thy Features--nay, be not bashful, I am thy Friend, thy Governor, and thou art become my particular Care.

Mar. Nay, fye my Lord.

Chan. By the Mass, I have a greater Kindness for thee than I can express; why, you little Cherubim, what a pair of pretty, swelling, powting Bubbies hast thou got, they play in and out as they were at bo-peep. I must initiate 'em into my Favour.

Mar. Nay, my Lord, for Shame.

Chan. Sweeter than *Jessamin* or *Honey-Suckles*; she has call'd my Heart up to my Lips, but I'll make her draw it down to its Place: Come, Child. [*He pulls her.*

Mar. Nay, pray my Lord, do no Violence;

Chan. Why, you Baggage, if to look Babies in your Eyes, to play with those Lilly white Snow-

Balls, and to smother thee with Kisses, be to use Violence, I cannot forbear it.

Mar. Does this become your Coat, my Lord?

Chan. No matter for my Coat, Child, it agrees with my Body; nay, I must plunder.

Mar. Help, help, within there.

Chan. Hush, Huswife, here, here's Gold for thee, thou shalt have more than thou canst carry.

Mar. I never can deserve this Bounty, nor can I guess why 'tis you bribe your Servant thus, indeed you make me blush.

Chan. There she has me again, such another Glance and I am a dead Man: Fye, fye, a Bribe, a Paw-word: Why, I have given thee my Heart already, and going to put my Body into thy Possession.

Mar. For Heaven's sake are you Pious?

Chan. I am not Pious, nay, hang not back, for I will rifle thy Sweets, and bury my self in thy Bosom, I will, I will.

Mar. Help, Murder, Uncle, what shall I do?

Mort. within. My Lord, Lord Chancellor, ha! are you at it?

Enter Sly.

Sly. Sir, Sir, My Lord, the Earl of *March* is coming.

Chan. Let him go to the Devil, could he find no other Time but now, I never disturb'd him at his Recreations.

Sly. What shall I say, my Lord?

Chan. Say any thing, and be damn'd: Why, you Rascal, you a Lawyer, and to seek for a Lye.

Mort. within. When Priest, when come you?

Mar. This is lucky.

Chan. I must to him, the Devil fetch him; go, go,

go, into that Room, I'll be with you presently; nay, go, all shall be well, and I'll be civil.

[*Puts her off, and locks her in.*

You Dog, could you not deny me; had you no sooner done the Office of bringing us together, but you must break off the Bargain before we had Sign'd and Seal'd.

Sly. 'Tis some earnest Business in the Law, he says.

Mort. within. Why Chancellor.

Chan. Well, well, I am coming,
And when I have dispatch'd him, I'll withdraw,
And read another Lesson than the Law.

[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Castle.*

Enter Turrington *and* Nevill.

Tur. AFfairs seem veering, and the Fane of *Edward*
Which hitherto has pointed to our Wishes,
Is turn'd against us; Out of what Corner
Comes this Blast of Change? 'Tis sudden,
All are as hush as Murd'rers when escaping.
Privacy, the Waiting-woman's Virtue, is in Use,
And the young Prince has left his darling Sports
For closer Studies. (just now

Nevill. 'Tis odd, and we must arm against it,
I would have pass'd the Anti-Chamber,
And a starch'd Fellow grimly stop'd my Passage;
I ask'd the Knave, by whose Authority
He barr'd my Entrance, he replied morosly

'Twas by my Betters, and he would obey 'em.
Then I demanded, if the Rascal knew me?
Tur. What said he then?
Nevill. He answer'd, Better than I knew my self;
Bid me return. there was no Room for Scouts.
The ill-bred Dog had stood corrected,
Had not old *Leicester*, *Berkley*, *Salisbury*,
With busy Faces, come into the Room; (for.
To these he turn'd the Key, said they were stay'd
Tur. These froward Peers envy our Master's (Fortune,
Some of 'em have been faulty 'gainst the Queen,
For which they were forbid her Royal Presence,
And with a Surliness withdrew from Court:
What brings 'em hither now is worth Enquiry,
Unsent for I am sure they did not come:
For *March* and they, like jarring Elements
Have constant Enmity, and must keep distance:
But see he comes, with him the Chancellor,
He glows, the Prelate made him wait,
And we shall hear how he resents his State.
[*Exit.*

Enter Mortimer *and* Chancellor.

Mort. Must I attend your Leisure, wait your (Hour,
And herd among your Slaves, thou clod of Earth,
Whom I have work'd and moulded up to Form,
And breath'd a Soul into?
Chan. Why, my Lord, my Lord,
Mort. Thou hast forgotten thy Original;
When Pensive in a poor thatch'd homely Cell,
Lonely and destitute as Want could make thee;
No Wine nor Flesh to nurse a loose Desire;
Thy Lust was more to Food than Woman then,
The Sun's hot Season scarce could taint thy Blood,
Or if it did, thou crep'st to thy Turf-bed,
Which

Which quickly damp'd the Carnal Exhalation.

Chan. What will become of me? (Loaf,

Mort. How would'ſt thou bleſs the Founder of a
So needy, thou would'ſt plunge the deep mir'd
To hold the Stirrup of a Paſſenger, (Road,
While with expecting Eyes thou watch'd his Hand,
And with a face of Sorrow begg'd Relief.

Chan. Do but hear me. (hence,

Mort. Pitying thy abject State, I took thee
Cloath'd, fed and rais'd thy drooping Spirits up,
Plac'd thee where thou grew'ſt fat with ſaying (Prayers,
But quickly found that Virtue was thy Burden,
Thy Piety grew faint with Nouriſhment,
Thy Carcaſe was the Hoard of Luxury,
Where each Variety came tumbling in;
The Profits of the Church thou ſtill would'ſt glean,
But never did a Moment's Duty for it;
Pick'd up a Mendicant of thy old Trade,
He was ſufficient for the Work of Heaven:
Your Clergy's grown ſo lazy with their Wealth,
'Tis Drudgery if they Preach 'bove once a Year;
And if you're choſe in *Lent* you call it thraſhing,
Becauſe you think there's nothing to be got;
Like Sheriffs then, you had rather fine than ſtand.

Chan. Your Lordſhip is pleas'd to be ſomewhat free with the Church, if it knew you ſo ſharp an Obſerver, the Members of it would contribute towards your Removal.

Mort. I rais'd thee, I preferr'd thee,
And as thou didſt improve in ſerving me
From all the vile Neceſſities I've mention'd,
Advanc'd thee to the higheſt Place of Truſt,
Exalted thee from the meager Dregs of Man,
To be a ſaucy, proud, lacivious Prelate.

Chan. Nay, my Lord, I muſt confeſs you have done me many ſignal Favours, but I beſeech you, however you load my Perſon, have a regard to my

Function; Lacivious!--- revile me at your Pleasure, but forbear scandalizing the Gown; you may talk of what you please, and my Gleaning the Profits of the Church, but what can be Glean'd out of him that Fasts four Days a Week, and when he does Eat, takes no more then what will Just keep Life and Soul together?

Mort. 'Tis false:
You pamper your vorations Appetites,
Indulge Prædominance to that degree,
You exceed the very *Sultan* of the East;
But with this Difference, he at vast Expence
Keeps his *Seraglio*; you have all in Common,
Under the holy Covert of Confession:
You shrowd the Priest and sanctify the Whore;
Did I not bolt upon your rank Devotion,
And caught you acting *Tarquin* on *Lucretia.*

Chan. I cou'd give him a rub of Majesty, if I durst. [*Aside.*
What a censorious Age do we live in, that a Man of my Cloathing cannot press a Case of Conscience home to a Gentlewoman, but it must look like Force? But suppose I was doing what your Lordship said: say, suppose, why all Flesh is frail---- because we ought to be above Temptation; D'you think it possible to be so? We that are given to Fasting, eat Fish, and Fish is of a provoking Disgestion, and make the worst of what you were saying, 'twas but venial.

As the *Casuists* says,---- I confess to Ravish is a heinous Crime in the Sex that puts us to't, but if it raises their Affections the more, then it may be palliated; but as for simple Fornication, there's not a Novice in any University or College in *Europe* but is allow'd it, provided it be used as the Canon expresses.---- Medicinally, and for Health's sake.

Mort.

Mort. Leave guilding Vices with the Cant of (Virtue,
The Time calls on for Buſineſs; for the Offence
You have committed merit the Forgiveneſs.
Read that, and as you love your Safety ſee it done.
[*Gives a Paper.*

The Chancellor *mumbles as reading the Paper, Eyes* Mortimer, *at laſt ſpeaks the ſuppos'd End.*

Chan. -----By formal Proceſs.
Let *Mountacute* be ſpeedily diſpatch'd ſay you?---
is it thereabouts? I perceive who has nettled him,
and I muſt ſmart for't---but I have a Fetch-----
Diſpatch'd! ha, diſpatch'd!

Mort. Why do you heſitate? I ſay diſpatch'd,
Are you ſo ſqueamiſh you can't diſgeſt the Term?

Chan. No, my Lord, not I; but you ſerrit me out of the few Senſes I have---- diſpatch'd!---- murder'd!--- 'tis not my Profeſſion---- I will not turn Cut-throat for any Man's Pleaſure, if the lodging him in a Goal for his Life will ſerve, ſo, if not---

Mort. Away Triffler.

Chan. I am confounded; why, you have no ſooner done Chiding me for a little humane Failty, but you hurry me on to a Crime with a Vengeance.

Mort. Do you make Scruples? Let me but hear another Syllable that contradicts what I've decreed, and thou art loſt for ever--- I will diveſt thee of thy Pageant Greatneſs, expoſe thee as a Sacrifice to th' Rabble, and how they'll uſe thee thy Conſcience beſt can tell.

Chan. The Devil's in him, I muſt ſubmit, I have run my ſelf, like Thieves, ſo far into ill Company, that now I would reform, my Aſſociates won't let me: My Lord, I beſeech you be not

angry: I did this only to found the depth of your Lordships intentions, and since you are resolv'd, he shall be dispatch'd--- I have light on the rarest fellow, one that will go thorough stich in the Law, he must be a Judge.

Mort. Who is it?

Chan. Why Serjeant *Either-side.*

Mort, That's a dull wretch;

Chan. N'ere the worse for a Judge, they sleep half their Lives out---but he has a vast assurance and tho' he cannot speak much to the purpose, he has rare lungs, and will let no Man be heard but himself.

Mort. Well, work him, and make him what you will.

Chan. I was born to serve your Honour, I will retrieve your Favour, tho' it be by turning executioner my self, and for this fellow, he'll prove the miracle of the Bench as to your use, and will truss up your enemies with as little regret as a Farmer does the Moles which molest his Ground---it shall be done my Lord. [*Exit*

Mort. This fellow came from *Proteus*, the *Camelion* changes not faster.

Enter Turrington *and* Nevill.

How now, your business. (guard,

Turr. 'Tis of importance, stand upon your

For *Berkly*, *Salisbury*, and many others

Who not long since were banish'd from the Court,

Are now with *Edward*, close Lock'd up with him.

Mort. Ha!

Nev. By Heav'ens 'tis true, we saw 'em enter:

We would have follow'd 'em, but were deny'd,

Nay order'd to retire--- and the out-Courts

Are fill'd with rough hew'd slaves who guard the Lords.

Mort.

Mort. Withdraw to my Apartment, I'll come (presently;
[*Ex.* Tur. Nev.
How's this, so cunning Boy, Damnation:
Salisbury, *Berkly* and *Exeter*, I warrant too are there:
Are you upon the Catch my Polititians?
That *Exeter's* the Devil for a Statesman, and
Must be the Guide o'th Council too or nothing:
The subtile Fiend has left and sought more parties
Than all the Cabinet Pack shuffl'd together:
He was for us but faulter'd when he found
My Interest greater in the Queen than his;
He had rather be the foreman of a Jury
Than second in the Council of four Hundred:
Why *Salisbury* and he were ever Foes.
Constantly jealous of each others greatness,
And tho' they both have lik'd each others mea- (sures.
Still Contradiction was their practis'd spight.
But in this Cause 'tis probable they'll Joyn,
And to secure it give their spleen Cessation:
What's to be thought on?

Enter Queen.

Queen. What always musing, ever melancholly,
Beware of the infection none so wretched
As those whom Jealousy and Doubts possess.
Mort. But Madam mine's a subject calls for (thought,
No vain Chymæra but a just occasion,
Nevill and *Turrington* have brought advice,
And I am sorry I must tell it you;
Those saucy Peers who villify'd your Crown
Not sparing Censure of your private Actions,
Are giving vile Instructions to your Son;
Learning the Plyant Youth how he may shake
The Fetters of Obedience off betimes,

While

While eagerly he listens to the Charm,
And smiles to hear himself saluted King.

Queen. Is't possible?

Mort. Be you the Judge, for you it most concerns,
Since *Delamore* has whistled to this Sterlin,
All his Apartments have been closely kept,
New Waiters plac'd, those you put in discharg'd;
Lest they might do their duty and inform:
Tell me (my Royal Mistress) can you bear
The hand of Limitation or Controll?
Can you with ease resign the Glorious Throne
Into the hands of *Salisbury* and *Leicester*?

Queen. Distractions in the Thought---

Mort. Can she Obey who always did Command?
Can she Retire who ever liv'd in Splendour?
Nay thought the World too scanty for her Greatness,
Accept a private Pension, small Attendance,
And live by him whose Soul from hers took Being,
Whilst I must to their long grown malice bow,
Which their believing Life must be a plague,
Will give it me on Scandalous Conditions;
Nay blush not Madam, this must all be done,
And more, when these be *Edwards* Governours:

Queen. That ne're shall be, and *Isabella* Living:
Be thou as once when *Spencer Gaveston*
The Minions of my Husband did attempt,
To Curb my Will and I defy 'em all,
No *March*, if I for Love could give him death,
Think'st thou this Feeble spawn his slender off-spring
(Bred when I wish'd a Barrenness, upon me
So irksome and insipid was the Pleasure)
That he shall baulk the measures of my Soul.

Mort. She fires: (my Son,

Queen. Can the froward Chit believe, because
I'd still him with a play thing call'd my Crown,
And live my self on Curtesy of State:
The Fragments of the Grandure I had left
Perish ten Sons e're such a fit possess me.

Mort.

Mort. There spoke a Queen; this is true Majesty,
Appear and like the Planet of the day, (Lustre.
Disperse these sullen Foggs which Cloud your
Since *Delamore* and *Holland*, *Exeter* and the rest
Have Soar'd like *Icarus* beyond their bounds,
Their waxen wings shall melt in thy Bright Beams,
Finding i'th floods Reward for their Ambition.

Queen. They fall my *Mortimer*, they sink for (ever,
I'll visit strait the close Conspirators,
Who think themselves so hush'd in their designs;
As for this Rebell-Son he's a Disease,
And I will purge the venom from my Blood,
As if a Leprosy had compass'd me;
I will have no Competetors in Power.
If in the Fathers Time I rul'd alone,
I'll never yield that Honour to the Son:
Hard shall he tugg if he will have the sway,
And if at last 'tis forc't and Rack't away,
As I shall scorn the Conquest to out-live,
This shall a Period to his Triumph give. [*Shews a Dagger.*

[*Exit* Queen.

SCENE II. *The Chancellors House.*

Enter Serj. Eitherside *and his Neice* Maria, he *pulling her in.*

Serj. Come, come in, come in you baggage, you run-away Thief; 'Tis well I met you; I would not have had you gone home for 5000 *l.* gads my life I had been Unjudg'd before my Taylor had finish'd my Robes, I should not have had the Satisfaction of seeing how scarlet becomes me, and your Aunt would have turn'd you out of doors.

Mari. Why would you leave me then alone (with him?

Ser.

Serj. Chamber-practice, like that of Confession, admits of no Ears, but the Parties concern'd------ therefore be rul'd, I have not seen my Wife since, but had you gone home as I said, and she had known the occasion, and my Preferment had fallen upon't, she had turn'd you out to have got a Livelyhood by the same means you shun'd, which would not have turn'd to so good an account.

Mari. But Sir, he would have forc'd me---

Serj. To have pleas'd your self, come, come, no more Words, away with your buts, your ifs, and your yets, and joyn Issue immediately, or you're non-suited; must I be forc'd to use my Authority? Do not provoke me lest you sink under the weight of a Judges displeasure, we are dreadful fellows in Power, therefore have a care.

Mar. This new honour has certainly craz'd my Uncle: In my conscience rather than be degraded, he would stand himself by this Devil of a Chancellor till he perform'd the deed of Darkness; Pray Sir let me go home.

Serj. If you will go to the Place from whence you came, you shall thence to the Place of Execution, where you shall be hang'd till you're half dead, and then be cut into four Quarters, and your Bowels burnt for high swinging High-Treason, in Rebelling against the Soveraign Authority of my unspotted Ermin.

Mar. This Crime will make it foul:
Black as Hell's Practice or the Trade of Perjury:
What to do I know not; if I refuse I lose his favour, and that's my Bread; if I comply then farewell Reputation, let me be never so innocent the living with this Goat is sufficient Scandal to any honest Person.

Serj. What, again at a stand? why you perplex the Cause worse than an Evidence that's deaf and dumb, and is only to be understood by signs---Go

to,

to, and know your duty, for I expect an Obedience as if I were your Father, you're my adopted Child, and are bound to submit to my Commands; if the Ancient Measures of Divine and Human Laws are of any Force, and if they are not, I'll make new ones on this Occasion.

Mar. Command my Life and I will freely give it: But this is such a Task I cannot think upon it, but Horror seizes me.

Serj. Whence comes these Fits in the Devil's Name, they're not of the Mother I am sure, she would have swallow'd such an Offer, and have made no Bones on't.

Mar. Dispose of me any ways but this, tho' it be to my Death, I'll thank you for it, but to give my self up to the lewd Embraces of a Person I mortally hate, is far more terrible; and I had rather starve than gain a Fortune on such base Conditions.

Serj. Conditions!--- Why, thou perverse Chit of a wanton Generation, how camest thou thus bastardiz'd? Huswife, Huswife, if you won't Lye with him. you will with some-body you like better, and I'll make you accept of my Choice, or turn you out of Doors with your Load of Virtue instead of a Portion, and see how the starving your Spirit will agree with the Pride of your Flesh.

Mar. What shall I do? What Courses shall I steer?

Serj. Those which tend to the making you rich and happy.

Mar. I shall be ruin'd.

Serj. You shall be made.

Mar. A Whore.

Serj. Why you peremptory Carrion, who thrives that are otherwise? Is there any Pleasure like that of a long Mace and a Purse, when you have the Broad Seal for your Vindication? He's a wise Man,

Man, and will be careful of your Honour, in regard of his own; and to my knowledge, 'tis safer trusting your Virtue in his Hands, than Money in a Banker's--- True, he is a little waggish, or so; alas, Child, that's nothing, Learned Men are of opinion, that warming the Blood by being now and then facetious, is very conducing to Health, possibly he follows the Maxim: [*Aside.*
Gads, my Life, he's here now, Niece, if you have any Respect for your self and me, play the part of an understanding Woman, and make use of the Time: I'll step aside and watch your Behaviour; have a care. [*Exit.*

Enter Chancellor, *reading.*

Mar. He's gone and left me:
What, shall I choose to save my Honour?
There is no 'scaping, Heaven inspire me best.

Chan. I am strangely discompos'd, I shall hardly be settled these two Hours; what a damnable Fright has this termagant Lord put me in; he's as saucy with me now he has got me in his Net as a Servant-Maid to her Master when she has lain with him: A Disappointment on both sides with a Vengeance; had I but enjoy'd the little Rogue, I should not have matter'd, but not only miss the Opportunity, but also lose the Person; I must send for the Pimp, her Uncle; a Pox of these Papers: [*Flings 'em down.*] 'would they were burning in the Guts of him that drew 'em---- I was too hasty, I was too rash; we old Men are so seldom visited with the Effects of Love; we make too much of the Guest, because we know it's short. Ha! What do I see? [*Discovers* Maria.

Mar. I am discover'd, now Fortune stand my Friend---- Dissimulation help me, and all the Cunning of my Sex attend me.

Chan.

Chan. What, my little wandring Jew, are you here? You had like to have made fine Work, 'tis well you came back as you did, you had loſt a Lover elſe; my Heart was juſt breaking, I was ſending in haſte for a Maſter in Chancery to make my Will--- I deſign'd to have given all I had in the World to a certain Perſon that ſhall be nameleſs, but one ſo very like thee, that a Man might ſafely ſwear you were Twins.

Mar. I ſhould be ſorry if I ſhould any way diſcompoſe your Lordſhip in my leaving you ſo abruptly, for which I beg your Pardon.

Chan. Say'ſt thou ſo? 'Gad Child, and I am very good-natur'd and heartily forgive thee, but you ſhall give Bond to perform Covenant for the future, you ſhall. [*Kiſſes her.*] What a notable Twang ſhe has--- I proteſt, my dainty piece of Marmalete, I have a ſtrange Inclination for thee, and I cannot but think thou haſt of the Quality of a Load-ſtone about thee; turn thee which way thou wilt I have ſuch a grudging after thee, Sympathy, I'faith, meer Sympathy; thou art my Compaſs, and whilſt thou art in being, the Needle will be always pointing to the North, and I ſhall never be well but in thy Arms.

Mar. It can be only your Opinion Sir, I know no Quality I am endow'd with unleſs your Favour.

Chan. You cogg, you cogg. What, not know where your Magick Circle lies, no Quality? Why thou haſt Beauty enough to merit an Empire: I am thy Vaſſal, I who command this Nation am commanded by thee: Come hither and anſwer me a Queſtion, Wilt thou my Damſel? ha!

Mar. To any thing as may become your Servant,

Chan. Good, very good, doſt thou love me Child? Anſwer me quickly, I am under an Agony of

of Suspicion, and must be resolv'd, or I'm a dead Man.

Mar. My ready Services shall always demonstrate the high Respect I have for you.

Chan. Respect, twist a Whip, tell not me of Respect, I hate the Expression, 'tis like giving the Check instead of the Lip upon a Salute --- Torture me not with Delay, but give me a Cordial of thy Kindness or I sink, I perish, I'm no Man.

Mar. My Lord, indeed I honour you, indeed respect you, and I have often heard it said, respect's the younger Brother sure to love.

Chan. I desire none of his Company, if the elder be present come near me, I must look on my Care, my Jewel, how those Eyes sparkle, why they out lustre this; let me see, place it before those white little panting, pouting, swelling, throbbing, heaving— ah Rogue!

[*Puts a Jewel on her Bosom.*

Mar. My Lord, you throw your Favours so very fast upon me, I sink under the Consideration of my Gratitude.

Chan. A good Child, a very good Child, why they're Trifles to what I design thee, thou shalt be cover'd all over with Gold and Jewels; such things I have bespoke for thee, thou shalt outshine an *Indian Queen*: say, canst thou love me? Speak, my Honey-suckle, and make me happy and thy self illustrious, speak my Blossom of a Colly-flower, my Cherry-colour'd Bean with a black Eye.

Mar. However furious my Gallants Inclinations are, I find my Beauty awes him, I am Master of his Heart, and may be of all he has (oh *Mountacute* should thou do thus I fear my Chastity) however I'll seemingly comply, but nothing more. [*Aside.*

[*She looks languishingly on him, and puts her Fan to her Face.*

Chan.

Chan. What, another Eye shot, come, out with it Lamb, never mince the Matter, my Doom, my Doom.

Mar. Good Sir, spare the Trouble, and let my Blushes speak my Heart.

Chan. What! must I then be forc'd to bribe my Judge e're she will give her Opinion? Here, here's Gold for thee--- nay, nay, take it--- she has nick'd me 'faith, my Way exactly, the Method I use to follow to a tittle: My Sentence---

Mar. I am not as I was, yet cannot tell my Ailing; since I have seen you Sir, my Heart doth throb and beat as if it would have Liberty.

Chan. Caught, by St. *Winifred*; she's in.

Mar. And when you speak of Love, your Words pierce through me, I find a pleasing Shivering seize on me, yet covet still to hear you, and when you catch me in your Arms, I am like one half waking from a Sleep; I know not how to term it, a pleasant fleating Transport comes upon me, my Eyes are doz'd and I grow giddy with the unusual Joy.

Chan. In Love! the Experience of 30 could not have demonstrated better: Come Child, I will repay it with double Interest, I have a thousand fine Curiosities within my Closet which thou shalt be Lady of immediately.

Mar. Oh Heavens! what have I done? I have fool'd my self into the Snare.

Enter Serjeant Eitherside.

Blessed Deliverance, my Uncle.

Serj. My most illustrious Prop of Preferment.

Chan. A Plague of this Rascally Serjeant, I perceive the Fellow has forgot all Manners since I have made him a Judge, but I'll send him packing--- Oh! Brother Judge, you are welcome, never more welcome,

welcome, rare News, rare News; The Queen and the Earl of *March* have by me put an Opportunity into your Hands of being suddenly a Great Man.

Serj. How! does her Majesty think upon the lowest of her Subjects? I shall never be able to repay the Goodness: Can I serve her, my Lord?

Chan. Why, no body else; she has try'd the Judges already, and they are wresty like so many tyr'd Horses, they will not budge a jot.

Serj. What is it, my Lord, what is it?---- How does your Lordship like my Neice? Is she courteous?

Chan. Charmingly, charmingly--- But to our Business: there are a Parcel of froward Persons that stand upon their Privileges because they are Peers, and between you and me, Brother, are very unmannerly, both to the Queen and the Earl: Now they were order'd to be prosecuted, and the Knaves in Scarlet refus'd, pretending they were above their Cognizance.

Serj. How! above their Cognizance, who are they? Let me know 'em, and their Crimes, and if I do not case 'em up, uncase me,--- But what will become of me if a Parliament should be summon'd?

Chan. O fear it not, the Queen will never call a Parliament, lest they might question her as well as you, therefore be stanch.

Serj. Twist a Whip, as your Lordship says, I'll go through-stitch.

Chan. There's that prating Fellow *Mountacute*, and [*Whispers.*

Mar. Ha! what said he? Oh how my Fears come thick on me.

Chan. But I'll tell you as I go: Here, my Charge, take these Keys, they'll open the Doors of my Cabinets; there, there, feast thy Eyes, and take what

what thou wilt, I'll but speak a Word with thy Uncle, and come and settle some Jewels and Precious Stones upon thee.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord the Earl of *March* desires your speedy Presence at his Apartment.

Chan. The Devil boyl him, again, what shall I do?

Serj. My Lord, I find you are uneasie at your being so open to Business, nor indeed can you be private here as Love requires--- What think your Lordship of my House? there you may be secure.

Chan. A Pimp of a thousand; you say worthily, nothing better. Go, get you in, and take what you find on the Squab under the Window, and go home to your Uncle's, where I'll come and sup, as soon as I've dispatch'd this Business, I must talk with you as I go; nay, a Kiss, a Kiss at parting: I'm in Paradise; Come, come along Brother, or I shall, oh!--- come along, come.

[*Ex.* Chan. *and* Serj.

Mar. They're gone, and left me wretched, the Darling of my Soul, my Virgin Love, my Dear-priz'd *Mountacute* they have in chase, eager as Blood-hounds when upon full Scent; could I but interpose 'twixt him and Fate, I should be bless'd in dying, pity'd by him: Ha! what Paper's this? [*takes 'em off the Ground.*] my Curiosity was never saucy yet, Love makes it now: Good Heaven what have I found, the very Scrole of Death; Directions in what Manner to proceed against *Mountacute* and others--- be but propitious, Stars, and I will make this Instrument of Villany the Guide by which I'll steer this almost sinking Bark, through all the Rocks which threaten his Destruction,

ction, 'twill bring me to his Sight—— bless'd Accident:
And tho' my Fortunes can't expect his Love,
My generous Care of him he must approve.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Mountacute's *House.*

Enter Mountacute *and* Holland.

Mount. ALL things move forward with a Prosperous Breeze,
And we shall reach the Harbour of Success
Sooner than we believ'd; 'tis now in View,
Heav'n seems as if it took peculiar Care,
Promising Safety to the Royal Cause,
Inspires the King who steers the mighty Bark,
Keeping him steady in his Resolution:
This Night but over, we have gain'd the Bay,
Safely we ride, contemning future Storms,
Sir *Rob. Holl.* 'Tis wonderful indeed, it shews the Hand
Of Providence is with us, never Prince
Was Grac'd with so much Knowledge as young *Edward*;
Considering his Years 'tis wonderful;
He weighs with all the Gravity and Thought
Of an experienc'd Statesman what's propos'd;
Still as he speaks, the Accent of each Word
Keeps proper Time, and points to his Revenge.
L. *Mount.* Ay! there it centers, nothing is more sweet,
It is the choicest Dainty of the Gods,
With which they feast themselves on solemn Days;
And

And 'tis but just their Representative
Should diet on the same when injur'd with 'em.
He credits now the Baseness of his Mother,
Her rank Familiarity with *March* :
Oh murder'd *Edward*--- doubly Massacr'd,
Whose Honour suffer'd with thy Innocence,
While thy Adulterers thrive i'th Eye of Heaven
They magnify their Mischiefs by Success
And Cuckold every Hour thy Memory.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Tax not the Powers. Above lest (we're forsaken,
They often suffer what they do not like:
Their Vengeance makes us think why we are pu-
Such Visitations whets our Penitence: (nish'd,
Creates Reflections on the inward Cause,
For Conscience is the Mirror of our Souls,
Which represents the Errors of our Lives
In their full Shape. (return'd

L. *Mount.* But tell me, Friend, what Message is
From *Exeter* and *Berkley*, will they come?
Or choose they rather tamely to be nooz'd?

Sir *Ro. Holl.* Be not too rash, for they are Men (of Worth,
Do not believe, because they left the Court,
Retreating to their quiet Rural Seats,
Where they might gorge the Vulture of their Minds;
They are cold or stupid when their Honour calls;
No, *Mountacute*, believe me, they have heard,
That in the Roll of Fame there yet remains
One Chance, one Glorious Lot that's worthy Haz- (zard,
Whereby the Kingdom's Fate may be retriev'd;
Rouz'd with the Summons they have wing'd their (Haste,
Vying who shall become the second *Curtius*.

Mount. Why so 'twas with *Salisbury* when first
I told the Glorious Action now in hand;
He, like some Lyon almost stiff with Ease,

Lolling

Lolling at length within his Antick Cave,
Takes the Alarm of the Huntsman's Sound,
At which he stretches out his well grown Limbs,
Bristles his horrid Main and furls his Tail,
Whetting his crooked Talons on the Rock,
Staulks to the Field, and swells to meet the Foe.

Sir *Ro. Holl.* They meet this Night at Council, (where they'll find
Matter prepar'd sufficient to inspire 'em.

Mount. All join the Nobles, Gentry and the (Commons,
The Chain is Rivetted, the wresty People
Whose Rights and Privileges are usurp'd
No longer free, but all in Vassalage
Are ripe for Mischief, ready for Rebellion;
They wait from us the Signal when to Dole
The Act of Justice; 'wou'd the Cry were up
That I might see these Manglers of the Realm
Drove to the Shambles, and expos'd as Beasts.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a Gentlewoman waits to speak with you.

Sir *Ro. Holl.* I'll take my leave, at Six we meet again. [*Exit.*

Mount. I shall not fail.---- Conduct her in.

Enter Maria.

Your Business Fair-one.

Mar. When I shall tell the Subject of my Errand,
Possibly it may deserve Attention;
But I must request your Privacy.

[Mount. *nods to the Servant, who retires.*

Mount. You are obey'd, by Heav'n a charming (Creature;
Now speak your Pleasure, Madam.

Mar.

Mar. I come, my Lord, a Suppliant from a (Maid,
Who, for some Years, has ey'd your noble Worth,
And tho' her Birth, nor Fortune can pretend
To merit that Return she long has sigh'd for,
Yet so her partial Destiny has order'd,
She still admires your Person and your Virtues.

Mount. Well, my fair Suitress, whither does (this tend?
Lovely Deportment, and enticing Innocence.
[*Aside.*

Mar. With Silence hitherto she has conceal'd
The saucy Flame oft strove to stifle it,
While in its Infant-Growth; but 'twas in vain,
For daily it encreas'd to such a Strength,
As did o'er-power the Weakness of her Sex;
Maintain'd the Conquest spite of Resolution;
Yet rather than her Folly should be known,
She let it prey upon the Vital Parts,
Hoping at last 't would end the uneasie Days,
And her Ambitious Love die unreveal'd.

Mount. That was unkindly done, she could not (doubt Success
When she had one so fair to plead her Cause.

Mar. The Disproportion is so vast between ye,
That she must still despair and still love on:
Fortune has plac'd her where you most abhorr
Diseases, Infamy, or Death itself:
You would not shun with more precipit Haste,
If I should name the Person; yet even there,
'Midst of the Toil and Anguish of her Life,
A happy Moment did present itself
To make her be the lucky Messenger
Of Health to you, tho' she must linguer ever.

Mount. I'll spare the Trouble of your Blushes,
For I've a Soul so tender of the Sex, (Lady,
(Skill'd in the little Niceties of Love)

As shall prevent the Torture of Confession,
And do you Justice.

[*He takes her by the Hand, she pulls it from him.*

Mar. You wrong your Judgment, and you cen-
(sure ill,
I came not hither, Sir, on that Account,
No loose Desires, the Product of ill Blood,
Can blast the Reputation of my Life;
My Honour guards me from that Infamy;
But I am hurry'd hither by my Fate,
And bring a Secret of that great Importance,
The Service possibly may merit Pity,
Which if I meet with, I am well rewarded.

Mount. I do believe it, and accept the Offer;
Come wave this Woman's Method to allure us,
You're safe and secret here; none can disturb us;
And I will give you such Returns of Love,
Such hearty Proofs thou shalt be soon convinc'd:
Tho' it be Infant-born it rivals thine, (thus,

Mar. Away, How have I err'd? Are all Men
Thus full of Guilt? My Senses do recover,
And I begin to loath the Tempter's Charms:
Read that, [*Gives a Paper.*
For I must leave you.--- Oh my Heart!
If thou would'st be my Friend, beat faster on,
And force thy Passage through these feeble Walls.

Mount. Yet stay---- What have I here pro-
By all that's sacred, Peremptory Orders (scrib'd?
For my Destruction; *March*'s Hand's to't:
How came she by this? Now I recollect,
She told me, that her Fate had fix'd her where
I should detest the naming, if I knew it;
It must be so. Well, my Deliverer,
I thank you--- by my Honour I'm sincere,
This Scrole which thou hast given speaks thy
(Kindness,
And says, thou art all Goodness, tho' the Place
Of thy Abode be with the worst of Men,

Nay,

Nay, tho' it were the Chancellor himself;
Nor will I lag in making a Return, [*Offers her a Purse of Gold. She puts it back.*
Tho' at the present I am lost in Thought.

Mar. I am rewarded, Sir, and have my End;
If you apply this Caution
To the right Use, you may escape the Snare,
But if you slight it, then I know the worst;
And tho' I am no suitable Companion
In Life, yet in the Grave, we undistinguish'd
May mingle Ashes, tho' our Souls are distant.

Mount. You must not leave me, I have much to (say;
The Injury I have done you by Suspicion,
When my rude Thoughts led me into an Error,
I must attone.

Mar. Fye, 'tis too gross!
This Language does not suit my humble Character,
Nor is it noble to despise my Sufferings.

Mount. By all my Hopes of Credit I am real,
There's something from thy Eyes have shot my (Soul,
And I could gaze for ever on such Goodness;
Thy Temper's worthy; if thy Birth be not,
Distinction never had a Power o'er Love;
'Cause Nature plac'd me in the Womb of Honour
She has adorn'd thy humbler Clay with Graces,
Which seldom go with Greatness or with Wealth;
And 'tis but common Justice I repay,
A Love where Love has merited so far.

Mar. It cannot be;
Your Dignity and Honour intervene,
Which bar the Banes for ever. (conjoin'd,

Mount. What, will not Gratitude, with Love
Remove? Tell me no more of Honour, Dignity;
When Charms, like thine, appear, all must give (place.

Mar. My Lord, I had a Father, and a noble one,
Whose Memory yet lives, tho' he is dead,

Men spoke him Brave, if Loyalty can plead in his
'Twas Colonel *Stapleton*, (Behalf;
The unhappy Brother of the Bishop of *Exeter*,
Who by the Citizens was put to Death
For favouring the Cause of *Carnarvan*, *Edward*.
But oh, when Royal *Edmund*,
The Uncle and the Guardian of the King,
Was taken off, under Pretence of Treason,
Mine suffer'd with him; what he had of Honours
Or of Estate, the Law has since made forfeit,
And me an Orphan, given into the Hands
Of a Time-serving Family.
Alas! I blame my self, condemn my Madness,
My ill-match'd Passion, and I'll strive
To curb its Power: I only crave your Pity,
Nor dare I hope for more, and yet I swear,
Your Flattery, tho' known, is grateful to me.

Mount. Thou charm'st me still, why Loyalty's
Fit for a Prince's Crown; (a Jem
I knew thy Father, a gallant and a worthy Man he
His Suffering was remarkable and noble, (was,
And thou art richer,
Sprung from that, than had a Traitor
Bless'd with Millions got thee:
Thou dost encrease the Fire within my Breast,
Pow'ring in Oil instead of quenching it;
Let me upon this Bosom print my Vows,
And swear my self thy Beauty's Votary.

Mar. I know not where I am, the thrilling Joy
Creeps through each Part and Extasies my Soul:
If this be true, what Queen is half so happy?

Mount. Give not Distrust to the Reins because
(you find
The Change is sudden, the Effects are true;
By Heav'n I have more Pleasure in this Chance,
Than e'er I tasted since I first view'd Light.

Mar. I know not what to to say, my Joy's so
(great,
My

My Senses are confus'd, all crowd to meet you,
The welcome Guest for whom so much they wish'd,
But little thought it was so near at hand. (ence
Mount. Believe me, oh thou Star, whose Influ-
Has made me happy, that my Vows are true:
I'll to the King, acquaint him with thy Goodness,
His Safety is procur'd by this Precaution,
And sure he'll recompence thy Loyalty;
With his Consent we will for ever join:
Thy Virtues will, in future Ages shine,
While untir'd Fame her matchless Worth shall sing,
Who sav'd her Country, Lover, and her King.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mortimer *and* Chancellor.

Chan. To Night will it be done? (Son,
Mort. This Night; The Queen's gone to her
Who is in Council with these Men we've menti-
(on'd;
At dead of Night the Guards shall seize 'em,
And when they once are Pris'ners, see you take care
That nothing frees 'em but an Ax or Gibbet.
Chan. But pray, what Evidence has your Lord-
(ship against 'em?
Mort. Dull Wretch; Have I against 'em?
Law and Religion sure are useless grown,
When Priests want Vouchers, or a Judge Informer;
Think of the Management in *Edmund*'s Tryal,
And give these Lords his Fate. (be done.
Chan. Well, well, my Lord, their Bus'ness shall
Mort. Or they'll do ours; I know their Subtle-
They're silent Setters all, and close, (ties,
Not apt to quest and give their Quarry Notice:
'Tis then the Net draws certain to Destruction.

Chan. But, my Lord, Judge *Eisberside* must be (the Man,
And you must make him Chief-Justice to go tho-
Mort. Could'st not thou do it? (rough it.

Chan. I! why I'm a Priest, besides Lord Chancellor, and Equity is never us'd in Cases of Life and Death.

Mort. Well, lose no Time, but instantly prepare for't.

Chan. Fear not my Diligence in dispatching an Enemy; But 'twould do well to get the Queen to pass an Order under the Broad-Seal for the speedy removing 'em to *London*, and let her Son be kept here till they're dispatch'd.

Mort. It shall be done, is there ought else?

Chan. That's all, and I'll send up my Creatures before-hand to purchase a Jury for 'em: As for Evidence, there are poor Rogues in abundance, and the larger the Bribe, the stronger the Oath. Adieu, my Lord, I'll give you an Account how my Emisaries fadge. [*Exit.*

Mort. This is a true Compound of Justice and (Piety,
For one's guided by Interest, and the other by Am-
(bition:
This Fellow hopes to be the Head o'th Church,
As much as I hope to be King of *England*,
And whilst he serves my Ends, Preferment's his:
A Crown! oh the delightful sound!
If *Isabella*, thou, wouldst keeep me thine,
Thy Son must wait upon thy sleeping Husband:
She's fond and languishes; why should I doubt?
Oh Love! thy Power has compass'd wonderous (Things,
Drove out, restor'd, destroy'd, and set up Kings.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Discovers the King, Leicester, Mountacute, Berkly, *Sir* Tho. Delamore, Holland, *and* Exeter, *as at Council.*

King. What will ye further? This Scrole of (*Mountacute's*,
Fully expresses the dire Fiends Designs.
Sals. Time must suit the rest----
Nor may we trifle dangerous Distempers,
If they not meet a sodden Opposition,
O'er-power the Application when too late,
Rendring Art useless.
Exe. 'Tis thoroughly advis'd, pursue it, Sir.
Sir Tho. Dell. Your Father whom we oft ad- (monish'd,
Nay told him plainly what hath since ensu'd,
Laugh'd at our Cautions; Sir, you must be care- (ful,
Or all is lost beyond Recovery.
Exe. If you persist in what you seem to like,
Safety and Glory you will find attend it;
But if your Mother change you, farewel Power:
Let *Mortimer* the Place of *Edward* fill,
We are content to fall if you are so.
King. I will observe Directions, weigh each (Word,
Not vary from a tittle; my Safety
Is with yours, as yours with mine;
Sure never Prince was sav'd from greater Hazards:
What must I call you, Friends? That Name's too (poor,
But yet a Friend will venture wonderous things,
When what he loves is compass'd round with (Danger:
Let me embrace ye all, and tell the World,
No Prince can match the Council I am bless'd with:

Within. I must acquaint the Prince e'er I admit (your Majesty.

Queen. Traytor.

Enter a Waiter driven in by the Queen.

King. What means this Noise?

[*They all rise, she walks round 'em, comes to the Front and speaks.*

Queen. The Rumoun then is true, I find it now,
But I much wonder, ye audacious Men,
That ye assemble here without my Leave;
You who had fell, and justly, for your Crimes,
Had not my Clemency excus'd your Lives;
Has Mercy harden'd your presumptuous Hearts,
Or are ye past Reproof?

Sir *Tho. Dell.* Madam, what we have done—

Queen. There is a better Man to answer me
Than *Delamere*, thou Usher to these School-men,
Which, in their Absence, sets my Son such Lessons.

Mount. Then since your Majesty—

Queen. Boys I could never listen to,
Go prattle with my Pages.

Leiter. If I may speak— (Changeling,

Queen. Thou dribblest on thy Beard, Age is a
And languishes for Hospitals: You Sirs, I speak
To *Salisbury* and *Sawter*, who draw together
In the Team of Politicks; Who sent for you?
Be brief and answer justly, as you love your Lives.

Salis. That we esteem our Lives is very plain,
Our Care o'th' King's confirms it:
It is by his Command we here are met,
To argue his Proposals, solve his Questions,
And, to the utmost of our Thoughts and Duty,
Preserve the King in Grandeur, Peace and Safety.

Queen. The King!

Exe. The King, your Majesty, can be no Stran-
Being so near related. (ger,

Queen. Unheard of Insolence! Why, who am I?

Exe.

Exe. His Mother.

Queen. Traytor, there is another Name and Title due to me.

Exe. None that we know of.

Queen. Thou lyest, and I will stamp the Falsehood down the Throat---unthankful Boy, how can'st thou suffer this, and hear thy Mother talk'd so to by Slaves? (stagger,

King. Madam, your Passion makes their Duty
You use 'em not like Noblemen but Pedants;
Tho' Subjects, they have no dependance on us,
And Majesty's adorn'd and serv'd by them,
Much more than is at all times fit to own;
'Tis true they are not safe, but under Kings,
Nor Kings can't flourish but by such Assistance.

Queen. Indeed Sir, are you grown a Disputant,
And jabber Politicks so learnedly?
Thou Tool, thou Instrument of Self-destruction,
Dost think these State-worms mean thee further (Good,
Than what they serve to introduce their own?
I tell thee, Councellors are all alike,
And Princes know no more than they think fitting;
So whilst his Glory does not injure theirs,
They are content, they may grow great together.

Salf. Madam, this Doctrine may be prov'd else (where
Where Powers unjustly us'd by sad Permission:
We have no Ends nor Aim but the King's Safety,
'Tis true so far our own depends upon't;
The King's our Shepherd, born to protect his People
And as the Lamb flies from the Woolf to him
That Guards the Flock, so we seek Refuge here:
Life's all we hope for; indeed Life's all in all;
And 'tis so sweet that all are fond to save it.

King. Mother, in short, I am of Age to govern
And here assume the Right my Father left me:

These I have chose to be my Worthy Guides,
I have resolv'd this and will make it good.

Queen. Have I no Place? Am I a Cypher grown?
Will none afford a place for Dignity?

King. Accept of mine.

Queen. No, this may serve your Mother, [*Sits down at the End of the Table by* Leic—
I will sit here with this good Man's Allowance:
Come I'll be govern'd too— Pray be my Friends
As well as his for once. (neither:

Exe. Nay, Madam, this we must not suffer

Queen. What am I left alone? [*They all retire from the Table.*
Am I infectious? Dare none sit near the Plague?
Ungracious Boy, is this thy filial Love?
This the Return for all the Pangs and Throws
I suffer'd at thy Birth? This the Reward [*Weeps.*
For all my Sorrows, Cares, Anxieties,
Which through thy sickly Infancy possest me,
When many a weary Night bereft of Rest,
I've slumber'd o'er thy Cradle, and bemoan'd
My own hard Fate? Now it proves so indeed:
I've nurst a Viper, given an Adder Warmth;
Which having grown to Strength forgets its Parent,
And covets Preying on her Entrails; Oh! mon-

King. Nay, Mother, Mother— (strous Crime.

Exe. Be not caught, Sir, these Tears, like those (of Syrens,
Entice you but to leap to sure Destruction.

Queen. Must he alone have Credit? Am I no (thing?
Return e're 'tis too late, I do conjure thee,
By all the Comforts thou hast e're receiv'd,
By all thy Duty due, which Heav'n commands,
Attend my Prayers, and throw the envenom'd Robe
Off from thy Person e'er the Poison fix,
Or else thou art lost for ever.

Sir Tho. Del. Oh, Sir, be steady, or you ruin all.
King. I must retire, or I shall melt to folly,
I'm indispos'd and must withdraw. (Madam,
Queen. Come hither, Child, and rest upon my
(Bosom,
I'll hush thy Cares, and quiet thy Disturbers,
As when I lull'd thee first.
Exe. Away, Sir.
Queen. My Son.
Salis. Be Deaf, Sir. (then
Queen. *Edward*, my only *Edward*, hear thy Mo-
King. Force me away if you regard my Glory.
Mount. That shan't be wanting. [*They force him off.*
Queen. My Child, my Comfort, Darling,
[*Exit all but Queen.*
Prop of my Life,
I shall grow mad, I find the Fury seize me;
My Gall boils up, and I am all on Fire;
Come then, revenge, thou Banquet of the Gods,
And let me gorge my ravenous Appetite;
Inspire me *Nemisis* thou subtlest Fury,
Drive from my Soul the Weakness of my Sex,
And make me Masculine in my Attempts:
Some Women have done Wonders in their Rage,
Why shou'd not I, for I have Cause prodigious?
Nature for ever here I banish thee:
Remorse and Conscience, Pity, all farewell,
Instruct me Malice, and assist me Hell.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Mortimer.

Mor. MY Fears are past, the noble Treason's (sign'd,
And *Edward* I will mount into thy Throne;
By Heav'n she was so eager in her Vengeance,
She never read the Mischief she has granted;
Oh, how she rav'd! Cursing her Son and Peers,
Resolving not to rest, 'till she had Revenge:
Now Chancellor be staunch in this main Cause,
And thou shalt thrive for thy dear Wickedness;
Who waits?

Enter Turrington.

Wait on the Chancellor with this, and let it
Pass the Seal, with his utmost Speed:
I'll instantly be with him too my self,
My Glories are in view, Fate be my Friend, [*Ex.*T.
In their behalf some kind Assistance lend,
'Twere hard my Hopes should fail so near their (End.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Have you dispatch'd the Paper which I (sign'd?

Mort. I have, and these couch'd Lyons who (shrink their Claws
Till

'Till they may grasp our Lives with firm Security,
Fall in our Toil this Night:
I have Intelligence your Son has summon'd
His trusty Loyal Lords to Sup with him;
And when they're careless in their Luxury,
We'll bolt upon 'em with such sure Destruction,
Nor *Edward*, nor the World shall rescue 'em.

Queen. Sure when their busie Souls are sent (abroad,
Their harmless Bodies will let ours alone.

Mort. Hold but this noble Resolution, you are (secure:
The Rebel Lords have printed and dispers'd
A formal Proclamation in your Son's Name,
In which he does convene a Parliament,
To meet the following Month at *Salisbury*,
There to debate on proper Means and Ways,
How to secure the Nation's future Peace.

Queen. A Parliament, oh, Insolence!
He shall be whipt to Manners, foolish Boy:
His Learned Counsel too shall be rewarded,
If Axes, Gibbits, Racks, severest Tortures,
Can be produc'd sufficient for their Number.

Mort. Ay, now we're right, be firm and we'll (be great,
Else we must fall a publick Spectacle
To every vulgar Villain:
For Princes, like the Sun, when in Eclipse,
Call up the Eyes of many to behold 'em,
Who would have none in their full Noon of Glory;
Shine out, and you will be too bright for
The low Crowd to gaze at.

Queen. Thy pleasing Accent thrills into my Breast,
Not the parch'd Earth when the hot Dog-Star (reigns,
Sucks up refreshing Showers,
With half the Eagerness as I thy well-tun'd Speech:
Oh had'st thou seen their Insolence, my *March*,
To thy soft Queen, thy tender *Isabella*,

I'm

I'm sure thy Zeal had sent 'em from the World,
Tho' every Heart thou hadst struck, had been a
(King's.

Mort. By all thy Mercies and thy dearer Favours,
So much I am a Slave to thy Desires,
I should not spare a Saint that wrong'd my Love:
Stars let me but enjoy this Heav'n on Earth,
Keep yours above, for Creatures lesser bless'd.

Isab. Thou art the utmost Limits of my Wishes,
And oh how dull would seem the Pomp of Crowns,
If mightyer Love make not Ambition easy
So near my Soul, so rooted in my Heart,
That were my Son and *Mortimer* condemn'd,
And I should have the Choice of saving one,
I know not where my Nature would plead stronger.

Mort. Most condescending Brightness, how thou
(charm'st me!
Why was not I a Match for such a Prize?
Oh partial Heav'n, unjust Distributer,
That giv'st us Monarchs Souls so poorly cloath'd,
Why hast thou made Distinction in the Blood,
And none at all i'th Mind?

Isab. It is enough that we concur in Soul:
I think thee worthy to partake my Love,
And thou may'st think thy self a King in that.

Mort. Thus bless'd then I am one, and envy
(none,
And to remove all Fears that curb my Joys,
I'll instantly dispatch thy Sons Instructers;
Then when our Enemies to Love are hush'd
We'll pay our Thanks to Love in Love,
Thou shalt the Alter of the Offering be,
And I the Sacrifice which here shall die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Chancellor *and* Maria.

Chan. Ay, my Charmer, these Cloaths become (thee,
Now thou look'st like what thou art; but what (thou
Shalt be, the Event must tell.

Mar. I know what you design me, my Reverend Equity; but I think I shall be arm'd against it.

Chan. This Night but over, Child, we'll Revel without Measure, no interrupting Business shall torment us; the Authors of that Plague shall be remov'd, and then my little armful of Comfort—

Mar. What then, Sir?

Chan. Nay, would'st thou have me tell thee what then, Child? No, guess Love, guess, and tickle thy self with the Thoughts on't; such things I will do for thee, thou shalt be the Darling of the Nation, all Hands shall honour thee, and all Eyes admire thee.

Mar. Shall I be this, Sir?

Chan. More, Child, more, whoever has ought to beg of *Tarleton*, shall come to thee; thou shalt prefer, take down, do as thou wilt; have a greater Court than the Queen — and be more throng'd than a Country Church, when a Bishop preaches: In short, I will set thee against the proudest Minks that's kept either by Lord Spiritual or Temporal.

Mar. But, Sir----

Chan. Not a Word more, I expect the Earl of *March* each Minute; and when this Night is over, all the rest of my Nights and Days shall be at thy Devotion; give thy Uncle this; 'tis a Commission to take the Lives of six Rank, Stubborn, Loyal Rogues, which when dispatch'd.---

Mar. Are they your Lordship's Enemies?

Chan.

Chan. I know not what Prejudice they have to my Person, but they're Enemies to my Interest, and that's a Statesman's Case at all times: There's *Mountacute*, and *Delamore*, *Holland*, and others; what Faces the Knaves will make at the Gallows when their Bowels are burnt under their own Noses? Go Love, go, if thou stay'st thou'lt set me so a-gog for thee, and I shall be baffled, as I always have been by this troublesome *March*.

Mar. Mountacute's Death, no Villain, no.
His Fate shall be reverst if this can plead,
And fall curst Chancellor on thy own Head.

[*Exit.*

Chan. 'Tis a sweet little Rogue; in what a comfortable Manner shall I spend the latter Part of my Life, my Piety grows cold for want of a Bed-fellow: What tho' I am a Father of the Church; as to that Point, the World will say I am debarr'd from the Sex: But then again, I am a Father of the Law, and I never read of a Judge or a Chancellor that was ever deprivʼd, or suspended for satisfying the Curiosity of Nature; and according to the Rules of Equity, *ergo*, I ought to have the same Priviledge as the best of the long Robe: In short, I will enjoy this Woman, as I am a Chancellor; and those Days wherein I cannot behave my self to her, as a Chancellor, I will dedicate to Devotion and Sanctity.

Enter Mortimer.

My Lord of *March*, your Lordships most diligent and sincere humble Servant.

Mort. Is't signʼd?

Chan. It is, and these wise Counsellors shall rue their Politicks.

Mort. Where is it?

Chan.

Chan. I have dispatch'd it to judge *Bitherside*, he'll make 'em smoak, I warrant you.

Mort. Hell and the Devil; did'st thou read it?

Chan. No, for I concluded what it was.

Mort. Shame on thy Negligence; why 'twas an Order for the King's Confinement, his Mother's Hand to make him a close Prisoner.

Chan. There's no harm done, I warrant you; were it an Order for his Head, this Fellow would put it in Execution.

Mort. Send for it, he must not be concern'd in it.

Chan. I will, I will.

Mort. But hark you my Lord Chancellor;
Suppose, when we have lop'd these Branches off,
The Trunk remains from, whence will grow fresh
(Mischiefs.
I find the Boy is fond of Soveraign Sway,
Fond of the lofty Sound of Majesty;
His Soul is tun'd to absolute Prerogative,
And all his Consort strike that pleasing Air.

Chan. Look you, my Lord, let us deliver him out of this Evil, and I'll take Care he falls into Temptation no more.

Mort. Thou know'st him not,
He has a wey-ward Soul, and stubborn Temper,
The Pride and Spirit of the Mother swells him,
With all his Father's positive Revenges.
He affects a Mildness for the want of Power,
But when he once has conquer'd his Restraint
We must expect to pay for these Mens Lives.

Chan. Nay, 'tis good to be sure, my Lord, that's certain; and if I thought his Reign would put an end to ours, Charity begins at home, and I beg the young Prince's Pardon; I would not tamely resign, I tell him that.

Mort. This Parliament that's summon'd will be
(dangerous,
The Commons hate the Nobles, envy us,
And

And if we find not Means to curb these Measures,
We shall too late repent our Follies, *Tarleton*,
Our Heads, our Heads must answer for our Actions.

Chan. Our Heads! I'll send him to his Father first.

Mort. Ay, there thou'rt right, what say'st thou (to another
Edvardum, Occidere nolite timeri bonum est.

Chan. Say to't, why if he persists he must have it: I'll consider it my Lord, I'll weigh it maturely, and if it be requisite ----

Mort. If it be requisite, dull thing, it is, he once
Remov'd, the Queen we rule at Pleasure,
And *Mortimer* and *Tarleton* will have both
The Power of Kings, tho' not the Glorious Title.

Chan. Well, well, my Lord, these Knaves dispatch'd, we shall not boggle at a greater Matter, I'll to the Judge, and we'll consult the best.

A decay'd Statesman is a wretched thing,
'Tis Flattery and ill Actions which preferr us,
And we have Flatterers too which thrive by us;
For the same reason we do by our Prince,
Power makes us Knaves, we're honest out of Service,
But when our Princes Favours fall away,
Nothing so despicable or so unregarded,
Therefore 'tis Policy when once we're in,
To finish by those Rules we did begin. [*Exit.*

Mort. Nature which gav'st me Soul so long for (Power,
Accomplish what is promis'd by this Night,
And whilst my Creatures act this Murdering Scene,
I'll Revel in the Arms of the fond Queen.
A Crown thou Centre of Ambition, Lust,
Thou'rt the Reward o'th Brave as well as Just;
And let the Factions 'gainst my Title roar,
I'll quickly quell Dispates when once I've Power.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *King* Edward, Mountacute, *Bishop of* Salisbury, Delamore *and* Holland.

King. Was ever Treason so unnatural?
A Mother's Hand to sign her Son's Destruction,
Now I'm convinc'd who set my Father going.
Dela. Fate, Sir, has put your Life in your own (Hands,
And shews by this Discovery how 'tis priz'd;
Neglect not such a Blessing, but improve it,
Strike early, or you may repent your Sloth.
King. Good Heav'n! how much I owe you for (this Safety,
And the kind Instrument you chuse to work it;
Oh, *Mountacute*, I stand so much indebted,
I fear I want Rewards to recompence,
Yet I'll consider till I've tired Thought
To gratify thy Love and Loyalty.
Moun. The Virgin who preserv'd you, Sir, you (owe it to,
Make her amends, my Duty is my Payment;
But, Sir, resolve apace, each Moment is impor- (tant.
King. I will, we'll force the Castle.
Dela. Hold, Sir.
When I was Governor I found a Place,
Which now may be of admirable use,
There is a private, deep, but narrow Vault,
Whose dismal rough unshapen way,
Was surely torn only with Hands by a dark Guess;
For 'tis so strange, no Light could guide the (Making,
'Twas work'd by Prisoners sure for Liberty,
For in the lowest Dungeon it begins,
And has a Passage out just by the River,

There

There we must enter, and when we have reach'd (the Goal,
The part o'th' Palace over it is *Mortimer's*.

King. What follows?

Dela. I'th' Ceiling is a Place with rusty Bolts,
Which formerly, no doubt, was a Trap-door, (it,
But for what Use they best must know who made
This we may force, and so surprize the Villain.

Mount. Tis a good Stratagem.

King. Let's instantly about it.

Holl. I think 'twere better that your Majesty,
With some o'th' Lords, and me, secure the City,
While *Mountacute* and *Delamore*, with a good (Guard,
Pass this same Vault.

[*My Lord of* Leicester, *with a Party, force the Guards of the Queen's side.*

Dela. Tis prudently advis'd.

King. Each to his Task then, *Mortimer* we (come,
This Night begins my Reign and seals thy Doom.

SCENE III.

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter Isabella *and* Mortimer.

Mort. Thus soft and secure we taste the Joys of Love,
Whilst busy Politicians plot for Interest;
Whose ukeing Brains dances the Rounds of State,
And all to get the Title of a Knave:
The Soldier now lies hard for gaudy Honour,
Endures the raw rough Blast of Winter's Season,
With all the harsh Necessities of Camps;
And for the Name of Gallantry and Great,

After

After a long Escape provokes his Fate:
But Love.

Queen. Ay, that, my *Mortimer's* above 'em all,
Who envies Honour that is rich in Love?
Mercy, which is the Attribute of Heav'n,
The first Creator of it sure was Love,
And Pity is the Instinct of its Passion.
Love makes the Vulgar proud, the noble Gods,
The Gods themselves, if Strangers to Love's Joys,
Their much-admir'd *Elizium* is imperfect.

Mort. Some Musick for my Chamber, let us indulge
And gratify our Souls Luxuriously.
Raptures unknown the Harmony shall raise,
Our Hearts shall beat the Measures of the Time,
And tender Sighs eccho each artful Note,
Till our soft Murmurs fall by soft Degrees,
And die like o'er-charg'd Flutes with too much (playing.

Queen. I cannot answer as I ought but thus,
[*Embraces.*

A Song. After the Song Mountacute, Delamore, *and Attendants come from under the Stage.*

Mort. Now let's to our Repose my softest Love,
This Night ends all our Fears, and I have those
Whose Hands, before the Moon has gone her Race,
Will have our Enemies all in Possession:
Young snarling *Mountacute*, that hot-bred Boy,
With his old Councellor, close *Delamore*, shall
Smart, my *Isabella.* [*A Clashing of Swords.*
Ha! what means this Noise, my Guards? What (ho—
Death, it grows louder, Are they all engag'd?
Treason, Treason.

Enter

Enter Turrington *bloody.*

Why that dismal Object? (lost,
Tur. Shift for your self, Sir, all's betray'd and
The King and *Leicester* have cut off your Guards,
The City's at the Gates and shout him King;
Burn *Mortimer*, fire the Queen.—— I can no more,
But that I ever lov'd you, let this witness. [*Dies.*
Queen. Oh Heavens! what shall we do?
Here, my best Life, there is a Vault
That will convey thee. (Place
Mount. We will convey him, Madam, to a
As safe as he design'd us.
Mort. Horror and Hell!
Queen. Oh spare my *Mortimer*, my gentle Son.
Mount. Madam, you are deceiv'd, he is not
(come yet.
Del. Well, haughty Earl of *March*, what think
(you now?
Mort. That I shall die; thou'rt answer'd to thy
Queen. O ye malicious Powers! (Mind.
Mount. Sir *Tho.* let's withdraw;
No doubt these Lovers have a Leave to take,
We will not separate 'em too abruptly;
Call when you're ready, Sir, I shan't be out o'th
You, Sirs, secure the Vault. (way.
Mort. I scorn thy Insolence,
And *Mountacute*, I'll fall so nobly [*Ex.* Moun. Del.
That thou shalt lose thy Ends in my calm Suf-
Queen. Oh *Mortimer!* (ferance.
Mort. Oh *Isabella!*
Queen. I know not how to look or speak,
For I have brought this on thee,
My Love has tempted thee to taste Ambition,
And thou hast follow'd me in all thy Actions.
Mort. Thus the first Pair their Miseries sur-
(veigh'd,
When

When from their blessed *Eden* they were driven;
Their Eyes seem'd to accuse 'em of the Fact:
But Love in each, pitied the Crime in both:
She tempted him to make him bless'd like her,
And when he found her Ruin, urg'd his own.
But oh much happier was their Punishment,
They both were curs'd, but they were curs'd to-
(gether,
And suffering both alike, neither were wretched.

Queen. I will not long out-live thee, for I can-
(not,
Thou wert the Prop on which my Hopes did hang,
Like curious Buildings wrought by wond'rous
(Art,
Where the vast Frame's supported by one Pinn,
But that struck out I shatter all to Ruin.

Mort. No, live my Queen, thou may'st be hap-
(py long,
'Tis only I must bleed, my Blood's the Cure,
And 'tis impossible it can be spar'd;
But, *Isabella*, when thou shalt retire,
For oh I fear too much they will confine thee,
Think on thy *March*, and pardon his Ambition,
For nothing but my Fondness has betray'd thee,
A vast Excess of Love to make thee great,
To set thee out o'th Reach of thy Son's Power,
Lest he might slight thee as his Father did.

Queen. Oh angry Heavens, you've punish'd us
(severely,
The Prospect of our Greatness has undone us;
The glittering Shew has drawn us out too far,
And we're surpriz'd just as we thought to grasp it,
Like Voyagers seduc'd by a fair Sea,
A temperate Air, the Sky serene and clear,
Just as they have their wish'd for Shore in view,
By sudden Storms the tatter'd Bark is toss'd,
And all within the sight of Land are lost.

Mort.

Mort. He comes, thy Son approaches;
Farewel to all that's dear,
I leave a certain Heaven, to go I know not where.

Enter King, Mountacute, Delamore, Holland, Chancellor *and* Serjeant.

King. Seize the vile Traitor, hurry him down (the Dungeon,
There let him groan till Day, and then he dies.

Queen. Oh spare him, spare him, banish us to-(gether,
But do not take his Life, thy Mother pleads.

King. Thou Scandal of my Blood---- Remove (the Queen.

Queen. The Queen! Am I not thy Mother?
Oh hear me.

King. I'm deaf, away.

Queen. May Heaven forget thy Prayers when (thou shalt plead,
And may thy Mother's Curse hang on thy Head.
[*Exit.*

King. Now Chancellor for thee:
Thou Shame of Church and Justice,
What canst thou say?

Chan. Nothing, but beg for Mercy; for if your Majesty considers I have been but a Tool, and am not the first Statesman that has been compell'd to be a Knave by Court-Minions. (thine.

King. No, *Hereford*, my Father's Blood requires
Away with him, unfurnish him of all those Robes,
And give him such as fit his Wickedness.
The Nation must be satisfy'd, and thou must die;
Prepare for't, Prelate. (Mischiefs,

Chan. This is to be too eminent in State-
Others that wish'd as well to the Cause as I,
Will 'scape for not acting so publickly. [*Exit.*

Serj.

Serj. Ay! that Chancellor, I'm afraid, will not die alone; I am damnably afraid his Grace, to make up his Equipage, must have a Chief-Justice that we may swing in Figure.

Mountacute *brings in* Maria.

Mount. Now, Sir, I claim your Promise,
This Virgin is what we owe our Lives to;
Her Birth you've been acquainted with,
And by what Means she was compell'd to live
(with the Chancellor;
And sure 'twas Providence which plac'd her here
I beg her for my Wife. (for all our Benefits:
King. She's yours, and to make her welcome,
I invest her with all the Chancellor's Estate,
And Viscount *Mountacute* be Earl of *Salisbury.*
Mount. Thus let us thank your Majesty.
[*Both kneel.*
King. Rise both;
Mari. No, Royal Sir, I have one Boon to beg,
That old Man's Life, my Uncle, tho' an ill one;
Nor has he acted ought, whate'er was propos'd;
And since my Being has made me the Instrument
Of what's discover'd, I humbly would entreat---
King. Thou shalt not plead in vain, he's safe, and if he can be honest we may, in time, take care of him.
Serj. I humbly thank your Majesty, and will study to deserve this Mercy: I am not the first Knave that has turn'd honest Man when he found his Roguery would do him no Good.
King. My Lord of *Leicester, Delamore, Exeter Holland,* and all shall share our Favours: (and
May you continue as you have begun,
The Parliament's at hand: If they encourage me,
As I expect; they shall be satisfy'd how much I
(love 'em.

Del. Doubt not their Duty, Sir.

King. To *Scotland* first I will an Army lead,
And check the Growing Mischiefs which are (spread;
That done, to *France* I will in Person go,
The Flower D'Luce shall to the Lyon bow;
If my kind Commoners are just and free,
I'll lose my own or fix their Liberty:
Long have they suffer'd by their Foreign Foes,
And Evil Kings I fear has been the Cause:
Heav'n guide my Steps that our Records may tell,
How *Edward* did the insulting *French* repell;
How *Englishmen* with Glory did return,
Whilst *Gallick* Ruins did our Conquests mourn.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

IT is the Custom of all City-Feasts,
By printed Tickets to invite the Guests;
The Price is known, and who the Stewards are,
And nothing's private but the Bill of Fare,
Woich we expose, the Fall of Mortimer.
For Plays are Feasts, and every Scene should be,
A different Course, still fresh Variety:
But few obtain that Master-piece of Wit,
He's a rare Cook that can all Pallats hit;
For Ways of Eating alter with the Age,
And such a peuking Stomach haunts the Stage;
Altho' the best of Artists strive to please,
'Tis very seldom that they meet Success,
You set aside the most substantial Food,
Beef's gross, and breeds the Scurvy in the Blood,
Nought but Ragoo's and Kickshaws now are good;
Broken Remains toss'd by the Monsieur's *Hand*
Are grown the Darling Viand of the Land:
Therefore, our Friend, lest you should think it strange
To jump from an Extream into a Change,
With Satyr raises up his Messes high,
And interlards his Tale with Comedy:
But should he fail, we doubt not but to find,
You to the Waiters always will be kind;
And since the Author who did this prepare,
Only expects your Liking for his Share,
Do not withdraw the Profit from the Player.

FINIS.

THE LIFE and DEATH OF Doctor Faustus,

Made into a

FARCE.

WITH THE

Humours of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*:

As they were several times Acted

By Mr. *Lee* and Mr. *Jevon*,

AT THE

Queen's Theatre in *Dorset* Garden.

By Mr. *MOUNTFORT*.

Newly Reviv'd,

At the Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,

With *Songs* and *Dances* between the ACTS.

LONDON:

Printed for *G. STRAHAN* in *Cornhill*, and *W. MEARS* at the *Lamb* without *Temple-Barr*. MDCCXX.

THE LIFE and DEATH OF Doctor Faustus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Dr. Faustus *seated in his Chair, and reading in his Study.*

Good and bad Angel ready.

Faust. SETTLE thy Study, *Faustus*, (and begin
To sound the Depth of that (thou wilt profess;
These Meraphysicks of Magi- (cians,
And Negromantick Books, are heav'nly
Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters,
Ay, these are those that *Faustus* most desires;

A sound Magician is a Demi-God:
Here tire my Brains to get a Deity.

Mephostopholis *under the Stage.* *A good and bad Angel fly down.*

Good Ang. O *Faustus!* lay that damn'd Book (aside;
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy Heart to (Blasphemy.

Bad Ang. Go forward, *Faustus*, in that famous (Art
Wherein all Nature's Treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on Earth as *Jove* is in the Sky,
Lord and Commander of these Elements.

Spirits ascend.

Faust. How am I glutted with Conceit of this!
Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I please?
I'll have 'em fly to *India* for Gold,
Ransack the Ocean for Orient Pearl.
I'll have 'em Wall all *Germany* with Brass:
I'll levy Soldiers with the Coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of *Parma* from our Land.
[*Rises.*

'Tis now the Dead high Noon of Night,
And *Lucifer* his Spirits Freedom gives;
I'll try if in this Circle I can raise
A *Dæmon* to inform me what I long for.

Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii, Orientis Princeps, Beelzebub, German. Demogorgon. [Thunders.]
Mephostopholis, Mephostopholis, surgat Spiritus.
Mephostophlis *speaks under Ground.* [Thunders.

Meph. Faustus, I attend thy Will.

Faust. Where art thou?

Meph. Here. [*A Flash of Light.*

Scar. Within; Oh, oh, oh.

Faust. What Noise is that? Hast thou any Companions with thee?

Meph.

Meph. No.

Faust. *It comes this way.*

Scar. Oh, oh, oh----

Enter Scaramouch.

Faust. What ail'st thou?

Scar. Oh, oh, oh.

Faust. Speak, Fellow, What's the matter?

Scar. O poor *Scaramouch!*

Faust. Speak, I conjure thee; or *Acherentis Dii Demogorgon.*----

Scar. O I beseech you Conjure no more, for I am frighted into a *Diabetes* already.

Faust. Frighted, at what?

Scar. I have seen, Oh, oh----

Faust. What?

Scar. The Devil.

Faust. Art sure it was the Devil?

Scar. The Devil, or the Devil's Companion: He had a Head like a Bull's, with Horns on; and two Eyes that glow'd like the Balls of a dark Lantern: His Hair stood a Tiptoe, like your new-fashion'd Top-knots; with a Mouth as large as a King's Beef-Eater: His Nails was as sharp as a *Welsh-man's* in a Passion; and he look'd as frightful as a Serjeant to an *Alsatian.*

Faust. But why art thou afraid of the Devil?

Scar. Why I never said my Prayers in all my Life, but once; and that was when my damn'd Wife was sick, that she might die: My Ears are as deaf to good Counsel, as *French* Dragoons are to Mercy: And my Conscience wants as much sweeping as a Cook's Chimney: And I have as many Sins to answer for, as a Church-warden, or an Overseer of the Poor.

Faust. Why, the Devil loves Sinners at his Heart.

Scar. Does he so?

Faust. He hates none, but the Virtuous, and the Godly; such as fast, and go to Church, and give Alms-deeds.

Scar. I never saw a Church in my Life, thank God, (I mean the Devil;) and for Fasting, it was always my Abomination; and for Alms, I never gave any thing in my Life, but the Itch once to a Pawn-broker: Therefore I hope he may love me.

Faust. And he shall love thee; I'll bring thee acquainted with him.

Scar. Acquainted with the Devil!

Faust. Ay; *Tanto metropontis Acherontis.*

Scar. Oh, oh, oh.

Faust. Fear nothing; *Mephostopholis*, be visible.

[Scaramouch *sinks behind the Doctor, and peeps his Head out behind the Slip of his Gown. A Devil rises in Thunder and Lightning.*

I charge thee to be gone, and change thy Shape, thou art too ugly to attend on me. I find there's Virtue in my Charm; Come, rise up, Fool, the Devil's gone. [*The Devil sinks.*

Scar. The Devil go with him.

Faust. Fear nothing, I command the Devil: If thou wilt leave thy Chimney-sweeping Trade, and live with me, thou shalt have Meat and Drink in Plenty; and 40 Crowns a Year shall be thy Wages; I'll make thee learned in the Black Art.

Scar. I am a Student in that already: But let me consider, good Meat and Drink, and 40 Crowns a Year. Then I'll change my Black Art for yours.

Faust. There's Earnest, thou art now my Servant; dispose of thy Brooms and Poles, they'll be useless to thee here; take this Key, go into my Study, and clean; take all the Books you find scatter'd about, and range 'em orderly upon the Shelves.

Scar.

Scar. Happy *Scaramouch*, now mayst thou Swear, Lye, Steal, Drink and Whore; for thy Master is the Devil's Master, and thou in time may'st master 'em both. [*Exit* Scaram.

Enter Mephostopholis.

Meph. Now, *Faustus*, what would'st thou have with me?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
And do whatever *Faustus* shall command.

Meph. Ay, *Faustus*, so I will, if thou wilt purchase me of *Lucifer*.

Faust. What says *Lucifer*, thy Lord? (lives,

Meph. That I shall wait on *Faustus* whilst he
So thou wilt buy my Service with thy Blood.

Faust. Already *Faustus* has hazarded that for (thee.

Meph. Ay, but thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a Deed of Gift with it;
For that Security craves *Lucifer*.
If thou deny it, I must back to Hell.

Bad Ang. But *Faustus*, if I shall have thy Soul,
I'll be thy Slave, and worship thy Commands,
And give thee more than thou hast Will of.

Faust. If he will spare me four and twenty
Letting me live in all Voluptuousness, (Years,
To have thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
And tell me whatsoever I demand;
On these Conditions I resign it to him.

Meph. Then, *Faustus*, stab thy Arm couragiously,
And bind thy Soul, that at some certain Day
Great *Lucifer* may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as *Lucifer*.

Faust. Lo, *Mephostopholis*, for Love of thee,
(*Faustus* has cut
His

His Arm, and with his proper Blood
Assures his Soul to be great *Lucifer's*.

Meph. But, *Faustus*, write it in a Manner of a Deed and Gift.

Faust. Ay, so I do; but, *Mephostopholis*, my Blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee Fire to dissolve it strait.

[*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my Blood (portend,
It is unwilling I should write this Bill.

Good and bad Angels descend.

Good An. Yet, *Faustus*, think upon thy precious Soul.

Bad An. No, *Faustus*, think of Honour and of Wealth.

Faust. Of Wealth! Why all the *Indies*, *Ganges*, shall be mine.

Good An. No, *Faustus*, everlasting Tortures shall be thine.

Bad An. No, *Faustus*, everlasting Glory shall be (thine.
The World shall raise a Statue of thy Name,
And on it write, This, this is he that could command the World. [*Good Angel ascends, bad Angel descends.*

Faust. Command the World! Ay, *Faustus*, think (on that.
Why streams not then my Blood that I may write?
Faustus gives to thee his Soul; Oh! there it stops.
Why shouldst thou not? Is not thy Soul thy own?

Enter Mephostopholis *with a Chafer of Fire.*

Meph. See, *Faustus*, here is Fire, set it on.

Faust. So now the Blood begins to clear again.

Meph. What is't I would not do to obtain his (?

Faust.

Faust. *Consummatum est*; the Bill is ended.
But what is this Inscription on my Arm?
Homo fuge; Whither shall I fly?
My Senses are deceiv'd, here's nothing writ;
O yes, I see it plain, even here is writ
Homo fuge; yet shall not *Faustus* fly,

Meph. I'll call up something to delight his Mind.

SONG. Mephostopholis *waves his Wand, Enter several Devils, who present Crowns to* Faustus, *and after a Dance, vanish.*

Faust. What means this then?

Meph. 'Tis to delight thy Mind, and let thee see What Magick can perform.

Faust. And may I raise such Spirits when I please.

Meph. Ay, *Faustus*, and do greater Things than these.

Faust. Then, *Mephostopholis*, receive this Deed of Gift; But yet conditionally, that thou perform all Covenants and Articles herein subscribed.

Meph. I swear by Hell, and *Lucifer*, to effect all Promises between us both.

Faust. Then take it.

Meph. Do you deliver it as your Deed and Gift?

Faust. Ay, and the Devil do you good on't.

Meph. So, now, *Faustus*, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. Then let me have a Wife.

Faustus *waves his Wand, and a Woman-Devil rises; Fire-works about whirls round, and sinks.*

Faust. What Sight is this?

Meph. Now, *Faustus*, wilt thou have a Wife?

Faust. Here's a hot Whore indeed, I'll have no Wife.

Meph. Marriage is but a Ceremonial Toy; I'll cull thee out the fairest Curtezans,

And

And bring 'em every Morning to thy Bed:
She whom thy Eye shall like, thy Heart shall have.

Faust. Then, *Mephostopholis*, let me behold the famous *Hellen*, who was the Occasion of great *Troy*'s Destruction.

Meph. Faustus, thou shalt. [*Waves his Wand, enters.*

Faust. O *Mephostopholis!* what would I give to gain a Kiss from off those lovely Lips.

Meph. Faustus thou may'st. [*He kisses her.*

Faust. My Soul is fled; come *Hellen*, come, give me my Soul again; she's gone. [*He goes to kiss her again, and she sinks.*

Meph. Women are shy you know at the first Sight; but come, *Faustus*, command me somewhat else.

Faust. Then tell me, Is Hell so terrible as Church-men write it?

Meph. No, *Faustus*, 'tis Glorious as the upper World; but that we have Night and Day, as you have here: Above, there's no Night.

Faust. Why sighs my *Mephostopolis*, I think Hell's a meer Fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still.

Faust. Tell me who made the World?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet *Mephos.*

Meph. Move me no further.

Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing.

Meph. That's not against our Kingdom, this is: Thou art lost; think thou of Hell.

Faust. Think, *Faustus*, upon him that made the World.

Meph. Remember this. [*Sinks.*

Faust. Ay, go accursed Spirit to ugly Hell,
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed *Faustus* Soul:
I will repent: Ha! [*Goes to his Books.*

This

This Bibles fast, but here's another :

[*They both fly out of his Hand, and a flaming Thing appears written*, &c.

Is't not too late ? [*Ring. Good and bad Angel descends.*

Bad An. Too late.

Good An. Never too late, if *Faustus* will repent.

Bad An. Faustus, behold, behold thy Deed ; if thou repent, Devils will tear thee in Pieces.

Good An. Repent, and they shall never raze thy Skin. [*Scene shuts, Ang. descends.*

Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Harlequin.

Harl. This must be Mr. Doctor's House; I'll make bold to knock : My Heart fails me already.

[Harlequin *opens the Door, peeps about, and shuts it.*

I begin to tremple at the Thoughts of seeing the Devil. [*Knocks again.*] Here's a great Resort of Devils, the very Doors smell of Brimstone : I'll e'en back --- No, I'll be a Man of Resolution : But if Mr. Doctor should send a Familiar to open the Door, in what Language should I speak to the Devil ? [*Knocks.*

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. peeping. This is some malicious Spirit, that will not let me alone at my Study ; but I'll go in, and con my Book. [*Exit.*

Harl. I believe Mr. Doctor is very busy ; but I'll rap this time with Authority.

[Harlequin *raps at the Door*, Scaramouch *peeps out :* Harlequin *strikes him, and jumps back, runs frighted off.*

Scene

Scene changes to a Room in the Doctor's House.

Enter Scaramouch, *with a Book, in the Doctor's Gown.*

Scar. I have left the Door open to save the Devil the Labour of Knocking, if he has a mind to come in: For I am resolv'd not to stir from my Book; I found it in the Doctor's Closet, and know it must contain something of the Black Art.

Enter Harlequin.

Harl. O here's Mr. Doctor himself; he's reading some conjuring Book. *Ide fain jecit.*

Scar. This must be a conjuring Book by the hard Words: *AB, EB, IB, OB, UB. BA, BO, BU, BI.*

Harl. It's a Child's Primmer. [Harlequin *looks over him.*

Scar. The Devil, the Devil; be gone, avoid Satan. [*Runs off.*

Harl. O the Devil! Now will I lye as if I were dead, and let the Devil go hunt for my Soul. [*Lyes down.*

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. I have learn'd to raise the Devil, but how the Devil shall I do to lay him. Ha! what's here, a dead Body? The Devil assum'd this Body, and when I began to mutter my Prayers, he was in such Haste he left his Carcass behind him. Ha! it stirs; No, twas but my Fancy.

[Scaram. *lifts up all his Limbs, and lets 'em fall, whilst* Harl. *hits him on the breech, lifts his Head, which falls gently.*

All's

All's dead but's Head. [*Sets him upright.*
The Devil! the Devil! Be gone; what art thou?

Harl. A poor unfortunate Devil.

Scar. The Devil! *Avant* then *Hogon mogon strogon.*

Harl. O good Mr. Doctor, conjure up no more Devils and I'll be gone, for any thing.---- I came only to ask your Black Artship a Question.

Scar. No, this is not the Devil. Who art thou? Whence comest thou? What's thy Business, quick, or *Hogon strogon*?

Harl. Hold, hold, hold, I am poor *Harlequin*: By the Learned I am called *Zane*, by the vulgar *Jack-Pudding*. I was late Fool to a Mountebank; and last Night, in the mistaking the Pipkin, I eat up a Pot of *Bolus* instead of Hasty-Pudding; and devour'd three Yards of *Diaculum* Plaister instead of Pancake, for which my Master has turn'd me out of Doors instead of Wages: Therefore, to be reveng'd, I come to hire a Devil or two of you, Mr. Doctor, of a strong Constitution, that may swallow up his Turpentine Pills as fast as he makes 'em, that he may never cure poor Whore more of a Clap; and then he'll be undone, for they are his chief Patients.

Scar. What Practice has he?

Harl. Why his Business is to patch up rotten Whores against the Term for Country Lawyers, and Attorneys Clerks; and against *Christmas*, *Easter* and *Whitsun* Holidays, for City Apprentices; and if his Pill be destroy'd, 'twill ruin him in one Term.

Scar. Come in; and for a Crown a Week I'll let thee out a Devil, as they do Horses at Livery, shall swallow him a Peck of Pills a Day, though every one were as big as a Pumpkin; and make nothing of a *Bolus* for a Breakfast.

Harl.

Harl. O brave Mr. Doctor! O dainty Mr. Devil!

Scar. Seigniora. [*Here they Complement who shall go first.*

ACT II.

Faustus *in his Study.*

Good and bad Angel descend.

Good An. FAustus, Repent; yet Heav'n will pity (thee.

Bad An. Thou art a Spirit, Heav'n cannot pity (thee.

Faust. Who buzzes in my Ear? I am a Spirit; be I a Devil, yet Heaven can pity me: Yea Heaven will pity me, if I repent.

Bad An. Ay, but *Faustus* never shall repent.

Good An. Sweet *Faustus* think of Heav'n, and heavenly Things. [*Ascends.*

Faust. My Heart is hard'ned, I cannot repent. Scarce can I name Salvation, Faith, or Heav'n, But I am pinch'd, and prick'd, in thousand Places. Oh help distressed *Faustus!*

Lucifer, Beelzebub, *and* Mephostopholis *rises.*

Luc. None can afford thee help; for only I have Interest in thee, *Faustus.*

Faust. Oh! What art thou, that looks so terrible?

Luc. I am *Lucifer*, and this is my Companion Prince in Hell.

Beel. We are come to tell thee thou dost injure us.

Luc.

Luc. Thou call'st on Heav'n contrary to thy Promise.

Beel. Thou should'st not think on Heav'n.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth, pardon him for this, And *Faustus* vows never to look to Heav'n.

Beel. So shalt thou shew thy self a faithful Servant, And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Faust. Those Words delight my Soul.

Luc. Faustus, we are come in Person to shew thee Pastime; sit down, and thou shalt behold the Seven deadly Sins in their own proper Shapes and Likeness.

Faust. That Sight will be as pleasant to my Eye, as Paradise to *Adam* the first Day of his Creation.

Beel. Talk not of Paradise, but mind the Show. Go *Mephostophelis*, and fetch 'em in; and, *Faustus*, question 'em their Names.

Enter Pride.

Faust. What art thou?

Pride. I am *Pride*; I was begot by Disdain and Affectation. I always took the Wall of my Betters; had ever the first Cut, or else would not eat: I scorn'd all Advice, never thought any one handsom but my self; had the best Pue in the Church; though a Tradesman's Wife; and at last died of the Spleen, for want of a Coach and six Horses. Why is not thy Room perfum'd, and spread with Cloth of *Tissue*? What must you sit, and I stand? Rise up Brute.

Faust. Go, thou art a proud Slut indeed. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Covetousness.

Now what art thou the Second?

Cov. I am *Covetousness*; I was begot by a close Fist, and a griping Heart, in a Usurer's Chest. I never eat, to save Charges: This Coat has cover'd me for Fourscore Winters: This Beard has seen as many more. I never slept in my Life, but always watch'd my Gold.

Faust. What wert thou on Earth?

Cov. I was first an Exciseman, and cheated the King and Country; then I was a Baker, and from every Neighbour's Loaf I stole two Pound, and swore 'twas shrunk in the Oven. I was a Vintner, and by bribing of Quest-men had leave to sell in Pint-Bottles for Quarts: At last I was a Horse-courser, made *Smithfield* too hot to hold me, and rid Post to the Devil: Give me some Gold, Father. [*Exit.*

Enter Envy.

Faust. What art thou the Third?

Envy. I am *Envy*; begot by a Chimney-sweeper upon an Oyster-wench. I cannot read, and wish all Books burnt. I always curse the Government that I was not preferr'd; and was a Malecontent in Three Kings Reigns. I am lean with seeing others eat; and I wish the Devil would make a Sponge of thy Heart, to wipe out the Score of my Sins.

Enter Wrath.

Faust. Out envious Wretch; what art thou the Fourth?

Wra.

Wra. I am *Wrath*; I had neither Father nor Mother, but leap'd out of a Lion's Mouth when I was scarce an Hour old. I always abhorr'd the Art of Patience, and curs'd all Fisher-men. I beat my Wife for my Pleasure; curst Heaven in my Passion, 'cause it gave me no Fortune, and was hang'd for a Rape on a *Scotch* Pedlar. [*Exit.*

Enter Gluttony.

Faust. What art thou the Fifth?

Glut. I am *Gluttony*; begot by a Plow-man on a Washer-woman, who devour'd a *Chedder*-Cheese in two Hours. I am of a Royal Pedigree: My Grand-father was a Sur-loin of Beef, and my Mother a Gammon of Bacon: My Sisters were Sows, which supply'd me with Pork: My Brothers were Calves, which afforded me Veal: My God-fathers were *Peter* Pickled-Herring, and *Michael* Milk-Porredge: My God-mothers were *Susan* Salt-butter, and *Margery* Sous'd-Hog's-Face. Now, *Faustus*, thou hast heard my Pedigree, wilt thou invite me to Supper?

Faust. Not I.

Glut. Then the Devil choak thee.

Enter Sloth.

Faust. What art thou the Sixth?

Slo. Hey ho! I am *Sloth*; I was begotten at Church by a sleepy Judge on a Costermonger's Wife, in the middle of a long Sermon. I am as lazy as a Fishmonger in the Dog-days, or a Parson in *Lent*: I would not speak another Word for a King's Ransom.

Enter

Enter Leachery.

Faust. And what are you, Mr. *Minks*, the Seventh and Last?

Leach. I am one that love an Inch of Raw Mutton better than an Ell of fry'd Stock-fish, and the first Letter of my Name begins with *Leachery*.

[*Exit.*

Faust. This Sight delights my Soul.

Luc. Faustus, in Hell are all manner of Delights.

Faust. O might I see Hell once, and return safe.

Luc. Faust, thou shalt; give me thy Hand.
Hence let's descend, and we will *Faustus* show
The mighty Pleasures in the World below.

[*Vanishes.*

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Harlequin *and* Scaramouch *in the Doctor's Gown; a Wand, and a Circle.*

Scar. So, now am I in my *Pontificalibus*: Now can I shew my Black Art; for I have found that heavenly Book which *Faustus* used to raise the Dead in: Come, stand within this Circle.

Har. 'Tis time to conjure, for I am almost famish'd. We have fasted like Priests for a Miracle.

Scar. I'll make thee amends presently; I'll conjure up a Spirit, ask what thou wilt thou shalt have it.

Har. Let me alone for asking.

Scar. Be very earnest with him, and intreat mightily.

Har. I'll intreat earnestly.

Scar.

Scar. Silence. *Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii Nobis Diccatus Mephostopholis, &c.*

Mephostopholis *rises.*

Meph. How am I tortur'd by these Villains (Charms?
From *Constantinople* have they brought me now,
Only for Measure of these idle Slaves? What
Would you with *Mephostopholis?*

Scar. We'd know how Dr. *Faustus* does.

Meph. Well.

Scar. When comes he home?

Meph. Within two Days.

Scar. What was he doing when you left him?

Meph. He was at Supper, eating good Chear.

Har. Good Mr. Devil, tell him we are almost starv'd; and desire him to send us some of his good Chear.

Meph. Is that all?

Har. Some Wine too?

Meph. What else?

Har. What else? Why if Fornication ben't against your Commandments, we would have some live Flesh; a handsom Wench.

Scar. Only for a third Person, and please your Damnation.

Meph. You shall have your Desires.

Har. We desire your Mephostopholiship too, not to let us stay the Roasting and Boiling of any thing: For we are eager as the Wine in *Smithfield*, and want no whetting.

Meph. You shall.

Scaramouch *and* Harlequin *pulls off their Caps.*

Now if your mighty Darkness would please to retire.

Meph. Farewell. [*Vanish.*

Scara-

Scaramouch *steps out of the Circle, and struts about.*

Scar. Now how do you like my Art?

Har. O rare Art! O divine Mr. Doctor *Scaramouch!* If the Devil be as good as his Word, I'll owe him a good Turn as long as I live, But I wish our third Person would come.

A Giant rises.

Ha! What's here?

Gi. I am sent by *Pluto* to bear you Company.

Har. Is this his third Person? Or is it three Generations in one? Come you from *Guild-hall*, Sir?

Gi. No, Mortal, from the *Stygian* Lake. I am the Giant which St. *George* destroy'd; and in the Earth have been decaying ever since, but now am come to eat with you.

Scar. To pick up your Crums, Sir: You're heartily welcome.

Scaramouch *gets upon* Harlequin, *and salutes him.*

Gi. I have lain now within the *Stygian* Lake 2000 Years.

Scar. Your Honour is not much shrunk in the wetting.

Gi. But we lose Time, and Dinner cools.

Har. Where is it?

Gi. In the next Room.

Scar. Will it please your Lustiness to lead the way?

Har. Will it please you then to make way for him?

Gi. I can divide my self to serve my Friends?

[*Giant leaps in two.*

Breeches be you my Page, and follow me.

Harleq. *and* Scaram. *complement the Breeches.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *draws, and discovers a Table furnished with Bottles of Wine, and a Venison Pasty, a Pot of Wild-Fowl, &c.*

Enter Scaramouch, Giant, *and* Harlequin.

Har. O heavenly Apparition!
Scar. Come, let's sit down.

The upper Part of the Giant flies up, and the under sinks and discovers a Woman in the Room.

Harlequin *and* Scaramouch *start.*

Scar. Ha! What's here, a Woman?
Har. O happy Change! Madam, with your good Leave. [*Kisses.*
Scar. Never too late in good Breeding. [*Kisses.* Rare Wench! And as luscious as Pig sauce.
Har. Heav'n be prais'd for all.
[*Woman sinks, a Flash of Lightning.*
Scar. Your unseasonable Thankfulness has robb'd us of our Strumpet.
Har. No matter, no matter; we shall meet her in the Cloisters after the Fair. Come let's fall too.
[*They put their Caps before their Faces.*
Ha!
Scar. The Table runs away from us.
Har. We'll bestow the Pains to follow it again; this I see is a running Banquet.
[*They put their Caps on again, the Table removes.*
Scar. I have found the Secret: We must not say Grace at the Devil's Feast.
Har. Come then let's fall too, *San*'s Ceremony; will you be Carver?

Scar. Every one for himself, I say.

Har. Ay, every one for himself, and God for us all. [*Table flies up into the Air.*

Scar. A Plague o'your Proverb; it has a Word in't must not be named.

Har. Ah, Mr. Doctor, do but entreat Mr. *Mephostopholis* to let the Table down to us, or send us to that, and I'll be his Servant as long as I live.

[*They are hoisted up to the Table.*

Scar. and *Har.* Oh, oh, oh.

Scar. Now have a care of another Proverb. We go without our Supper.

Har. Nay, now I know the Devil's Humour; I'll hit him to a Hair: Pray, Mr. Doctor, cut up that Pasty.

Scar. I can't get my Knife into it, 'tis over-bak'd.

Har. Ay, 'tis often so: God sends Meat, and the Devil sends Cooks. [*Table flies down.*

Scar. Thou Varlet, dost thou see what thy Proverb has done?

Har. Now could I curse my Grandmother, for she taught 'em me: Well, if sweet *Mephostopholis* will be so kind as but to let us and the Table come together again, I'll promise never to say Grace, or speak Proverb more, as long as I live.

[*They are let down to the Table.*

Scar. Your Prayers are heard, now be careful; for if I lose my Supper by thy Negligence, I'll cut thy Throat.

Har. Do, and eat me when you have done. I am damnably hungry; I'll cut open this Pasty, while you open that Pot of Wild-fowl.

[Harlequin *takes off the Lid of the Pasty, and a Stag's Head peeps out; and out of the Pot of Fowl flies Birds.* Harlequin *and* Scaramouch *start back, fall over their Chairs, and get up.*

Har. Here's the Nest, but the Birds are flown: Here's Wine though, and now I'll conjure for a Sup-

Supper: I have a Sallad within of my own gathering in the Fields to Day.

Scar. Fetch it in; Bread, Wine, and a Sallad, may serve for a Collation.

Enter Harlequin *with a Tray of Sallad.*

Har. Come, no Ceremony among Friends. *Bon. fro.*

Scar. *Sallad mal ajuste*; here's neither Fat nor Lean.

Har. O Mr. Doctor, neither Fat nor Lean in a Sallad!

Scar. Neither Oyl nor Vinegar.

Har. Oh! I'll fetch you that presently.

[Harlequin *fetches a Chamber-pot of Pis, and a Lamp of Oyl, and pours on the Sallad.*

Scar. O thy Sallad is nothing but Thistles and Nettles; and thy Oyl stinks worse than *Arsefetita*.

Har. Bread and Wine be our Fare. Ha! the Bread's alive. [*Bread stirs.*

Scar. Or the Devil's in't. Hey! again.

[*Bread sinks.*

Har. My Belly's as empty as a Beggar's Purse.

Scar. And mine as full of Wind as a Trumpeter's Cheeks. [*Table sinks, and flash of Lightning.* But since we can't eat, let's drink: Come, here's Doctor *Faustus*'s Health.

Har. Ay, come; God bless Dr. *Faustus*.

[*Bottles fly up, and the Table sinks.*

Scar. What, all gone! Here's a Banquet stole away like a City Feast. [*Musick.*

Har. Ha! here's Musick to delight us.

[*Two Chairs rises*; Harlequin *and* Scaramouch *sits down, and are caught fast.*

Scar. Ha! the Devil! We are lock'd in.

Har. As fast as a Counter-Rat.

Enter several Devils, who black Harlequin *and* Scaramouch's *Faces, and then squirt Milk upon them. After the Dance they both sink.*

Scar. and *Har.* Oh, oh, oh.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Wood.*

Enter Mephostopholis *and Dr.* Faustus.

Faust. HOW have I been delighted by thy Art; and in Twelve Years have seen the utmost Limits of the spacious World; feasted my self with all Varieties; pleasur'd my Fancy with my Magick Art, and liv'd sole Lord o'er every thing I wish'd for.

Meph. Ay, *Faustus*, is it not a splendid Life?

Faust. It is my Spirit; but prithee now retire, while I repose my self within this Shade, and when I wake attend on me again.

Meph. Faust, I will. [*Exit.*

Faust. What art thou, *Faustus*, but a Man condemn'd: Thy Lease of Years expire apace; and, *Faustus*, then thou must be *Lucifer's*: Here rest my Soul, and in my Sleep my future State be buried.

Good and bad Angel descends.

(Heav'n.

Good An. Faustus, sweet *Faustus*, yet remember
Oh! think upon the everlasting Pain thou must
For all thy short Space of Pleasure. (endure,

Bad

Bad An. Illusions, Fancies, *Faustus*; think on (Earth
The Kings thou shalt command, the Pleasures rule,
Be, *Faustus*, not a whining pious Fool. [*Ascend.*

Enter Horse-courser.

Hors. Oh! what a couz'ning Doctor was this I riding my Horse into the Water, thinking some hidden Mystery had been in 'em, found my self on a Bundle of Straw, and was dragg'd by something in the Water, like a Bailiff through a Horse-Pond. Ha! he's a-sleep: So ho, Mr. Doctor, so ho: Why Doctor, you couz'ning, wheedling, hypocritical, cheating, chousing Son of a Whore; awake, rise, and give me my Money again, for your Horse is turn'd into a Bottle of Hay. Why, Sirrah, Doctor; 'sfooot I thing he's dead. Why Doctor Scab; you mangy Dog, [*Pulls him by the Leg*] 'Zounds I'm undone, I have pull'd his Leg off.

Faust. O help! the Villain has undone me; Murder!

Hors. Murder, or not Murder, now he has but one Leg I'll out-run him. [*Exit.*

Faust. Stop, stop him; ha, ha, ha, *Faustus* has his Leg again, and the Horse-courser a Bundle of Hay for his Forty Dollars. Come, *Mephostophelis*, let's now attend the Emperor.

Exit Faust. *and* Meph.

Enter Horse-courser *and* Carter, *with Pots of Ale.*

Cart. Here's to thee; and now I'll tell thee what I came hither for: You have heard of a Conjurer they call Doctor *Faustus*?

Hors. Heard of him, a Plague take him, I have Cause to know him; Has he play'd any Pranks with you?

Cart. I'll tell thee; As I was going to the Market a while ago, with a Load of Hay, he met me, and ask'd me, What he should give me for as much Hay as his Horse would eat? Now, Sir, I thinking that a little would serve his Turn, bade him take as much as he would for Three Farthings.

Horſ. So.

Cart. So he presently gave me Money, and fell to eating; and as I'm a cursen Man, he never left yeating and yeating, till he had yeaten up my whole Load of Hay.

Horſ. Now you shall hear how he serv'd me: I went to him Yesterday to buy a Horse of him; which I did; and he bad me be sure not to ride him into the Water.

Cart. Good.

Horſ. Ads Wounds 'twas bad, as you shall hear; For I thinking the Horse had some rare Quality that he would not have me know, what do ye, I but rides him into the Water; and when I came just in the midst of the River, I found my self a straddle on a Bottle of Hay.

Cart. O rare Doctor!

Horſ. But you shall hear how I serv'd him bravely for it; for finding him a sleep just now in a by-Field, I whoop'd and hallow'd in his Ears, but could not wake him; so I took hold of his Leg, and never left pulling till I had pull'd it quite off.

Cart. And has the Doctor but one Leg then? that's rare. But come, this is his House, let's in and see for our Money; look you, we'll pay as we come back.

Horſ. Done, done; and when we have got our Money let's laugh at his one Leg: Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt laughing.*

Enter Hostess.

Hoſt. What, have the Rogues left my Pots, and run

run away, without paying their Reck'ning? I'll after 'em, cheating Villains, Rogues, Cut-purses; rob a poor Woman, cheat the Spittle, and rob the King of his Excise; a parcel of Rustick, Clownish, Pedantical, High-shoe'd, Plow-jobbing Cart-driving, Pinch-back'd, Paralytick, Fumbling, Grumbling, Bellowing, Yellowing, Pease-picking, Stinking, Mangy, Runagate, Ill-begotten, Ill-contriv'd, Wry-mouth'd, Sqatrifying, Dunghill-raking, Costive, Snorting, Sweaty, Farting, Whaw-drover Dogs. [*Exit.*

Enter Faustus.

Faust. My Time draws near, and 20 Years are past: I have but Four poor Twelve-months for my Life, and then I am damn'd for ever.

Enter an Old Man.

Old M. O gentle *Faustus*, leave this damn'd Art; this Magick, that will charm thy Soul to Hell, and quite bereave thee of Salvation: Though thou hast now offended like a Man, do not, oh do not persist in't like a Devil. It may be this my Exhortation seems harsh, and all unpleasant; let it not, for, gentle Son, I speak in tender Love and Pity of thy future Misery; and so have Hope that this my kind Rebuke, checking thy Body, may preserve thy Soul.

Faust. Where art thou, *Faustus*? Wretch, what hast thou done? O Friend, I feel thy Words to comfort my distressed Soul; retire, and let me ponder on my Sins. [Heart,

Old M. *Faustus*, I leave thee, but with Grief of Fearing thy Enemy will ne'er depart. [*Exit.*

Enter Mephostopholis.

Meph. Thou Traytor, I arrest thee for Disobedience to thy Sovereign Lord; revolt, or I'll in Piece-meal tear thy Flesh.

Faust. I do repent I e'er offended him; torment, sweet Friend, that old Man that durst dissuade me from thy *Lucifer.*

Meph. His Faith is great, I cannot touch his Soul; but what I can afflict his Body with I will.

Enter Horse-courser *and* Carter.

Hors. We are come to drink a Health to your Wooden Leg.

Faust. My Wooden Leg! What dost thou mean Friend?

Hors. Ha, ha! he has forgot his Leg.

Cart. Pshaw, 'tis not a Leg he stands upon. Pray, let me ask you one Question; Are both your Legs Bed-fellows?

Faust. Why dost thou ask?

Cart. Because I believe you have a good Companion of one.

Hors. Why, don't you remember I pull'd off one o'your Legs when you were a-sleep?

Faust. But I have it again now I am awake.

Cart. Ads Wounds, had the Doctor three Legs! ---- You, Sir, don't you remember you gave a Penny for as much Hay as your Horse would eat, and then eat up my whole Load.

Hors. Look you, Mr. Doctor, you must not carry it off so; I come to have the Money again I gave for the Ho-o-o-

[Faustus *waves his Wand.*

Cart. And I come to be paid for my Load of Ha-a-a-

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Mr. Doctor! do you harbour Rogues that bilk poor Folks, and won't pay their Reckonings? Who must pay me for A-a-a. [*Waves again.*

Enter

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. Mr. Doctor, I can't be quiet for your Devil Mr. *Me-o-o-* [*Waves again.*

[*Exeunt* Faustus *and* Mephostopholis. *They all stare at one another, and so go off, crying O, o, o, o- to the Emperor's Palace.*

Enter Emperor, Faustus, Gent. Guards, Benoolio *above.*

Emp. Wonder of Men, thrice Learned *Faustus*, Renown'd Magician, welcome to our Court; and as thou late didst promise us, I would behold the Famous *Alexander* fighting with his great Rival *Darius*, in their true Shapes, and State Majestical.

Faust. Your Majesty shall see 'em presently.

Ben. If thou bring'st *Alexander*, or *Darius* here, I'll be content to be *Actæon*, and turn my self to a Stag.

Faust. And I'll play *Diana*, and send you the Horns presently.

Enter Darius *and* Alexander; *they Fight:* Darius *falls.* Alexander *takes his Crown, and puts it on his Head.*

[*Exit.* Darius *sinks.*

Faust. Away, be gone; see, my Gracious Lord, what Beast is that that thrusts his Head out of yon Window.

Emp. O wond'rous Sight! see two Horns on young *Benoolio*'s Head; call him, Lords.

Lord, What, ho! *Benoolio.*

Ben. A Plague upon you, let me Sleep.

Lord. Look up, *Benoolio*, 'tis the Emperor calls.

Ben. The Emperor! O my Head.

Faust. And thy Horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy Head.

Ben. Doctor, this is your Villany.

Faust. O say not so, Sir; the Doctor has no Skill, if he bring *Alexander* or *Darius* here, you'll be *Actæon*, and turn to a Stag: Therefore, if it please your Majesty, I'll bring a Kennel of Hounds to hunt him. Ho! *Helmot, Argiron, Asterot.*

Ben. Hold, he'll raise a Kennel of Devils: Good, my Lord, intreat.

Emp. Prithee remove his Horns, he has done Pennance enough.

Faust. Away, and remember hereafter you speak well of Scholars.

Ben. If Scholars be such Cuckolds to put Horns upon honest Mens Heads, I'll ne'er trust smooth Face and small Band more: But if I been't reveng'd, may I be turn'd to a Gaping Oyster, and drink nothing but Salt-water.

Emp. Come, *Faustus*, in Recompence of this high Desert, thou shalt command the State of *Germany*, and live belov'd of mighty *Carolus*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Lord. Nay, sweet *Benoolio*, let us sway thy Thoughts from this Attempt against the Conjurer.

Ben. My Head is lighter than it was by the Horns:
And yet my Heart's more pond'rous than my Head
And pants, until I see the Conjurer dead.

2 *Lord.* Consider.

Ben. Away; dissuade me not, he comes. [*Draws.*

Enter Faustus *with a false Head.*

Now Sword strike home:
For Horns he gave, I'll have his Head anon.

[*Runs* Faustus *through, he falls.*

Faust.

Faust. Oh, oh.

Ben. Groan you, Mr Doctor, now for his Head.

[*Cuts his Head off.*

Lord. Struck with a willing Hand.

Ben. First, on this Scull, in quittance of my Wrongs, I'll nail huge forked Horns within the Window where he yoak'd me first, that all the World may see my just Revenge; and thus having settled his Head---

Faust. What shall the Body do, Gentlemen.

Ben. The Devil's alive again!

Lord. Give the Devil his Head again.

Faust. Nay, keep it; *Faustus* will have Heads (and Hands:

I call your Hearts to recompence this Deed.
Ho; *Asteroth, Belincoth, Mephstopholis.*

Enter Devils, and Horse 'em upon others.

Go Horse these Traytors on your fiery Backs.
Drag 'em through Dirt and Mud, through Thorns (and Briers.

Lord. Pity us, gentle *Faustus*, save our Lives.

Faust. Away.

Ben. He must needs go whom the Devil drives.

[*Spirits fly away.* *Exit* Faustus.

SCENE *a Hall.*

Enter Harlequin *in a Beggar's Habit.*

Harl. I find this *Scaramouch* is a Villain; he has left the Doctor, and is come to be Steward to a rich Widow, whose Husband died Yesterday, and here he is coming to give the Poor their Doles, of which I'll ha' my Share.

Scaramouch

Scaramouch, *and poor People, with a Basket of Bread and Money.*

Scar. Come hither, poor Devils; stand in Order, and be damn'd. I come to distribute what your deceased good Master hath bequeath'd.

[*They all stare at* Scar.

Harl. God bless you, Mr. Steward.

Scar. Let me tell you, Gentlemen, he was as good a Man as ever piss't, or cry'd stand on the High-way.

[Scaramouch *takes out a Loaf and a Shilling, holds it out, and* Harlequin *takes it.*

He spent a good Estate, 'tis true; but he was no Body's Foe but his own. I never left him while he was worth a Groat. [*Again.*] He would now and then Curse in his Passion, and give a Soul to the Devil, or so; yet, what of that? He always paid his Club, and no Man can say he owes this. [*Again*] He had a Colt's Tooth, and over-laid one of his Maids; yet, what of that? All Flesh is frail. [*Again.*] 'Tis thought that her Body work'd him off on his Legs; why, what of that? His Legs were his own, and his Arse never hung in your Light. [*Again*] Sometimes, you'll say, he wou'd rap out an Oath; what then, Words are but Wind, and he meant no more Harm than a Sucking-Pig does by Squeaking. [*Again.*] Now let's consider his good Deeds; he brew'd a Firkin of strong Drink for the Poor every Year, and kill'd an old Ram every *Easter*: The Meat that was stale, and his Drink that was sower, was always yours. [*Again.*] He allow'd you in Harvest to Glean after his Rake. [*Again.*] And now, at his Death, has given you all this. [*Again.*

Scar.

Scar. So, setting the Hare's Head against the Goose Giblets, he was a good hospitable Man; and much good may do you with what you had.

Poor. I have had nothing.

2 *Poor.* Nor I.

3 *Poor.* Nor I.

4 *Poor.* Nor I.

Scar. Nothing.

All. Nothing, nothing.

Scar. Nothing, nothing; you lying Rogues, then there's something for you. [*Beats 'em all off.*

Enter Harlequin *in a Cloak, laughing.*

Har. So now I am victual'd, I may hold out a Siege against Hunger. [*A Noise within; this way, this way.*

Ha! they are hunting after me, and will kill me. Let me see, I will take this Gibbet for my Preserver, and with this long Cloak make as if I were hang'd. Now when they find a Man hang'd, not knowing me in this Disguise, they'll look no farther after me, but think the Thief's hang'd.---- I hear 'em coming. [*Throws himself off the Ladder.*

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. Ha! what's here, a Man hang'd? But what Paper is this in his Hand?

[*Whilst* Scaramouch *reads,* Harlequin *puts the Rope over him.*

I have cheated the Poor of their Money, and took the Bread out of their Mouths, for which I was much troubled in Conscience, fell into Dispair, and, as you see, hang'd my self.

[*Pulls him up, and runs out.*

O, the Devil! Murder, murder!

Enter

Enter Poor.

Poor. O Neighbours, here hangs the Rogue.

Scar. Help me down?

Poor. No, you are very well as you are.

Scar. Don't you know me?

Poor. Ay, for a Rogue; e'en finish your Work, and save the Hang-man a Labour. Yet, now I think on't, Self-murder is a crying Sin, and may damn his Soul. Come, Neighbours, we'll take him down, and have him hang'd according to Law. [*When he's down he trips up their Heels, and runs out, they after him.*

All. Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Thunder and Lightning; Lucifer, Beelzebub, *and* Mephostopholis.

Luc. Thus from the Infernal *Dis* do we ascend, bringing with us the Deed; the Time is come which makes it forfeit.

Enter Faustus, *and old Man, and a Scholar.*

Old M. Yet, *Faustus*, call on Heaven.

Faust. O! 'tis too late; behold, they lock my Hands.

Old M. Who, *Faustus*?

Faust. Lucifer and *Mephostopholis*; I gave 'em my Soul for four and twenty Years.

Old M. Heav'n forbid.

Faust. Ay, Heav'n forbad it indeed, but *Faustus* has done it; for the vain Pleasure of four and twenty Years, *Faustus* has lost eternal Joy and Felicity: I writ 'em a Bill with my own Blood, the Date is expir'd; this is the Time, and they are come to fetch me.

Old M.

Old M. Why would not *Faustus* tell me of that before?

Faust. I often intended it, but the Devil threat'ned to tear me in Pieces. O Friend, retire, and save your self.

Old M. I'll into the next Room, and there pray for thee.

Faust. Ay, pray for me; and what Noise so ever you hear, fear not, for nothing can rescue me.

Old M. Pray thou, and I'll pray. Adieu.

Faust. If I live till Morning, I'll visit you; if not, *Faustus* is gone to Hell.

[*Exeunt old Man and Scholar.*

Meph. Ay, *Faustus*, now thou hast no Hopes on Heav'n.

Faust. O thou bewitching Fiend, 'twas thou, and thy Temptations, have robb'd me of eternal Happiness.

Meph. I do confess it, *Faustus*, and rejoyce. What weep'st thou, 'tis too late; hark to thy Knell: Fools that will Laugh on Earth, must Weep in Hell.

[*Exit.*

Good and bad Angel descend.

Good An. O *Faustus*, if thou had'st given Ear to me, Innumerable Joys had followed thee: But thou did'st love the World.

Bad An. Gave Ear to me, and now must taste Hell's Pains perpetual.

Throne of Heaven appears.

Good An. Had'st thou affected sweet Divinity, Hell, nor the Devil, had no Power on thee. Had'st thou kept on that way, *Faustus*, Behold in what resplended Glory thou had'st sat; That hast thou lost.

And

And now, poor Soul, must thy good Angel leave:
The Jaws of Hell are ready to receive thee.
[*Ascends.*

Hell is discover'd.

Bad. An. Now, *Faustus*, let thy Eyes with Hor-
Into that vast perpetual torturing House. (ror stare
Faust. O I have seen enough to torture me.
Bad. An. Nay thou must feel 'em, taste the Smart
(of all.
He that loves Pleasure must for Pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, *Faustus*, till anon.
Thou'lt tumble into Confusion. [*Descends.*

The Clock strikes Eleven.

Faust. Now, *Faustus*, hast thou but one bare Hour to
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually: (live,
Stand still you ever-moving Spheres of Heav'n,
That Time may cease, and Mid-night never come.
Or let this Hour be but a Year, a Month, a Week, a natural Day, that *Faustus* may repent, and save his Soul. Mountains and Hills come, come, and fall on me, and hide me from the heavy Wrath of Heav'n. Gape Earth; Oh no, it will not Harbour me. [*The Clock strikes,*
Oh! half the Hour is past; 'twill all be past anon.
Oh! if my Soul must suffer for my Sin, impose some End to my incessant Pain. Let *Faustus* live in Hell a thousand Years, an hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd. [*Strikes Twelve.*
No End is limited to damn'd Souls: It strikes, it strikes. Now, Body, turn to Air, to Earth, or Water. Oh! avoid the Fire: They come. Oh! Mercy, Heaven; ugly Hell gape not. Come not *Lucifer*; O *Mephostophilis.*
[*Sinks with Devils.* *Thunder.*

Enter

Enter Old Man *and* Scholar.

Old M. Come, Friend, let's visit *Faustus*: For such a dreadful Night was never seen.

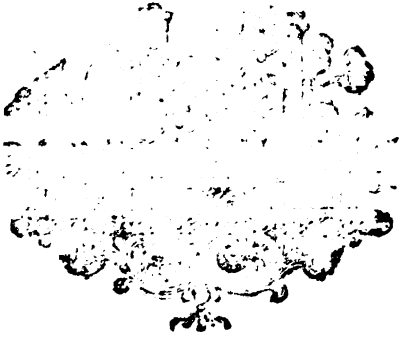
SCENE *discovers* Faustus's *Limbs.*

Schol. O help us, Heav'n; see here are *Faustus*'s
All torn asunder by the Hand of Hell. (Limbs,
Old M. May this a fair Example be to all,
To avoid such Ways which brought poor *Faustus*'s
And whatever Pleasure does invite, (Fall;
Sell not your Souls to purchase vain Delight.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Hell.*

Faustus *Limbs come together. A Dance, and Song.*

F I N I S.



HENRY the Second, King of *ENGLAND*; WITH THE Death of ROSAMOND.

A

TRAGEDY.

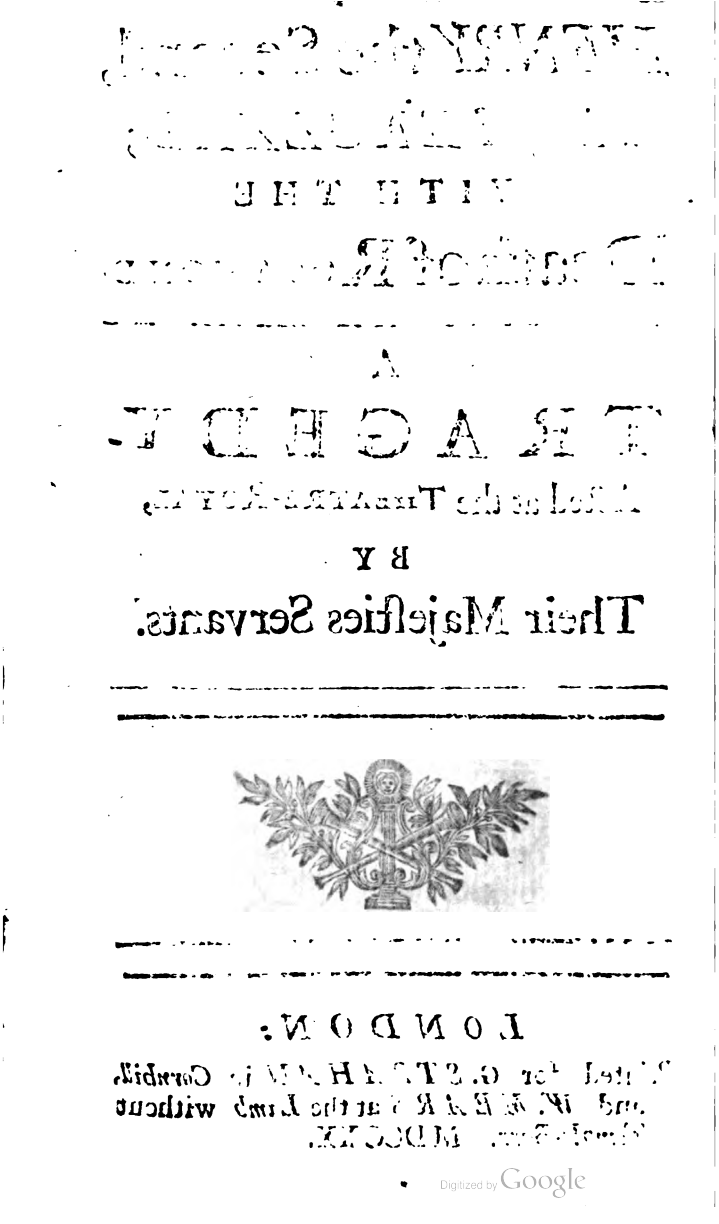
Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY

Their Majesties Servants.

LONDON:

Printed for *G. STRAHAN* in *Cornhill*, and *W. MEARS* at the *Lamb* without *Temple-Barr*. MDCCXX.



To the Truly Worthy

Sir *Thomas Cooke* Kt.

ALDERMAN, *and* SHERIFF of the Most Famous City of *LONDON*.

SIR,

THough a Stranger to Your Person, 'tis impossible to be so to Your Virtues; for General Fame (that is so often call'd a Liar, and seldom takes pains to Blazon Good Deeds, but on the contrary is most industrious to expose the Bad) has taken an unusual and peculiar Care to Justify your Reputation; And the united consent of all Mankind concur, that in Your Character she has spoke Truth, and what is as commendable, no more than the Truth.

YOUR Generous Charity in many considerable Extremities, has sufficiently demonstrated, not only the Antient Spirit

rit of an *English* Man, but the more glorious Principle of a Christian. Charity the eldest Favourite of God, the first in Honour, and the last in Love, seems to be declared the Heir of all Your Fortunes: It is Your private Pleasure, Your secret Ambition, the care of Your Endeavours, and I cannot help saying, the Blessing that attends 'em.

YOUR Noble Commiseration on the Deplorable Condition of many a wretched Soul in the Hard Frost must be remembred, when Corn and Coals were above their reach, and, indeed, so dear, that it would have been counted Impudence, in the greatest necessity, to have begg'd 'em; You, like a second *Joseph*, in the Famine, reliev'd their wants, and gave 'em Fire to warm the Hearts You fed.

YOUR most Commendable Bounty to the distressed *Irish* Protestants must be remembred, for You were their greatest Benefactor; and the first. Such Publick Benevolence ought not to be conceal'd, tho' 'tis Your desire; for You would be as well pleas'd to have it not known, as You are satisfied when You bestow it: But I say again, it ought to be Publish'd out of the hopes that the knowledge of such Good-

ness

ness may rouze the sleeping Hospitality of our Land, that it may take place of Board-Wages, which has scandalously shut up those Doors our Grandfathers always kept open for the Poor.

It is not to be expected that my Pen should set forth Your Praise as the merit of it deserves, but as the famous Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, in a choice Picture will strike the Eye of the beholder (tho' a Stranger to the Original (and tell him, somewhere or other he has seen that Face, tho' he cannot immediately recollect the Person: So I will endeavour by the bold touches of Truth, to let the World know they have heard of the Man, tho' they cannot at the instant apply the Character to his Name.

So Famous a Citizen has not in many Ages fill'd the Walls of *London*; Your Generosity is the Honour of it, Your Conduct and Affability the Credit of it; and You are one of the chiefest Members in the support of its Trade.

It is probable that the World may admire at a Dedication of this Nature to Sir *Thomas Cook*, since the Custom of Poets has been to Address their Plays to the Nobility, either by the way of thanks, for Patronizing

tronizing their Works before they were made publick; or else in a Panegyrick on their Families: But I declare, neither of these are the occasion of this Epistle; but that it proceeds from a real respect I have to Your great Character, and a desire of being the first that should publish it to the World.

THE *Romans* whose Courage and Country once excell'd all others, were ever proudest of their Citizens, and not without good Reason; for indeed they are the support of all Governments; and as they are the first to be Tryed, so they are the longest to be Esteem'd, the most to be encourag'd, and the last to be Injur'd. *Anthony* reckon'd he had as good as Conquer'd *Brutus*, when his Oration had overthrown his Interest with the Citizens. That ours may always Flourish, and never want such Virtues as Yours to advance their prosperity, shall be the constant and fervent wish,

Of Your most Obedient Servant,

WILL. MOUNTFORT.

PROLOGUE.

IN this grave Age, improv'd by States-mens Art,
Who e're can think you'll like a Misses Part?
Time was, when Rosamond *might shine at Court;*
These are no days for Ladies of that sort.
How strangely Time does Human Things decay!
For Cent'ries past as ancient Writers say,
She that we represent bore mighty sway:
Her Beauty wondred at, her Wit extoll'd,
Her yellow Locks were call'd too, Threads of Gold.
But now *should that Complexion use the Trade,*
Each puny Fop the Town has newly made
Would cry, Confound the Carrot-pated-Jade.
Misses in times of War and Jeopardy,
Like Armourers in days of Peace must be;
His Swords and Helmets rust, and so will She.
What sort of Criticks then must I endear
To favour this abandon'd Character?
The French *fatigue too much, to mind* Amour;
Th' Italian's *Bigotted; The* Spaniard *Poor;*
The Clumsie Lover, *with his* Northern Sense,
Would have the Yo-Frows, *but would spare the* Pence:
Rav'nous of Beauty; But when Purse should open,
Myn Heer *is either deaf, or Drunk-asleep.*
Thus all o're Europe, *as the Scenes are laid,*
War and Religion have quite spoild Love's Trade.
Since then from Courts her Part must hope no pity,
I'll try the English Lovers *of the City;*
Kind Souls, who many a Night o're Toast and Ale,
Have wept at reading Rosamond's *fam'd Tale,*
And will, we hope, for Beauties sake, to Day
Confront the Wits, and save a harmless Play
So may you thrive, your Wagers all be won;
So may your Wise Stock-jobbing Crimp go on;
So may your Ships return from the Canaries,
And stoln French *Cargoes in your* Johns and Maries

PROLOGUE.

Stand Buff once for a Mistress: Think what Lives
Some of you daily lead with scolding Wives.
And though she fell by jealous Cruelty,
For Venial Sin 'twas pity she should die.
Ah! should your Wives and Daughters so be try'd,
And with her Dose their Failings purify'd,
Lord! What a Massacre would maul Cheapside!

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Spoke by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

THus you the sad Catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a Mistress and a Queen.
Queen Eleanor the Proud was French, they say;
But English Manufacture got the Day:
Jane Clifford was her Name, as Books aver,
Fair Rosamond was but her Nom de Guerre.
Now tell me Gallants would you lead your Life
With such a Mistress or with such a Wife?
If one must be your Choice, which d'ye approve,
The Curtain Lecture or the Curtain Love?
Wou'd ye be Godly with perpetual Strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your Wife;
Or take your Pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest Whoring Harry in the Play?
I guess your minds: The Mistress would be taken,
And nauseous Matrimony sent a packing.
The Devils in you all; Mankind's a Rogue,
You love the Bride, but you detest the Clog:
After a Year, poor Spouse is left i'th' lurch;
And you, like Haynes, return to Mother-Church.
Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind,
Chappels of Ease behind our Scenes you find:
The Play-house is a kind of Market-place;
One chaffers for a Voice, another for a Face.
Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many
Would buy of me a Pen'worth for your Peny.
Ev'n this poor Face (which with my Fan I hide)
Would make a shift my Portion to provide,
With some small Perquisites I have beside.

EPILOGUE.

Though for your Love, perhaps I should not care,
I could not hate a Man that bids me fair.
What might ensue 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to day for loving well,
And fear the Poison that would make me swell.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

KING *Henry* the Second,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Prince *Henry*, his Son,	*Mich. Lee.*
Sir *Tho. Vaughan*, a Favourite of the King's,	Mr. *Ant. Leigh.*
Abbot,	Mr. *Sandford.*
Veralam,	Mr. *Kynaston.*
Sussex,	Mr. *Hodgson*,
Aumerle,	Mr. *Bridges.*
Betrard, a Priest,	Mr. *Dogget.*
Queen *Eleanor*,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Rosamond;	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Rosamond's Woman,	Mrs. *Kent.*

Attendants, Priests, Guards.

Scene *OXFORD.*

Henry

HENRY the Second, King of *ENGLAND*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Suſſex, Verulam, *and* Aumerle.

Veru. YOU do miſtake the Cauſe, and (your Opinions
Too eaſily comply with what (you wiſh;
Like young Phyſicians paſs a (haſty Judgment,
Thinking the Patients well becauſe his looks
Are ſeeming healthy, ſtreak'd with cheerful Red,
While ſome unnatural Fire preys on his Heart,
And drinks up all the moiſture of his Life.

Suſſex. Excuſe our Unexperience, and direct us
How we may ſolve the Error of our Thoughts.

Veru. My Age, and long Attendance on the (King,
Makes me no Stranger to the Myſtery.
But would to Heav'n it ne'er had been my Fate,
Since I've beheld the Troubles of my Maſter,
And want the Pow'r to eaſe his Miſery!

Aumer. I thought this ſudden Alteration
Proceeded from ſome Change of Government;
Believ'd the head-ſtrong *Normans*
By Innovation wrought theſe Fits of Spleen,

Veru. Like a Diſeaſe it has been growing on him
For many Years; and now 'tis fix'd ſo faſt,
So deeply in him, he cannot ſhake it off.
Love wrought the Change at firſt,
And with its Magick quite o're-power'd his Reaſon,
Blinded all his Senſes,
Till he ſunk quick into the Gulph of Wedlock;
From the unlucky moment that he joyn'd
With *Eleanor*, the Repudiated Leavings
Of the French King, *Lewis*, his mortal Foe,
Strife and Diſorder has o'er-ſpread the Realm:
Our ſad Diviſions ſpeak our coming Miſchief.

Aumer. From whence muſt riſe this Danger,
You ſeem ſo very apprehenſive of?

Veru. Here, in his Court at *Oxford*; here in (his Bed and Boſom;
His jealous Wife, and diſobedient Sons,
Is there a days ceſſation from debate;
An intermiſſion from their Wilds of Nature?
When will it ceaſe? Not while the Mother's (fondneſs
Upholds their fiery Youth, ſmiles on their Inſolence,
Clapping their Cheeks, to ſhew how ſhe approves it.

Suſſex. Is then the Lion's Voice ſo ſoon forgot?
'Twas not long ſince they trembled at the ſound;
And their Knees ſhook with terror of the Accent.

Aum.

Aum. The haughty Queen was forc'd to rein her (Heart,
And one might read her Passion in her Tears.
Sussex. Most of that Sex,
Whene'er they fail of wish'd Success, (Eyes:
Their Blood turns Gall, and flashes through their
And if a Show'r does fall----
Veru. 'Tis the hot Stream of Anger boyling o'er,
Which shews how much the Spleen and Mother
I'll tell you what befel of late, (governs.
And then give me your Censures.
Aum. We attend you. (Wretches,
Veru. I have observ'd the Crowd of fawning
Which servilely attend the Queen's Apartment,
Watching the early op'ning of the Door,
To shew their forward Zeal.
Sussex. The Fathers and the Priests you mean.
Veru. You hit me right.
These Holy, Pious, seeming Godly Men,
Swarm not for nothing: Either there's Revenge
Or Int'rest stirring, when Church-mens Diligence
Haunt Majesty so much.
I have observ'd how grossly they have flatter'd,
Yet she hath swallow'd up their nauseous Phrases
Fast as their utt'rance, while they prais'd her
Or loaded with Hyperbole's her Son (Person,
Aum. You speak of what is natural to Women.
Veru. But when they'd gain'd attention, and (wrought her
To admiration, then the Fane was turn'd,
And their foul Breath pointed against the King.
Then *Becket's* Death, that Patron of Rebellion,
That Traytor to the King and all his Int'rest,
Was introduc'd: and with such doleful Accents,
As if the Life o'th' Church expir'd in his.
Here *Henry* was forgot, her Lord and Monarch;
Instead of punishing the sawcy Gown-man,
She mourn'd the Fall of the aspiring Prelate;
Would

Would cast her Eyes, almost eclips'd with Tears,
On the young Race of Heroes standing by,
Insinuating their Father was too Guilty.
Sussex. Nay, they are always ripe for Mischief,
When e're the Power o' th' Crown, checks that (o' th' Church,
And the World knows too well, if they had Power.
Veru. If they had Power! Why have they not (my Lord?
Divide the Globe and you will find a Third
Are Men in Orders, or the Slaves to them.
I tell you, Sirs, they are a dreadful Host;
And should the Pulpit sound to an Alarm,
I question much whether our *Hercules*
Could cope this *Hydra*. 'Tis a horrid Tale
They have possess'd th' unthinking Crowd withal,
Concerning *Beckets* Death. (Traytor's Fate,
Aum. Wou'd the whole Tribe had met the
Since they aspire to setter Monarchy,
Nay the Nobility must sink with him. (Rochet
Sussex. Whilst ev'ry Pedant which can gain the
Must Lord it o'er us, we shall be like Beasts
Pegg'd on the Common, there to graze our Round,
And must be thankful tho' the Soils our own.
Aum. Surely at last the Royal Soul will rouze,
And free Himself and People from the Yoke.
Oh how I covet such a Jubilee!
Veru. I find we centre in Opinion, and shall be
Glad to joyn in such a Cause.----
W' are interupted, the Court breaks in upon us.

Enter Sir Thomas Vaughan.

Sussex. Sir *Thomas Vaughan!* Now dare I pawn
My Life some Petticoat Embassy.
Aum. That old Gentleman.

Sussex.

Sussex. Ay, Sir, upon my word the best of his
Qualifications consist in acting the part
Of *Mercury* to our *Jupiter.*

Veru. That's of old Date,

Sussex. But may be renew'd again,
If Majesty have occasion. -----Let us observe.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* This is the second Time I have been sent of this Errand; Pray Heav'n I'm more successful than I have been, I shall go near to be discarded my Office else. One would not Imagine what Pains, Care and Understanding are requir'd to make a complete Pimp.

Sussex. Very pretty!

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* None but this Virgin of Honour will down with Majesty. She's a fine Woman, that's the Truth on't; but a Pox of her Chastity: what a damnable pother she makes to preserve that, which half the Women in the Town would be glad to be rid of! Had she been my Kinswoman now, I had been made for ever. There's no Court-Bribe in the World like a Female Relation, for a speedy Advancement.

Aum. Suppose, after all our suspicions, it should
Be Love that has wrought this Alteration
In the King.

Sussex, I suspect it shrewdly.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* I am damnably afraid the Termagant Queen should come to the knowledge of it, she has such a plaguy number of Spies abroad. Well, Sir *Thomas,* you are in, and must e'en through; 'tis too late to repent. Send thee good luck, old Boy. ----- Basta! Who's there? [*Sees 'em*

Verul. Friends.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Not Eve-droppers I hope. Ha! my good Lord *Verulam* your Lordships most humble Servant.

Sussex. What in a Sweat, Man?

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* A little warm my Lord. Who would be a Courtier, that has any regard for his Carcas? This toiling and moiling does not agree with my Age; I must e'en leave it off, and betake to my Pray'rs in time. [Court?

Veru. What a Favourite, and talk of leaving the

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* I a Favourite! your Lordships most humble Servant. But I take all things in good part from my Friends.

Aum. Have you seen the King to day?

Sir *Tho Vaugh.* I just parted with him; he's a very honest Gentleman, the most accomplish'd Gallant, sweetest natur'd Person in *Europe*: He has found out something extraordinary in me, for which I am eternally engag'd to him.

Sussex, Y'are dispos'd to be merry.

Sir *Tho. Vaug.* I would I cou'd: But the King's Melancholly strangely discomposes me. Poor Prince! never was Mortal so afflicted.

Veru. Noth ng that's new, I hope.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* The Devil and all of Mischief. Yonder Knaves have been, at it o' t'other side of the Water, helter skelter; fight Dog, fight Bear; nothing but Mutiny, Mutiny.---- Gad, if the King would but follow my Advice, we'd maul 'em. [thers?----

Sussex. What, you mean the Religious Fa-

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Religious d'ye call 'em? I don't know what Religion they have, but they have very good Livings: They have made a fine piece of Work of their Religion.

Veru. About what?

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Why about the Gentleman at *Canterbury*, that had his Brains beat out to inform his Judgment.

Sussex The Prelate *Becket*?

Sir *Tho Vaugh.* Ay, ay: They have dignify'd and distinguish'd him from the infamous Title of a *Traytor*, to the spiritual one of a *Saint*. *Veru.*

Veru. You should speak more respectfully of the (Cloathing.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Why Black never blushes, you know, say what you will on't.

Veru. Would you have us be without 'em?

Sir *Tho. Vaug.* Why when were they ever with us? Did you ever know them join with the People, unless 'twas a Mischief of their own makeing? We may groan under Misery and Slavery, Grumble and Complain; but, if the Church's Rights be not invested, they tell us, we must bear it, and submit to the Higher Powers. But if a single Egg of their Tyths were crack'd, and not made good to them, you should hear them bellow against Power and Dominion, make the Cause of the Church the Disquiet of Heav'n; tell you Horrour and Plagues will come from above; that the just Divine Wrath will punish your Sacrilege: so destroy you themselves, to preserve you from Judgments. (Injury.

Sussex. Sure they have done thee some moral

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Let them forbear the King then and Peace follows; for they're so constantly teizing him about their Religion, the Man can't enjoy himself for 'em: Besides, should they biggotize the King to admire Abstinence and Chastity, poor Sir *Thomas* is kick'd out; for *Praying* and *Pimping* can never agree ----- Ads me! my Lords, I forgot to tell you the News; The King's reconcil'd to the Prince, who must go to *Normandy*; and the Queen's Pleas'd. There's a Miracle, my Lords! The Queen's pleas'd! Nay she's pleas'd with me, that she has not spoke to this Month! Such a Favour she has done me!

Sussex What is't?

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Your Servant.

Veru. Pray what is't?

Sir *Tho Vaugh.* You'll tell on't.

Aum.

Aton. Think better of us.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* If the King should know on't

Vera. Never for us.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Last Night at Supper----

Sussex. What then?

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Nothing, only the Queens pleas'd, that's all. Again. your Servant, my Lords your Servant, [*Exit.*

Veru. The Prince to *France!* this is a sudden motion;
I know the Provinces are Malecontent,
Apt for Commotion, ready for Rebellion:
But they require a sharp and steddy Hand,
One of Experience--- Ha! the King alone!
[*Withdraw.*

Enter King Henry.

King. Oh Love! Oh *Rosamond!* Why do I Name
That Cruel Maid? But yet alas! I must
Spight of my fix'd Resolves; She grasps my Heart,
And turns it with each motion of her Eyes:
If there were hopes; Why, am I not a King?
But what are Kings in Love? Like Lions chain'd
We Roar, but cannot reach what we would Prey on:
Why else ye Gods, do you withold your Bounty?
Or is this single Beauty thought too much
For a Reward of all my Sufferings?
If so you think,
Take back this Crown and Dignity you gave,
Confine me to some Corner of the Earth
Where abject Poverty does make abode;
Bless me with *Rosamond*; and even there
I'll thank your Providence for the Exchange:
But Oh! I Rave, and must recall my Senses,
Bus'ness comes forward, curs'd Bus'ness haunts me:
With

With what a Weight does that poor Monarch (move,
Thus clogg'd with Business and perplex'd with (Love!

Enter Verulam, Sussex *and* Ammerle.

Veru. Your Majesty!

King. Thou art the only Man of all the World
I covered to see; Come near me *Verulam*,
I shall have need of your assistance shortly,
Your Counsel now.

Veru. You doubly Honour me.

King. Upon mature Advice, I have resolv'd
To send my eldest Son to *Normandy*;
And to engage his Duty will invest him
With all the Royal Dignities belonging
To both the Dukedoms: since he longs for Power,
I'll load him with the Weight of Government.

Veru. None better can direct the Rounds of (State.
Than Sacred Majesty; It is in you
From vast Experience grown to certain Judgment.
Yet----

King. Let me tell thee *Verulam*.
I have examin'd with the strictest Care,
What Consequences may attend this Act;
You must allow Youth are most prone to Covet
What is debarr'd 'em: Give 'em full Possession
They soon grew weary of the Toy they long'd for
But to prevent all danger, 'tis resolv'd
That you attend him; The Commission's ready:
I know thy Loyalty admits no scruple

Veru. I'm all obedience to your Royal Pleasure.

Enter

Enter Prince Henry, *Attendants.* [*Runs to the King and Kneels.*]

King. All is forgot: Thy Fathers Memory
[*Takes him up*
Bears thy good deeds in sight; but ne'er looks
(backwards.
Prince. You are all Goodness, Tenderness and
(Mercy.
King. I know 'tis want of Action caus'd the Sur-
The Riots and the Luxuries o'th' Courts; (feit,
But now an opportunity's at hand
To wash away the Stains of Idleness.
Read that. [*Gives him a Letter.*
Prince. This Purports that the *Normans* are in
King. It does. (Arms.
Prince. Are they so pamper'd with their fullness
These wresty Slaves like Horses wanting use, (Sir?
Must be kept to it, Rid hard, and exercis'd;
Must feel the Bit and Curb, to let 'em know
They're under Government. (done:
King. Why thou hast spoke it, and shall see it
For from this Moment do I constitute
Thee equal sharer with me in my Scepere.
Prince. My Royal Father!
King. I have said the Word; Hence be convinc'd
A Parents Love can bear, forget, forgive,
And wait the gentle Season when Penitence
Shall Spring; and show'r a Blessing
That may encourage Virtue as it grows.
Prince. My thanks to Heav'n and you; Oh!
(you have made,
New-moulded up this Mass, and breath'd a Soul
That longs for Action, and the Toil of War:
If I not strive to Merit this great Blessing,
If I not Honourably discharge the Trust,
Endeavour Nobly; may I sink with shame

As

As great as my worst Foes would wish,
Best Friends lament: For *France* my Father,
Where I will Season this my Infant Sword,
To Dedicate to you who taught it Glory. (Boy;

King. This sounds well *Harry*, as it should be
And I foresee *Englands* good Genius Dancing
In thy Spirit, and pleas'd with the young *Mars*
It has begot, my Lord of *Verulam*.

Veru. Your Majesty?

King. Here, as a Pledge of Love,
Accept this Man; I give him
As a Guardian Angel to thee:
His Courage shall assist and strengthen thine,
His Judgment in the Field shall guide thy boldness;
And if Fate should approach thee, clap between ye:
His Care shall lessen thy Fatigue in War;
In Peace his Diligence shall give thee Pleasure.

Prince. Sir, you are mine; your Character is (great,
And I will shew how I esteem its worth
In choosing your Opinion.

Enter Queen, Abbot, Fryers, *Attendants*.

Queen. Oh Barbarous King! was there no (other way
To reach my Heart, but thus to snatch him from me?
Look on him well, Are these young tender Limbs
Fit to endure the hardships of a Camp,
The Cares of War, and Dangers that attend it?
It shall not, must not be and I alive.
Oh *Harry*! hang upon thy Mothers Love,
And shun thy Father's Cruelty. (at ease

King. Well, Madam, have you done? are you
Has the fierce Whirlwind of your Passion vent?
If not, enlarge after your wonted method.

Queen. Ingrateful King, Do you upbraid my (fondness!
Think'st thou this Breast is harden'd like thy own.
I bore

I bore him, bred him, felt the rack of Nature;
Many long Winter Nights have watch'd his (slumbers,
When the sad hand of Sickness was upon him;
While you, encompass'd round with all your (Friends,
Forgot my Care and the poor Infants danger.
He minds me not: Oh wretched Majesty!
See Reverend Fathers, Is this humane usage?

Prince. Let me beseech you Madam calm this (Passion:
The King designs my Greatness.

Queen. Deluded Fool, away; Fly, fly betimes
To Sanctuary, where these good Mens assistance
May break the Philtre, and dissolve the Magick
Which blinds thy Sense, and sets thee mad for (Glory:
Behold this Holy Man, thy careful Tutor,
Whose studious Diligence first taught thee Know- (ledge,
With Art and Patience clear'd thy erring Soul,
And made it Master of Imperial Wisdom;
Take his Advice; Be deaf to the harsh King's,
Which would destroy thee, by removing thee.

King. Contemn her fondness, and consult thy (Honour,
This Passion flows from an unruly Will:
I tell thee, *Harry*, All the Sex are thus,
And Contradiction's their Original Sin;
For Woman was the first in Disobedience:
When they were molded first into a Form,
And the Almighty lik'd the great Design
Pleas'd with the Work, withdrew; and in th'Inter- (val
The fall'n Angel crept unseen and view'd it;
Saw that Man's Happiness would be complete,
And from his Gall a drop of Spleen dash'd in,
Which sower'd the whole Creation:
'Tis that affects her now; give it but scope,
And when she sees it moves us not, 'twill down.

Prince.

Prince. If to my Mother's Will I should submit,
Glory will shun me, Honour flie me,
And all brave Men contemn me.

Abbot. Most Gracious Majesty, vouchsafe atten-(tion
To the humble Speech of your poor Beadsman:
I am bound in duty to offer my assistance,
And to mediate where Persons of such near affinity
Have different Passions which o'ercloud the Soul,
Soyling Perfection.
See your Royal Partner o'erwhelm'd with Tears,
From the harsh Words you've utter'd!
That Noble Graft buried in deep amazement.
Oh! let this Discord end in Harmony!
Lull the harsh Note, and raise her up to Life.

King. Who asks Advice from you my Reverend (Sir?
Who sent for you to make up Royal Breaches?
Because you are the Examiner of her Sins,
Must you pretend Dominion o'er my Actions?
Go to; We know you: Preach to those who do not,
And let their Ignorance support your Cunning;
Thou Pandor of the Court!

Abbot. Your trusty Knight there [*Points to*
Becomes the Title better. *Sir T. Vau.*

King. Ha! what said you?

Abbot. This Accusation does not suit my Function
Nor well become the Mouth of Dignity:
If we, the Pillars of the Holy Church,
Are thus calumniated, 'tis easy guessing what
Will follow: You set an ill Example.

King. You seldom shew us good ones.
Come, come, I know you better than your selves,
Your proud, ambitious, haughty, daring Tempers:
The God you Idolize is Int'rest;
Which to obtain you'd bribe all Mankind,
And ride 'em to the Devil.

Queen. Oh Blasphemy!

Abbot.

Abbot. Alas poor Queen! how must he use your Goodness,
If he reviles the Church thus! (Fellows?
Atheists would blush at this.

King. Is there no way to Heav'n without these
Try me and judge me, Oh thou awful Pow'r,
If I not reverence and adore thy Laws!
But why thro' such hard Hands are they deliver'd?
How is't you make us Kings, whilst these pre- (scribe us?
Our Actions must be govern'd by their Consciences;
Our own has no Pre-eminence nor Judgment.

Abbot. Reason is weak, where Passion is so strong:
Your Arbitrary Power would tire the World,
Did not Heav'n bless you with our guiding Virtues.

King. Yet, with your leaves, Kings may indulge (themselves,
Violate Laws, Disfranchize all their Subjects,
Provided that your Government's untouch'd:
But, should we look
A-squint upon the Failures of the Church
The holy Rooks and Daws betake to wing:
And fill the Air with Clamor.
Hence be gone on forfeit of your Lives!

Abbot. He shall pay dear for this. (*Priests.*
Come, Brothers lets to Council. [*Exit Abbot,*

Sir Tho. Vaugh. That's to Mischief:
Now will the Church fall in a Fever,
And want his Blood for a Cordial. (Men;

King. Now, *Eleanor*, to you: Beware these.
Thou'rt but a Tool to them, to fashion me,
And work my Actions suitable to theirs.
Shock not thy Husbands Pow'r to strengthen them;
For, credit me, I know their inward Cunning:
They call'd my Father in, to serve their Int'rest;
And, when he had nobly venturd Life and Pow'r,
Remov'd th' Oppressions under which they groan'd.
They grew so weary of Security,
They would have chang'd again.

Observe

Observe this, Boy: Seem with the Church to joyn,
Hearken and weigh whatever they design,
But never let their Knowledge fathom thine.

Queen. But why must he to th' War?
Oh! can you love, and put him into danger?

King. Hear me;
And what I say, I hope, will make impression:
If to divest my self, and place on him
A Sov'reign Power, be not the Marks of Love,
Then I have none: If to advance my Son
Into an equal share of Empire with me,
Be not Affection, what then is Affection?

Queen. But yet ----

King. Come, *Eleanor*, be calm, cease all suspicion;
And if I sally'd out in rash Expressions,
Wink at my Failings; For, Oh my Queen!
The Cares that tend upon a Crown are great,
And do sometimes distract.

Queen. Is there no danger of his Life?

King. None that I know of.
My Lord of *Verulam* I joyn to his Assistance:
But if the Sceptre be too ponderous,
I'll aid the Prince till strength shall reach his Arm,
And be a Shield 'twixt him and all Invaders.

Prince. Dear Madam, hear the King, let him prevail;
You would not have me stay and weild a Distaff,
When Honours Trumpet sounds so brave a Charge,
When all my Royal Father's great Intentions
Aim only at the increasing of my Glory.

Queen. It shall be so: but my dear Child take care;
Oh Verulam! be watchful in the War;
The Comfort of my Life lies all in him.

King. I bless thee from my Soul, and wish thee well.

Prince. How I'll deserve that Blesing, time shall tell.

If

If I return, Conquest and Peace I'll bring;
If not, just Fame shall, to my Glory sing,
I suffer'd for my Country and my King.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Abbot *and* Fryers.

Abbot. DID you not mind with what a sprightly Joy
The Youth took fire when we saluted him?
The Blood flew up and almost burst his Cheeks;
His Eyes did sparkle round unwonted Lustre;
His fauk'ring Tongue could not express his Soul,
But with a pleas'd and eager stammering
Hinted the wondrous transports he was under;
Then with a Bridegroom's haste he clasp'd us round,
Call'd us his Friends, and kiss'd our Lips with as
Much Warmth as each had been a Mistress.

2 Fry. Nay, though the Queen had sent to take her leave,
How slowly did he quit our Company!
The falling showers gush'd from his longing Eyes,
And spoke the wreck he felt i' th' Separation;
Then on his Knees with humble Adoration
Besought our guardian Prayers and Benizons.

Abbot. It almost made me weep for Company,
But that the Fire which burns within this Bosom
Call'd back the Sap for a more noble Use.

Now,

Now, should I speak my Thoughts,
I must declare this early pious, worshipping
Young Prince deserves the Crown.

1 *Fry.* What says my Lord?

Abbot. Since his ill Father stands accurs'd for
Most sacred Blood, in a holy Place, (shedding
He is divested by his Holiness
Of Power and Royalty,
And only bears an empty Title now.

2 *Fry.* But which of us dare to tell him so?
He has a damnable Spirit, and values (Soldier.
Hanging a Churchman no more than a mutinying

Abbot. Weak Men! whose Senses are o'er-
(whelm'd with Ease;
Think you there goes no more to this great Work,
Than barely talking? I tell you, We must first
Joyn all the Pow'r and Int'rest we can make,
To undermine this vast *Colossus*.
'Tis of Consequence sufficient to engage
The whole Profession,
And call the scatter'd *Levi* of the World
To one entire and absolute Assembly.
Oh *Becket*! Oh thou Martyr for our Sakes!
The only Patron of our humble Labours!
Have you forgot? Speak, has remembrance left
Are all his Favours bury'd in Oblivion? (you?

1 *Fry.* No 'tis to him and you we owe our being.

Abbot. And shall we tamely let his Murderers
(sleep,
Sit down in silence to behold their Triumph?
Oh! never let Ingratitude so foul (ness,
Be lay'd at the Church door: Think of his good-
He took me when a Boy from my poor Parents,
Pleas'd with a forward Spirit which he saw;
And at his Charge, with Cost and Diligence,
I was instructed in Divinity;
Preferr'd me early into holy Orders,
And made me in my Six and thirtieth year

One

One of the Confessors to Majesty:
And tho' in different Ways his Love did move,
You shar'd his Bounty, and to good Advantage.
2 *Fry*. 'Tis true; and we no less than you Repine,
For want of Means to show how we'd Revenge.
Abbot. Oh, wonderful Stupidity! Is't possible!
What have we all this Time been Talking of?
Was it not of the Prince, the King that must be?
Does not Heav'n give the Power into our Hands?
And by the Gift, plainly Direct us how
To Right the Impious Murder of the Saint?
2 *Fry*. I understand you now:
Abbot. You are his Tutor, *Becket* gain'd you that.
2 *Fry*. 'Tis true,
Abbot. Thou say'st he is Ambitious; be it so:
Nourish the growing Plague, Temper the mischief;
Of Power and Sway the cunning Compound Make;
On the prevailing fuel of his Pride
Set the Infection; his Spleen will feed the Fire,
Till wild Ambition blazes to Rebellion.
2 *Fry*. The task is easy; for in his eager Soul
His Fathers Errors bear Pre-eminence,
With all his Mothers positive ill Nature.
Abbot. Blessings upon thy Zeal! this plainly (looks
Like Inspiration, and foretells Success:
Few Words and I have done.
When thou shalt reach the Prince's Court.
Thou wilt be swarm'd to for News,
And principally from the Men in Orders;
None carry Ears more itching than
The Cloathing,
2 *Fry*. Give me your full desire; tell me
Your Heart, and if I fail my trust,
Cunning forsake our Tribe.
Abbot. Then plainly thus:
Lay all the Churches sufferings on the Rack,
Let every scratch appear a mortal Wound;
Breath

Breath to their fickle Souls desire of change,
And never quit the Subject: Extol the Prince
With all the Rhetorick Interest can invent;
Paint the vile King upon the stretch of Fancy,
Attempt the Root of his Prerogative,
And load with endless fears each Branch of Power,
Till we have stripp'd him naked of all Trust.
Observe the Factious Chiefs, and there inlarge
Thy well wrought Sophistry.
If thou should'st find 'em start into a Curse,
Say thou, *Amen.*

2 *Fry.* My zealous Spirit glows to be at work.

Abbot. Whene're thou com'st among the Female (Sex,
Bemoan the dreadful prospect of our Woes,
Work 'em to Tears, melt 'em with Apprehension;
For none ingender Mischief like that Sex:
Enquire amongst their Sins, and those
Thou find'st still most accountable and fearful,
Work up with dreadful Industry and Terror;
Sigh out Damnation with prodigious Accent,
And tell 'em nought can stop such festring wounds,
But being mighty forward in this Cause:
Oh, thou shalt see 'em work their Husbands up.
And teach their lisping Babes to Curse the King:
They are the Train by which we blow up Fools;
There's nothing worthy Note is done without 'em,

2 *Fry.* Let me be gone; I'm eager to be at it.

Abbot. Get all things ready; at Night meet
Me at home, i'th' Morning you set
Forward; away I must, to th' Queen.

1 & 2 *Fry.* Success attend you. [*Ex.* 1 & 2 *Fry.*

Abbot. Now *Becket*, If thy Ghost
Will look so low as us that will revenge thee,
Dart from thy Saints bright Rays, a Providence
That may encircle and protect our Actions:
If Souls which from the Worlds rich Arms are (forc'd

Torn from their Right in Nature by Oppression,
And sent unjustly, unprepar'd away,
To give an Answer at a moments warning
To a long Scrowl of all their ill-spent Lives,
Ben't a Barbarity abhorr'd by Christians,
Morality good Night;
Conscience and Equity be ever Banish'd:
And Arbritary Strength officiate Justice.
No *Becket*, thou shalt have full revenge,
If Blood can give it Measure.
I've trac'd his Lust,
Where he supinely does indulge himself,
Found out his Paramour, and the Queen shall
Know it.
Thus my revenge I'll back with Jealousy;
A Rival is a Plague that tortures Woman
Worse than her being cross'd in her Ambition.
And Oh, what a charming mischief must that prove
That's got by a Church hate, and Nuts'd by injur'd
(Love.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Tho. Vaughan *and* Rosamonds *Woman.*

Sir *Tho.* Was there ever so preverse a Baggage! Hast thou neither respect to my Age nor my Person? Who am I? What am I? Tell me quickly, or I shall grow very furious, I shall.

Wom. Sir, I neither regard your Age, nor your Person: And your Anger would do better to be shewn among them that fear you, than here where you're so little welcome.

Sir Tho. Why Huzzy? I'm a Gentleman.

Wom. 'Tis a very improper Employment this, if you are so.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Look you my Lady's Gentlewoman, I will not be popp'd off with the flap of a Fox-Tail, I come with a Message from the King, do you mark? I must have an Answer from your betters e're I return.

Wom. I think you have had Answers enough to have put any Man out of Countenance that had a Grain of Modesty in him.

Sir *Tho.* Tell the Wind where it shall blow Child; I'm a thorow pac'd Courtier, us'd to denyals, but that never disheartens me; he that sits down contented with a Lady's answering Nay, twice or thrice, will be curst by the Woman, and Laught at by the World. Importunity and Impudence are the Supporters of our Coat of Arms; indeed our Argent is somewhat scandalous; but our Rampant is very ancient; it came in with Infidelity, and always had the upper hand of Honesty in this World.

Wom. I don't understand your Heraldry Sir.

Sir *Tho.* I am an unlucky Dog, never Eloquent but among the Vulgar; and there it's always thrown away: Come Rogue, I must needs see your Lady.

Wom. Her positive Orders were to see none; and I will not infringe 'em to merit your thanks and her displeasure.

Sir *Tho.* To see none? If she means of the common Sort she is much in the right on't, I commend her Judgment, But I come from the King, Child.

Wom. There's the more Danger: But I tell you she makes no distinction.

Sir *Tho.* Why, 'tis impossible; a Pox on thee, thou hast mistook her Orders; if she is resolv'd to see no body, let her come and tell me so her self: What, does she think she was made for no other use than our Shrines are, to be shewn upon Holydays only?

Wom. I am the Servant of her Pleasure, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* So am I of my Masters: Prithee let them put their Pleasures together, and come to a right understanding. A young Woman, a handsome Woman, a brisk Woman, of a yielding Complexion, a sappy Constitution, a languishing Nature, turn Recluse? Why the Devil would as soon turn Taylor, and be bound to Thread his Needle in the dark always. Why, she's good enough for Nuns-flesh Thirty years hence, when she's weary of the World, satiated with Flesh, and fit for no other thing, but a Fryer to mumble his Mattins o'er.

Wom. What d'ye mean Sir?

Sir *Tho.* Why Child, I know 'tis against the Grain of any Woman in the World to be lock'd up, even in *Spain* it self, Love. But see, Rogue, see what the King has sent thee, all Yellow, prevailing Yellow, undeniable Yellow; this will dye Honour, or Conscience, Chastity, Friendship of any Colour whatsoever; and make Adultery look as Beautiful as the Snow driven Sheets of a Virgin Sacrifice in Wedlock. Besides, he has provided for thee a Husband, a huge feeding Fellow, and as tuff as Whalebone.

Wom. You have such pleasant Humours ---- but I dare not take it ---- my Lady is so----

Sir *Tho.* If thy Lady's such a Fool to stand in her own light, must the Maid follow the Example? Be wiser Child; for let me tell thee, a stale Waiting Woman is a Scurvy Commodity; refuse but the Market, and 'twill hang on thy Hands long enough.

Wom. If I must take it; but I can do nothing for't.

Sir *Tho.* Pshaw, pshaw, say what you will, but do as thou think'st fit.

Wom. But she has sworn never to see the King

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* What! not see the King! O Lord! O Lord! she's in the state of Damnation; I'll get a Father presently; but now I think on't, there's none can Absolve her better than himself, he'll take pains to Convert her.

Wom. She comes.

Enter Rosamond.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Let me alone with her. How does my sweet Lady, Nature's Pride, Pleasure of all our Senses, The Day's Comfort, the Night's Enlightner?

Rosa. Away, thou venerable Bawd, thou shame
To Age and Sanctity.

Sir *Tho.* A very hopeful Beginning!

Rosa. The Badge of Years which should be
In thee appears a Mark of Infamy. (Honourable,
Leave me, be gone. Thy sight does strike a Horror,
Such as if Hell should yawn the Tempter up,
To second thy Delusion.

Sir *Tho.* She'll make me believe I'm a Fury anon.

Enter King.

Oh! 'tis well your Majesty has relieve'd me;
I'm school'd to a fright, and give like a
Tomb-stone against rainy Weather, Dew all over;
Come, Charge, come; 'tis not for you and I to
listen to State affairs; he's a going to swear her
of his Cabinet Council. [*Exeunt Sir* Tho & Wom

Rosamond *sees the King, and is going out.*

King. Why dost thou shun my Love, thou (Charming Maid?
Why turn away thy Eyes, now they've undone me?
Thou shouldst have hid their killing Fires before:
Too well thy conscious Soul their Lustre knew,
Foresaw the Adoration they'd beget;
Thou shouldst have ever kept 'em from Mankind,

Or mingl'd Pity with their bar'brous Pow'r.

Rosam. Why will you thus perplex your self and (me?
How often have I begg'd you to desist!
Methinks the many times I have deny'd,
Might satisfy you, your Attempts are vain.

King. Judge rightly of the Patience of my Love,
With what a meek untir'd Zeal 't has waited,
Born all the cold Rebukes of rigid Virtue,
The harsh denials of a vigorous Honour,
Still creeping up to what I knew would crush me:
Like the weak Reed against the blust'ring North,
That nods and crouches to each angry blast,
Sinks down o'er press'd by the insulting Storm;
Yet still it swells, and slowly strives to rise,
To be blown down again.

Rosam. Oh! why do you pursue me?

King. Because my Peace has took her flight (that way,
And I must follow through this rugged Road
To find it out, though every step I tread
Brings my strict Search but nearer to Destruction.

Rosam. No, King, in vain you lay a Seige:
The Fort's impregnable.

King. You think my Power's the Less because (I Sue,
Begging that Blessing which I might Command.
How easie might I Seize the long'd-for Joy;
But Force dissolves the Sweetness of the Charm.
Let then my Sufferings urge at last some Hope,
Let cruel Virtue yield but to a Parley,
Grant my Request, and make thy own Conditions.

Rosam. What can you Hope from such a wretch- (ed Conquest,
Where all the Spoil is Infamy and Shame?
Why would you soil the Glories of your Life,
In mingling with the Creature you have Made?

King. Nature may boast Thee as her Master- (peice;
Thou's

Thou'rt the Result of vast and long Contrivance:
She practis'd hard e'er she could reach her Mind.
And when she Form'd thee from Original Thought,
The Copy struck her with amazing Pleasure,
And full Perfection recompenc'd the Toil.

Rosam. Wou'd I'd been Born a Leper,
And all those Graces which have Wrong'd my (Virtue,
By breeding this Infection in your Heart,
Had been consum'd or blasted in their Bud.

King. Oh fearful Blasphemy!

Rosam. I have Reason to curse all Charms that (do attract
Your Eyes: But should I once encourage your
Attempt, you that are Wedded, out of all Pow'r
Of making Recompence for what you must De- (stroy;
How will the World censure my senseless Weakness
I must expect the Brand of Infamy,
All good Mens Curses, and be truly Wretched.

King. No, *Rosamond*, I'll Place thee in a Sphere
Above the Reach of foul-mouth'd Envy,
Or the blackest Malice; where, like a Deity,
Thou mayst Look down, and either pity
Or revenge thy Wrongs.

Rosam. Yes, by committing greater.
Therefore upon my Knees let me Intreat,
That you would Cease this most ungrateful Suit,
Or Kill me, that will be a Deed of Mercy.

King. Would'st thou Command me to commit (Self-murther?
My Life's in thine, and must partake its Fate.
Inexorable Fair! why wert thou Made
So wondrous Charming, yet in Love so Cruel?

Rosam. I must be gone; he gains upon my (Heart,
My Resolution thaws before his Heat,
And the rich Treasure of my spotless Honour

Will moulder into Dross.
King. No, 'twill be refin'd:
And, like the Ore torn from the fertile Womb
Of the rich Mine, suffer a noble Trial,
Gaining the Royal Say.
Rosam. Impossible!
There's such Antipathy 'twixt Vice and Virtue,
They will run Counter, ne'er Incorporate.
King. You are become a glorious Disputant,
A harden'd Rebel 'gainst the Cause of Love.
Rosam. I am no Enemy to Love, my Lord;
Far from the Title, I admire the Deity,
Cou'd pay him Homage: But you are so far,
So infinite above my humble State.
Ruin attends the Minute I comply.
You, like the Sun, while in its mid-way Path
Of Heav'n's bright Arch, do with your Rays call forth
The Trees to Bloom, the Earth to yield her Fruit:
But when you draw too near the lower Orb,
Heat shoots too fierce, and withers all around.
Let me go hence,
King. Not tell you see me Dead,
My Heart-string's broke, and this half-dying Body
Become a Victim to your Cruelty.
Rosam. Oh I am lost!
My thirsty Soul drinks up his Words,
And, pleas'd with the rich Philtre, craves for more.
King. She's at a stand. [*Aside.*
Must we then part for ever, *Rosamond*?
Rosam. For ever.
King. Oh hard Sound! For ever, said you?
Rosam. If you still Love me, as you say you do,
Unloose my Hand.
King. Bid the poor Dying Wretch quit his Reprieve,
Or tell the Hunger-starv'd he must not Eat,
Both will Obey like me,

Rosa-

Rosam. You have undone a miserable Maid.
King. Ha! What do I hear is pity enter'd?
Am I call'd to Life?
Rosam. No, I will not hear you, see you, mind [you,
Know you; my Heart beats False, and if my Eyes
Tell Tales, believe 'em not.
King. You must not go.
Rosam. I will and follow if you dare; for I
Will never yield.
King. Nay, I must follow.
Rosam. Must you? then I'll stay.
King. Do.
Rosam. No.
King. May I not follow?
Rosam. I will not speak;
You grow too Strong, Oh do not tempt the Weak
[*Exit*
King. Her Virtue gives apace.
Behold my Love, pursue her while she's Warm;
An easie Rape will now dissolve the Charm.
[*Exit* King

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Queen *alone, Reading.*

Queen. HOW dull is all this World without my Child!
My Nature sickens, all my Senses droop;
Each wresty Faculty disorder'd grows,
And ev'ry Vessel through which Life does play
Its feeding Blood, to Hearten and Refresh

The

The Limbs and Spirits to obey the Will,
Like Pipes choak'd up, no longer can Supply,
But backward Run, and Burst for want of Passage.
Could I but find the honest, pious Abbot,
He'd Free me from this Labyrinth of Fear,
Resolve my Doubts and give me Peace again.
[*Sits down and Reads.*

Enter Bertrard.

Bertr. Who the Devil put it into his Lordship's Head to employ me in State Affairs? I shall Marr all, for want of a Memory; and he might as well have attempted to make a Sieve hold Water, as trusted me with his Councils: It is certain I was never cut out for a Politician. This Reverend Abbot has engag'd me in a fine Business. When *Rosamond* told me in Confession of the King's Address to her, and I acquainted his Lordship with it, he oblidg'd me to Persuade her she ought not to Resist the Importunities of her Prince, lest her Obstinacy should occasion his Death, and Royal Murther was a dreadful Thing: But what's the Reason of his making me tell the Queen of it? He says 'tis to Revenge our Patron *Becket*: I know not what it may come to; he has promis'd me Preferment, and my Conscience must submit to my Ambition. -------- Oh she's here, ---------- How shall I Deliver my self? ---------- I am a cursed Orator. ---------- I'll put some hard Words together, which will sound like Rhetorick. and that may pass for Learning if she understand 'em not. ------ Hail, Sacred Majesty

Queen. The sound of Health to a departing Wretch
Is not more Welcome than such happy Company,
The true Restorative to a sick Mind,
Since all the Physick which the Soul requires
Dwells in your Breasts,

Ber-

Berr. I shall Believe anon I'm not the Person I [took my self for.

Queen. Where have you left the Abbot?

Bener. In his Cell,
Where on the cold hard Pavement he was Paying
His zealous Orisons to all the Saints
For the Prosperity of the Illustrious Prince,
Your Royal Son.

Queen. How much he binds me to him!

Berr. Now for my lofty Stile. [*Aside.*
If the Nation, may it please August Majesty,
Could but Comprehend the unaccountable Qualifi- [cations
Of his indisputable Understanding, they would
Venerate the Indulgence of his Sanctity.

Queen. I do believe you, Father.

Berr. Nay, I dare be bold to say; nay more, (affirm;
And what is more, confirm, That if the
Worthy President he sets Mankind, were follow'd,
There would be vast Sincerity of Conscience,
And the Age, or World, (which you please) would (not
So Transcendently abound with Knaves and Vil- (lains.

Queen. Go on, Father.

Berr. Whether I can or no? ------No Abbot yet! ------ I shall be baffled presently.

Queen. Why do you Pause? why are you thus (Concern'd?

Berr. How should it be otherwise, with profound Submission, when the Sacred Ornaments of your Countenance appear not so Sublime as usual; but the Rays of Dignity suffer as it were under the Repugnance of an Eclypse? hum, hum.

Queen. The Absence of the Prince is grievous (to me.

Berr. Ay, Madam, you have mention'd the only Star

Star that Grac'd our Horizon; so he deprivd of him, is enough to put the considerating Part of the Nation into lacrimary Showers, Stupifying Sadness.

Enter Abbot, or I must *Exit*.

Queen. I am amaz'd!
You seem to hint at Dangers, and call up
My Blood which crouds too fast about my Heart,
And makes it Pant with an unusal Terror.
No Pain is sure like that of Apprehension:
Therefore, good Father ease me of it quickly;
Pour in a Balm upon my bleeding Wounds,
Restore my Health, and give my Fortunes ease.

Enter Abbot.

Bertr. He's come in good Time; for I am harrd with the Apprehension of the Fury of her Displeasure,

Abbot. The Hours of Peace, eternal Blessings (wait you;
May all your Prayers be heard, your Wishes (crown'd
And constant Happiness attend 'em both.

Queen. 'Tis kindly Wish'd; but Answer me, (my Lord,
Pray, and be Sincere; wave Holy niceties,
And Tell me plainly, whither yon good Man
Is not Distemper'd in his Mind?

Abbot. Far from it, on my Word.

Bertr. Nay, if she thinks me Mad for a little (Impertinence,
What will she Think of the Church that's never (at quiet.

Abbot. He has Shot too far, I find it by his Looks;
So it is always when he does amiss.

Bertr. How could I help it? You might have come sooner, before my Rhetorick tired, and have hindered the Stumbling of my Understanding.

Abbot.

Abbot. Be silent; I'll Fetch you off.
Your Majesty it seems is Ignorant of what
This Holy Man is bless'd withal:
His Fasting, Watching, Praying, constant Penance,
Pull'd down from Heav'n the Gift of Prophesy.
Queen. Indeed my Lord!
Bertr. I did Prophecy, a Lye must help me truly.
Queen. He seem'd Concern'd for my Son's safety.
Abbot. I fear'd as much: Then all the Truth is (out,
Why did you not avoid the Royal presence?
It was not fit the Queen should know it yet;
Babble no more, 'tis of ill Consequence.
Bertr. What has he lost his Beads he's so testy?
Did not you tell me the Queen----
Abbot. Peace.
Bertr. Good Lord, what's the Matter now!
'Tis hard that one Church man can't know the
Bottom of another.
Queen. Why do you rate him thus? Is it not fit,
If ought concern my safety, that I know it?
Be quick, and do not trifle with my expectation;
I shall forget the Sanction of your Robe,
And slight what I esteem'd,
Abbot. Pardon me, Royal Mistress;
I would not for the World offend that Goodness;
But this is such a Tale which I must tell,
Will shall and stagger every Sense about you:
Therefore if I do lagg in my Confession,
Think it not want of Duty, but of Courage;
For, O, I dread the fatal consequence
Which must at end the impression it will make.
Queen. Go on, and fear not;
For I've a Soul so near Divinity,
I can behold the worst that Fate can do,
And laugh at the Decree.

Abbot.

Abbo. Then listen, for I talk of wondrous things;
When Kings, to prove their fondness of a Son,
Expose him to the Toyl of Camps and Wars,
And danger is a mark of their esteem.
Then yours is much belov'd.
If, when a Prince has got the Peoples Love,
And all their Jubilees express his Name,
The Father, to indulge their kindness to him,
Sends him abroad to keep him in their mind,
Then ours is strangely worthipp'd.

Queen. Ha! (Priest!

Bert. What a rare pair of Bellows is a canting
She blazes already. (cyr'd,

Abbot. If when a King with sacred Marriage
To shew how much yet still he hugs that chain
On a fresh Beauty pours his longing Soul;
And jealous of her Rage whom he has wrong'd,
Removes all means by which she might Revenge;
If this be proof that Wedlock he admires,
Then you are justly us'd. (abus'd?

Queen. How now; what say'st thou! Is my Bed
Or is my Son remov'd least he should right me?
Lay by thy cunning Rhetorick, and be plain;
Wind not my Weakness up with Preparation,
To make my Passion more extravagant, (up:
It needs it not; I want no Fire to keep my Anger
A Royal Spirit has a Pride that feeds it.

Abbot. 'Tis a sad Truth indeed; but so it is,
The Lord of *Clifford's* Daughter, *Rosamond*, (phet:
Wears the King's Heart, and you are but a Cy-

Queen. How know'st thou this, what certainty? ha,

Abbot. This holy Father is her Confessor. (speak!

Bert. What will become of me!

Abbot. With vast Reluctancy he did reveal it;
Upon my promise I would ne'er disclose it;
And now he shakes to find himself betray'd.

Queen. Come hither Priest.

Bert. Oh, Lord!

Queen.

Queen. Come hither; what do'st start at?
Canst thou conduct me where these Lovers meet?
Bert. Not for the World.
Queen. Better thy Soul were out on't.
Come Abbot, make him guide us
Where in each others Arms this pair are clasp'd,
That I may cut the twisted folds asunder.
Bert. Oh! I shall be hang'd for being of their
Counsel, and betraying it afterwards. [*Aside.*
Abbot. Oh, give not way to this destructive
We shall be all undone by this rash act; (Rage;
Have Patience, and see further.
Queen. What! dost thou lay my Body on the fire,
And bid me bear its Flames with whining Patience,
When I may quench it with a Rivals Blood?
Abbot. O horrid Resolution!
Would you add Murder to Adultery,
And make your self as wicked as the King?
Queen. Why didst thou tell me then this cursed
Bert. Let Heav'n Revenge you. (Story?
Queen. I'll not stay so long.
Abbot. The Church shall Right you.
Queen. Both are too tedious for me:
Besides you fear (although you hate) the King,
And as your Interest leads, you will direct.
No, you have light the Brand, and shall partake
The heat on't. (a shameful Cause?
Abbot. Is't fit our Piety should be expos'd in such
Upon our Knees, {*Kneel.*
Bert. Ay, upon our Knees,
Queen. Is't fit your Piety should be expos'd?
Is't fit my Dignity should be abus'd?
Thus still your Churches Credit you'll maintain,
No matter what we suffer, if you Reign:
But since my Soul you've set upon the Rack,
And touch'd my Love, I'll my own measures take,
Give

Give my Eyes proof of what your Tongues have (told;
Think not to shun me, by your Robes; I'll hold;
And if I find my Peace you have abus'd,
Never were Hereticks so basely us'd
By your Church Tyranny, as you shall be by me;
Away, be gone, lead on, avaunt Hipocrisy.

[*Exeunt, turning to each, and pushing* Bertrard.

Scene opens, Rosamond Reading.

Rosam. How am I alter'd! how estrang'd of late!
Virtue has taken her Flight, and Innocence,
The bright, the only Jewel of the Sex,
Flies this polluted place as from Infection.
Oh! Honour, what a dreadful loss thou art,
And yet how hard to keep from what we Love!
How dismal 'tis to think of what I've done!
Should he prove false now, change like other Men,
And on'y Triumph o'er his wretched Conquest,
How much more dreadful will my Loss appear!
Oh! could Men guess the Terror we endure,
What 'twixt our Honour and our Love we suffer,
They sure would prize each generous Maid much (more,
And, as their Souls, indulge them to the last.
Aspatia.

Aspa. Madam.

Rosa. Sing me that Song I gave thee th'other day,
And if thou canst, charm me into a Slumber.

Enter Abbot and Queen.

Abbot. Behold your Rival, and survey her Glory;
But not a word of *Bertrard*, or of me.

Queen. Be gone. (lice,

Abbot. No; I'll behold the Rancour of thy Ma-
Thy thirst of Blood, and most insatiate Fury.

Now

Now *Rosamond* thou dieſt, or elſe Revenge
Lags in its Courſe; No, run thy full Career,
The maſter Stroke of my Deſigns lie here.
Rosa. What do I ſee! or is't an Apparition!
My Blood runs backward to my frightned Heart,
And ſomething tells me that my Fate is near. (up
Queen. Appear thou fairy Queen, and ſummon
Thy Hoſt of Spirits to defend their Charge;
For I am come to ſnatch away thy Glories,
Diſſolve thy Charms, and hurl thee to Deſtruction.
Rosa. Why, Madam, this to me? What have I (done
To move thoſe Frowns, or urge theſe angry words?
Queen. You to my Anger are it ſeems a ſtranger,
But with my Rights are very intimate:
What canſt thou ſee Defective in this Face,
That you dare vye for Place, or hope for Conqueſt?
Rosa. You plunge me ſtill in wonder and amaze-
I ever pay'd that awful Head ſuch Duty (ment!
As is expected by a Crown from Subjects:
But if ſome evil Tongue has blacken'd me,
To make me odious in your Royal Looks,
I cannot help the baſeneſs of my Foes;
But I ſhall ſtill adore, tho' I am ſcorn'd. (heap
Queen. Oh! that this Wretch, this indigeſted
Of crouding Beauties, which do each outvy
For Place and Praiſe from the admiring World,
Should have a Soul ſo unworthy of its Frame;
How poorly doſt thou ſtrive to hide thy Faults,
And ſhake for what the better part o'th' Sex would (boaſt of.
Laſt Night, laſt Night, canſt thou deny the Bleſſing,
When in the Arms of my moſt Treacherous Lord
You Laugh'd and Revell'd the ſhort Hours away,
Whil'ſt I in Ignorance expecting lay?
Rosa. Oh, I am loſt!
Queen. Thou art indeed:
But my Revenge is ſtarv'd;

Thy Life's too little to appease its hunger:
I would contrive some way, if possible,
To be as long in torturing thy Soul,
As the remembrance of thy Crimes will mine.

Rosa. Will you not hear me speak?

Queen. What canst thou plead,
What urge in thy Defence, thou guilty fair one?
Hast thou not rob'd me of my Souls best thought?
For ever torn my Interest from his Love?
Stript me of all my Wishes, all my Joys,
Deafned his Ears to my complaining Soul,
And lock'd up every Passage to his Heart?

Rosa. I shun'd him, long was deaf to his Desires,
Avoided him as an approaching Plague,
For well I saw the fatal Consequence:
To an excess of Rudeness I abjur'd him;
Nay, yet have only listned to his Love.

Queen. By Hell 'tis false: thou hast enjoy'd it too.
Think'st thou to blunt my Rage by this denyal?
No, I am too well convinc'd of what is past:
Therefore prepare thy self for what's to come.
[*Draws a Dagger.*

Rosa. Oh! Mercy.

Queen. Mercy,
Canst thou desire to live, and I in being!
Methinks thou should'st intreat me to dispatch,
Considering what a Plague I shall be to thee:
When first I heard the Name of *Rosamond*,
I thought to find an Amazonian Spirit,
One that dar'd Cope with injur'd Majesty,
And stand the Proof who best deserv'd a King:
But I have err'd, for he has chosen one,
The Relict of some poor half starv'd Plebean,
Dress'd up with the pageant Greatness, to allure
The roving Appetite of a loose King.

Rosa. I held as Rich, as Pure, and Noble Blood
As any of my Sex, till this curs'd Change
Sullied my Veins, and stain'd my Family.

Queen.

Queen. The Sacrifice will be the Nobler for't:
Prepare. [*Holds the Dagger up.*

Rosa. Must I then dye?
Is there no Pity left? (Strangers.

Queen. Banish the thought, Mercy and I are
Yet e're thou goest, I charge thee to abjure his
Quit all Pretensions to him, (Name,
Curse him before the Pangs of Death come on,
For hurrying thee to Hell before thy time.

Rosa. No, I will bless him to my utmost Gasp,
Groan forth his Name, as he has sigh'd out mine;
Think on the kneeling Hours he has wept away,
The many charming Words that mov'd my Heart,
The mighty Changes that my Smiles, and Frowns
Have rais'd in his expecting, doubtful Soul;
The transports of his Trembling, Fierce Embraces,
And hug him with such eagerness to Heav'n.

Queen. Then face thy Doom. [*Moves forward.*

Rosa. I do:
I have invok'd the Patron of my Love,
And now the weakness of my Sex has left me;
Since I must die for Love, my Love shall arm me;
I know his hatred must pursue thee for it;
Nay, I believe he will Revenge me too:
But since I know this Act will Curse thee from him,
Live, and be wretched in his Scorn.

Queen. So Arrogant! sink Tow'ring Sorceress,
[*Offers to Stab her.*

Enter King and Sir Tho. Vaughan.
[*The King stops her.*

King. O, hold, it must not be.

Queen. Why dost thou barr the Stroke, ingrateful Man,
Unless thou would'st employ the Point on me;
Here, strike, I know thou hatest me *Henry*;
Rip up this Bosom, mangle my fond Heart
That

That bleeds for thy unkindness; do it quickly,
And shew you have some sparks of Pity left.

King. Be calm, my Queen, hush up these jar-
(ring Passions;
Let not thy Jealousy exceed thy Reason,
Lest blab-tongu'd Fame should tell the envious
The Frailties of us both. (World

Queen. Would I were dead.

King. Banish that Wish for ever; Oh, *Eleanor*,
If I have Sally'd from great Hymen's Laws,
And surfeited on strange forbidden Fruit,
'Tis I must answer for the great Offence;
Why should you seek to stain your purer Hands
In Violence and Blood? Why so Pollute
Thy Innocence with Infamy and Shame?

Rosa. What is't I hear! Nay, then would Death
have reach'd me. [*Aside.*

Queen. How can you flatter thus, and she in
I know 'tis only to delude my Rage, (hearing?
'Tis Nobler killing me, than thus to cheat me;
When I am gone, without controul
You and your Paramour in Sin may triumph,
While poor neglected I, your slighted Queen,
Sleep quiet in the cold and silent Earth:

King. Oh, dreadful Tryal,
How can I comply with Justice here,
And not destroy what most I covet there? [*Aside.*

Rosa. He's at a stand, his Love has time to think;
Nay then, I find he cools, and I am lost. [*Aside.*

Queen. I do but hinder you from your Desires,
And tho' my Soul is put upon the Wrack
When I lose any share in your Affection,
Yet since you covet it, I will retire.

King. Stay, *Eleanor*, and be convinc'd at last
Thy Power is Absolute, and yields to none;
That I have Loy'd her, with a blush I own;
Nay, doated too, with vast excess of Longing;
But sure it was some vile Enchantment rid me:

The

The Spell's dissolv'd by thy more powerful Charms,
And I'm asham'd of my Infatuation.
Rosa. Oh, faithless, perjur'd, and ungrateful
Queen. Can this be Real? (Monster!
King. By Heav'n the Tide of Love has run its
And all Desire is Ebbing. (highest,
Queen. But the next Flood the Torrent will re-
And *Rosamond* break down your Resolution, (turn,
King. Impossible:
There is more Pureness, Sweetness, true Delight
In thee, my Queen, than e're I found
In all the Wilds and Salleys of my Life.
Queen. Oh, blessed Sound! (thee
King. The World has not thy worth; for in
All that thy Sex can boast of is intire.
Queen. I do believe you, tho' I know 'tis feign'd,
Yet I will seem transported with the Change,
And stab my Rival with the sight of it. (Place,
King. Come let us hence, and leave this hated
Queen. I know this Sight must make you envy
But I, in kind return, will pity thee. (me;
Rosa. O King, farewell.
[*As they are going*, Rosamond *Swoons.*
King turns back.
Sir *Tho.* O! help, she Swoons.
King. Ha! What is that!
Queen. Only a trick to bring you back again:
A fit o'th' Sullens; come my Lord away.
King. What! leave her dying, 'twere unnatural.
Rosa. Oh, cruel Man! (gick,
Queen. The Syren now begins to tune her Ma-
And betray your Promise.
King. Oh, *Rosamond!*
Queen. Is this well done, my Lord? (pir'd,
King. 'Twas but the Blair of Love as it ex-
And now 'tis gone for ever: Heart keep thy bounds,
And do not shew my falshood at my Eyes;
This is the rigidst Task I ever met with:

I tor-

I torture all the Comfort of my Life,
To please the most vexatious Thing, a Wife. [Ex.

Sir *Tho.* Madam, Madam, wont you speak?
[The King's gone,
Ben't frightned so, 'twas only to blind the Queen;
He Loves you still above all.

Rosa. Why have you call'd me back to Misery,
To endless Trouble, and eternal Sorrow?

Sir *Tho.* Nay, I don't know what to think on't;
I fear we're undone. (Life:

Rosa. Curse be the Chance that spar'd this hated
Curse be the Hour when first my Soul gave way,
And drank the Philtre of his baneful Tongue:
May Night for ever cloud me from the World;
May the vile wretched Name of *Rosamond*
Sink through the Leaves of Memory for ever.

Sir *Tho.* Be Comforted, good Madam;
(Oh, what will become of me!) [*Aside.*
All may be well yet.

Rosa. Hence Bawd, thou Pensioner of Hell,
Betrayer of all Innocence and Virtue,
Thy Soul must answer for the Wrack mine suffers:
Oh, Flattering King! Oh, curs'd dissembling Sex:
That can for Months and Years lye at our Feet,
And Sigh and Swear, Adore us, and Intreat;
Promise whatever we'll Impose, Invent,
And look as what they said they really meant;
But when our frail and tender Tempers move
To Recompence with what their Souls most love;
So quickly with the long'd for Feast they're cloy'd,
That always she that gave it was destroy'd. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* So, now have I time to repent before
I'm hang'd; and that's all.

Enter Abbot.

Abbot. Confusion on this Reconcilement! all's
(undone!
Who's

Who's that? Sir *Thomas Vaughan*? Oh, I'll work
How is't, Sir *Thomas*? (him.

Sir *Tho.* Why, preparing for the other World,
(Father,
And you are come to give me a helping Hand:
'Tis very hard, we can neither live without you,
Nor die without you. (cov'ry

Abbot. Oh, I guess what you mean; the Dis-
Of *Rosamond*, and the King being Reconcil'd
To the Queen, makes you apprehend her Anger
May be fatal: but fear not, I'll make your
Peace there. (in your Life,

Sir *Tho.* Why, you may do a good thing for once

Abbot. I will. But do you think this Change
Sir *Tho.* I hope not. i'th' King is real?

Abbot. I'm sure not; he's gone into his Closet,
And has left the Queen abruptly; follow him,
And I'll attend the Queen; we'll meet an hour
Hence, and then confer. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* With all my Heart. I'm more glad to hear they're parted already, than the Queen could be at his leaving *Rosamond*. Chear up Sweet-heart, he's thine still: What a Pox! be hang'd in the first Year of my Pimping! how should Favourites get Estates at that rate? For all this, I don't like this same Abbot: I thought there was no good towards, when I saw Him and the Queen coming to this Place; and therefore call'd the King to prevent the Mischief I fear'd. This may be a Lye of his, and only a Design to send me to the King just now in his Rage, to dispatch me immediately. No matter I'll venture.

For if the King holds his honest Intention,
I'll thank him to hang me, for I'm sure of no Pension.
[Exit.

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Abbot.

Abbot. THus to be shipwreck'd in the sight of (Harbour,
Just when I perfected my great Design,
Throws up the Gall with that impetuous force,
I burn, I rave, I shall grow mad with Anger.
Had she been murder'd, what a Scene had follow'd!
What wild Distractions, and ungovern'd Rage!
All would have been embroil'd. Should now the (King
(As possibly he may) find out the Drift,
Ruin, eternal Ruin were my Doom.
I was afraid of *Bertrard*; but he's firm,
Fix'd to my Cause, and yielding to my Will.
Let me consider.—Ha! the King!

Enter King, Verulam (*as from* France) Suffex, Aumerle, *Guards*, &c.

King. Are all his Vows of Duty, Loyalty,
Obedience come to this; surely the Climes Infect-
The Witchcraft of Rebellion taints the Air, (ed,
And all who breath it suck the foul Pollution.

Abbo. Sure there is Mischief towards; ha! *Ve-* (*rulam*!
Nay, then my Friends in *France* have match'd my (Wishes.

Veru. The whole Design was form'd long since in
It was so black, the Instruments so many, (Hell,
We scarce had Landed, when the factious People,
Headed

Headed by their Officious, Fauning Guides,
With universal Acclamations welcom'd
His safe Arrival; Every one outvied
Which should be foremost in his Adoration:
They look'd upon him as one sent from Heaven
To be their Patron, their Deliverer.

King. Go on.

Veru. Still as we pass'd through any Town or (Village,
The Windows, Tops of Houses swarm'd with (People,
To gaze upon the entrance of their Deity.

King. The usual method of the giddy Rabble.

Veru. When he had reach'd the City, at the (Gates
A Train of sleek, smooth, beauteous Youths ap- (pear'd,
The Ganimedes and Hylasses o' th' Convents
Array'd like Angels all in purest white:
These past; a numerous Host of lazy Singing-men
Chanted out *Io peans*, in his praise:
Behind, in Ranks, the Jolly well-fed Brothers
O' th' several Orders, in their sacred Vestments,
The Banners of their Founders still display'd;
Trudg'd heavily along; each lolling on his Fellow
With Reverend Waddle, blowing as they stalk'd,
Puff'd out his Name, and bless'd the good young (Prince.

King. Ten thousand Devils tear 'em for't.

Abbot. Ten thousand Angels hug 'em for't.

Veru. Thus it continu'd till we gain'd the Palace,
Where a new Scene begins; The Crouds of (Gentry!
That waited there to offer Fealty,
Would poze Arithmetick to sum 'em up.
These offer'd him the Crown.

King. How now!

Abbot. Why, now 'tis as it should be.

Veru. He thankfully accepted the kind offer,
Embrac'd 'em, spoke 'em fair and promis'd fairer;

Nay, at their parting, servilely attended 'em,
Even to the outward Gate of the throng'd Court.

Abbot. Bless'd be the Priests that taught him so much breeding.

Veru. The Ceremonious Day now being ended,
And he withdrawn to rest, I thought it time
To speak my Soul, and let him know his Error.

King. How did he bear it from you?

Veru. Knitting his Brows, with a Majestick Frown
He told me I was Sawcy, Malepert,
And border'd upon Treason; He was of Age,
Nor did he want a Tutor; bad me be gone
On forfeit of my Life: Then laying his Hand
Upon his Sword, he let these Words escape:
Think'st thou I will refuse the Gift of Heav'n,
And what the People court me to Possess?
No: I'll assert my Right against the World:
And here shake off all curbing tyes of Blood.

King. No more;
He shall be whip'd into his Duty, *Verulam*,
What! dare me to the Combat, Insolent Boy;
He shall not find I am enervated,
Let all the Ports immediately be stopp'd [*To Sussex.*
Set up the Royal Standard, Summon all into the Field,
'Tis I your King, Command it. [*To Aumerle.*
I'll face this Rebel, meet this young Usurper:
Scourge from the Earth this Pest of Humane kind,
And be a Terror to the Universe.
But haste, see all things got in readiness,
I will set forth to morrow.

Veru. I fly my Lord. [*Exeunt all but the* King *and* Abbot.

King. Oh *Rosamond!*
The Wrongs that I have done thee, cry aloud;
The horrid Vows and fearful Imprecations
By which I won thy Virtue to compliance,
Have made appeal to a more righteous Judge,
And fall in Show'rs of Vengeance on my Head.

Abbot.

Abbot. This is above my Wishes. Up, Dissimulation;
Sweet Flattery, with all thy Pomp attend my (words,
That I may gain belief. [*Seems to weep.*
King. How! can he weep? are Miracles not (ceas'd?
Abbot. Who can forbear, that shall behold you (thus
Loaded with Grief, o'er press'd with Miseries?
The most inveterate Heathen to our Faith,
The Stranger to Humanity or Pity,
Would grow a Statue, turn a *Niobe*;
If he but knew how much the King was injur'd.
King. Oh wond'rous Conversion!
Abbot. I came to gratulate the Victory
O'er your unlawful Love,
And thought to find you bright, serene and gay,
Shining with Lustre, Crown'd with a Reward;
Not all the Noble Virtues of your Soul
Hurry'd into a Storm. Oh dismal sight!
King. Am I so alter'd then from what I was?
Look, view me well; I find no Alteration;
My Pulse keeps time, my Vigour is the same,
And am I not as much a King as ever?
Abbot. Your Looks are still August, your Person (Sacred:
Yet, when the Sun is mantled up in Clouds,
And day shuts in before the wonted Hour:
People are struck with Wonder and Amazement,
With Fear observe, and doubt the dreadful Change.
King. You would infer, it seems, I am eclips'd;
But as that Sun you mention'd does regain
From dismal Darkness a more splended Light;
Ev'n so will I, spight o'th' United Power
Of Hell and Earth, conspir'd against my Crown,
Though my rash Son heads their Rebellious Rage,

Abbot. What says my Lord?
Sure the sweet Prince is innocent.
King. Thou seem'st a Stranger to't.
Abbot. I heard that Mutiny was on the Wing,
And Treason Lacquey'd it on ev'ry side;
But that your Son, Him whom you made so (Great,
Should side with 'em is most Unnatural.
King. He is proclaim'd their King and I a (Tyrant.
Abbot. Indeed! Is't possible! O piercing Sound!
My trembling Knees give way, they shake with (Horror!
King. If this bare Tale can pierce thy flinty (Breast,
Call up Remorse and Pity to those Eyes;
If thou should'st know the burden of my Life,
'Twould sink thee quick into eternal Darkness.
Abbot. Alas! I pity you indeed I do.
Heav'n knows how much I grieve for your Af- (flictions.
King. Do I not stand accurs'd at *Rome* for (Murther,
Though all good Men do know my Innocence?
My Son Rebels, and an unnatural War is at the (door,
While wild Distraction reigns within my Palace.
But these I could endure:
But Oh! the loss of *Rosamond* that's Mortal.
Abbot. Indeed my Lord it is a mighty Tryal,
Thus to cast off the lovely beauteous Creature,
Whose Soul was fraught with Dotage on your (Person,
Whose all of Study was your Royal Pleasure.
King. Has Beauties Power then influenc'd thy (Breast?
Abbot. I would not soil that Beauty with Detraction;
Nay,

Nay, I must pity, though I dare not help her;
Could almost wish I were of Temporal Kind,
To shew how I would strive to serve you both.
King. Oh charitable Father! now thou work'st
Preach on this Subject, I will ever listen: (me;
My Soul as to an Oracle shall trust,
And with implicit Faith I'll ever serve thee.
Abbot. As I'm a Man, I must confess
I do admire the Sex, though I'm deny'd 'em;
Pity the tender Fair, when in distress,
And fancy, if I had ever Lov'd, (Charmer:
'Twould have destroy'd me to have lost the
But *Rosamond*, indeed, she is a wonder;
The single Fondling of the Universe.
Her Sexes envy and the Pride of Heaven.
King. Wonder, on Wonder still.
Abbot. I said, the Fondling of the Universe.
The senseless Babe, when in its Nurses Arms
He sees her pass, springs forward towards the fair (one,
Leaves the lov'd Breast to gaze upon her Face:
Nay, even the wither'd, Antiquated Sire,
Half dead with Age, and hanging on his Crutch,
If he beholds her, feels new sap shoot up,
His shrivell'd Veins inlarge, and Strength comes
Forgets his Props and Limps to Worship her. (on;
King. Art thou my Rival, ha?
Abbot. Who? I my Lord! thus;
King. None but a Lover could describe her
And yet thy praise falls short of her perfection:
Thou yet hast only touch'd her outward Charms;
But, Oh! the inward beauties of the Mind,
The temper of her Soul, sure none can match:
So mild a Nature, and so soft a Frame,
So sweet a Spirit, so secure from Anger,
That even Oppression scarce can taint her calmness.
One would believe Patience and Courtesy
Had left the rest o'th' World and center'd there.

Abbot. Yet after all these Graces which you've (nam'd,
To leave her, 'tis a matchless Virtue sure.
King. Ha! Leave her said'st thou? Is't possible?
Speak Father, and be merciful a little,
'Tis not a dreadful Sin to love this Angel?
Heav'n should be worship'd.
Abbot. You are Married.
King. Curse on the horrid Yoak.
Abbot. And yet----- (sign my Crown;
King. What? Oh, Comfort Priest, and I'll re-
The Church shall govern all. [*Sure that will bribe (thee*]. *Aside*.
Abbot. 'Twas a strange Marriage; She only (was Divorc'd
When you espous'd her,---She partly was anothers?
King. Nay I did never think our Marriage
What think you holy Sir? (Lawful;
Abbot. I dare not Answer.
King. Nay, do not leave me here thus doubting.
Abbot. 'Tis not an Office suiting with my Fun-
To sow a difference.------ (ction.
King. No, make up one where Love is most
Abbot. Ask a Civilian. (concern'd.
King. Ha!
Abbot, What have I said, alas I meant not so-----
King. Nay, fly not back, By Heav'n I've caught (thy Words,
And hold 'em fast in memory: I will have ease (immediatly.
Abbot. Have Patience Sir, let not my folly.----
King. In vain you urge; By Heav'n I'll know
I can be free: (how far
Why have I cherish'd up this Plague so long?
I coupled with a Fury when I Married,
Compar'd to *Rosamond*, that All of Sweetness:
We have ingender'd Vipers, which dire Brood
Suck'd from the Mother-Gall instead of Milk;
They

They thirst for Blood, and hunger after Life,
But I will shake 'em from me, yes, I will:
This storm once past, all shall be hush and calm.

Abbot. I have out-gone the Rules of Holy Or-
My over Zeal made me forget my self. (ders;

King. Lose not the Reputation you have gain'd,
Nor strive to alter what I have decreed,
She shall be mine; The Goddess shall be mine,
Tho' half the Isle fall as a Sacrifice.
Spight of all Laws both Humane and Divine,
I'll win my Love, or perish at her Shrine. [*Exit*

Abbot. He's caught: (*King.*
The great *Leviathan* is caught;
Now let him Roar, and fill the Air with Clamour,
Spout up an Ocean, lash himself with Rage:
And foam with smart of his deep piercing Wounds:
Oh! thou dear Manes of my Patron *Becket*,
If what I'm doing is worthy in thy Eye,
Smile on thy Vassal toyling for Revenge.

Enter Queen *and Attendants.*

Queen. He is abus'd, some Villain has abus'd him,
His Temper's easy as the down of *Turtles*,
Fitter for Dallyance and a Lady's Chamber,
Than the rude hardships of destructive War.
What say you, Father, is he not impos'd on?
Some Parasite, some most officious Knave,
Whose Trade of Life is Falshood, has been busy
About the King, and whisper'd his undoing.

Abbot. I wish I knew the Villain for your sake;
But there's no hopes appearing,
A fearful Combination holds against us,
Of many Heads and Hands in this design,
All which are Rivitted to our Destruction.

Queen. Do'st thou suspect my Son?

Abbot. Not for the World.
I have examin'd thorowly the Cause.

Of this Disorder, and I find, or else
My Judgment errs, His being well receiv'd
By the kind *Normans* was the Source of all:
And envious *Verulam*, who was impos'd
Over the Prince to snub him like a School-boy.
Queen. What says the Father. Was he planted with
To overlook, and govern all his Actions? (him,
Abbot. So the King design'd;
But the brave Youth finding his Insolence,
Discharg'd his Diligence, sent him fretting home,
Fraught with Complaints, for being justly slighted;
Nor has he wanted to incense the King,
With a feign'd Tale, larded with Suppositions,
That he aspires the Soveraign Power of Rule.
Queen. But sure, good Father, this is not all,
There's some more powerful Cause; (pets?
Why else this Noise of Drums, and sound of Trum-
This hurry and confusion in the Court?
Abbot. Ah, Madam, there's a Mystery in that;
Which few Men knows, and those can't prevent it.
Queen. Do not conceal a tittle from me.
Abbot. The Subject will offend you.
Queen. Nothing but Silence can. (stion,
Abbot. Pray give me leave humbly to ask a Que-
How parted you this Morning? (nable;
Queen. With all the kindness, tenderness imagi-
The long Arrears of Love are fully pay'd,
And I suspect no more.
Abbot. Then I have done.
Queen. 'Tis possible you thought
He long'd and hanker'd after *Rosamond*;
No, his Heart's mine, he gave me full Possession;
And I'll secure none shall invade the Trust.
Abbot. What pity 'tis such Goodness should be
Queen. Ha! saidst thou? (wrong'd!
Abbot. Nothing. (must out:
Queen. Nas there is something in thee which

Abbot.

Abbot. Why, would you know what would destroy your Rest?

Queen. I charge thee by the Sanction of thy Robe
Speak, tell me quickly, think'st thou he is false?

Abbot. Where did you leave him?

Queen. Going to Councel.

Abbot. He by this, no doubt, has both received and given good Advice.

Queen. Of whom? To whom?

Abbot. Of *Rosamond*, his Minion,
Who sits enthron'd, and shining like a Goddess
Within the glorious Mansion he has built
At *Woodstock*: There uncontroul'd she dictates,
And he as readily obeys the Task.

Queen. She chose that Place for her Retirement.

Abbot. A Cloister had been fitter.
There with strict Discipline she might be humble;
But here she Riots in Excess.

Queen. That I should spare her Life.

Abbot. It was good Nature, but not Policy.
I cannot speak for Tears when I behold you,
[*Weeps.*
To think what Villanies are hatch'd against you;
You and your Royal Issue are undone,
Unless the Gods be kind.

Queen. Is't possible!

Abbot. All of us are Embarqu'd in one Calamity;
The Church, as well as you, must bare her share.

Queen. How! where? In what?

Abbot. He cannot introduce his Innovation,
His curst design of Modelling the Church,
Without Divorcing you.

Queen. Why, dost thou fear it?

Abbot. If he returns Victorious, as well he may,
Since the Design's his own, then comes the Tryal,
And *Rosamond* succeeds Queen *Eleanor*.

Queen. I shiver with the dreadful Apprehension;
But sure, how e'er I suffer, he will not wrong his (Children.

Abbot. He that will do the one, may do the o-
While his Lust flames high: (ther,
You see already, what a specious means
He takes, to blast their growing Reputation.
Come, let me tell you, that it seems to me
To be the Prelude of their Sacrifice. (thee;

Queen. No, *Rosamond*, the King, my self, and
Nay, all the World shall perish, e'er that happen:
I shall grow wild; I feel Distraction pressing:
I'll Stab her instantly.

Abb. You must not?
'Tis a noisy Death, 'twill make a Clamour (Name.
'Mongst the common People, and sully your good

Queen, Why, would you have her Live?

Abb. No, by no means.
She's a rank Heretick, deserves to suffer
The worst of Deaths, and feel severest Torments;
Why do I side thus with you else, but to
Inform you how to prevent yours (Act,
And the Churches Fate? 'Twill be a Meritorious
A Glorious Deed, and Heaven must, sure, Ap-
Its Ministers of Justice. (plaud,

Queen. How! shall she dye then?

Abb. As Vermin do, by Poison:
It makes no Noise, and is a certain Servant.

Queen. But when?

Abb. Not till to Morrow,
When the King's absence will Assist
The Undertaking. (Bower?

Queen. How shall we gain Admission to the

Abb. Leave that to me: *Bertrand*, her Confessor,
Who time from time has been my Tool, my En-
Shall be the Instrument to Dole the Bane, (gine,
And we, as standers by, behold the Deed. (self;

Queen. By Heav'n! I'll have the Pleasure on't my

From

From my own Hand she shall the Potion drink,
For being my Rival, 'twill torment her more.
And I will Triumph o'er her sinking Soul,
Disturb her dying with my Husbands Name,
Plague her with thinking she must leave him mine;
And left the Poison too much haste should make,
I'll *Henry* Sing to keep her Pains awake. [*Ex. Queen.*

Abb. And if her Vengeance from its Purpose (start,
Starve! 'tis your fault, I'm sure I've done my Part.
[*Ex. Abbot.*

Enter King *and* Rosamond,

King. Is't possible, that such a cruel Thought
Could ever harbour with my *Rosamond*?
Did you not see constraint in every Part?
The Agony that Nature suffer'd under,
Fearing the Jealousy of an incens'd Queen?

Rosa. Away. (Crime

King. As one who views his Friend, seiz'd for a
Which he himself was equal Partner in,
He cunningly insinuates to the Croud,
Sides with their Prejudice and Clamours loudest;
Till by degrees he moulds 'em to his Purpose,
And, as a Stranger, pitying the Offence,
Flatters their surly Natures to dismiss him:
So I, by seeming to abhor thy Guilt,
Shelter'd my own, and skreen'd thee from her Rage.

Rosa. You sav'd me from the Rack to dye by (Fire;
Preserv'd me only from her Jealousy,
To suffer by your greater Perjury.
No, I'm convinc'd you never loy'd at all,
Or else so little, you your self scarce knew it.

King. By Heaven, I Love thee more than Love (can speak;
My Soul's uneasy with the vast Excess.
It fain would throw its fondness in thy Bosom:
It languishes with Pain to tell its Pleasure.

It

It swells with every touch as it would burst:
It longs to speak what it can ne'er express.
Desire is over-taken by Desire;
Like Waves they swallow up each other still,
And wishes, like the Sands, are numberless.

Rosa. With Words, like these, you first over-(power'd my Weakness,
Drew me to base Compliance with your Falshood,
To loss of Honour, Kindred, Friends and Fame,
And yet, methought, I never should have miss'd 'em;
I found no want whilst I had *Henry's* Love,
But wanting that, the World is Barren to me:
Love, like a rough-bred Warrior, almost starv'd,
So full was bent on one reviving Meal,
It satiated with greediness, not feeding,
And being in haste forgot its Benefactor.

King. But Gratitude has met me in the way,
And sent me back to pay my thanks to Love:
Oh! Pardon then those Errors fear Created,
And let the inward Friendship of my Soul,
Plead for the outward coldness of Behaviour.

Rosa. Oh flattering Sex! whose Tongues are (at Command
To Conquer still, what e'er their Hearts desire!
Why, why, ye Powers, did you on Man bestow
Such an unbounded Sense, to win our fondness,
And yet so little Honour to indulge it?
His Tongue has Charms equal to his Embraces,
And one is by the other still relieve'd,
That there's no end of Pleasure where he is.

King. Relentless Creature! is this Woman's Usage?
Can that Divinity hear so unmov'd?
Some cursed Fiend has stol'n upon thy Sleep,
And chang'd the Nature of my *Rosamond*.
What is it you could think to ask of me,
But I'd have granted it before 'twas nam'd?
Wilt thou not speak? Must I be gone for ever?
What! not a look to tell me I may stay?

If

If thy proud Heart's too stubborn to express it,
Give me a doubtful glance to keep me here.
All! All are shut against my intreating Prayers!
Farewel then, since there is no glimpse of Comfort.
[*Retires.*

My Soul's turn'd Woman, I must ask again:
Yet, *Rosamond*, one word. She's fix'd!
Oh that some Power would Rivet us for ever
Within each others View,
That she, like me, might have no other Object,
Yet e'er I go, for ever *Rosamond*——

Rosa. What is it you would have me speak?

King. Why any thing that will excuse my stay-
(ing.

Rosa. I cannot look upon you.

King. Then turn away, talk to thy self:
Let me but hear thee, if I must not see thee.

Rosa. Why should ye tempt me to believe again,
Only to load me with a new Affliction?
Could I be satisfied——but 'tis impossible,
So we must part; there is no Remedy.

King. 'tis a sad truth indeed: Part! 'tis resolv'd!
Alas, I only came to take my leave,
But fain I would have passed Friends with thee,
Because I thought I had no Friend beside.

Rosa. And could you think parting would make
(us Friends?

King. No, but I thought our meeting might.

Rosa. Then why d'ye talk of parting?

King. I know not what I talk of; any thing,
(let us but talk.

Rosa. Better be silent sure, than talk of that.

King. Why, must we not then part?

Rosa. Oh never, *Henry*! I can hold no longer!
Be false, or faithful, I must love thee ever!
If we must part, be't all upon thy Head!
For thus I am resolv'd to live or dye. [*Embraces.*

King. Then let thy Arms grow round me:
Into thy Soul press mine: Tye them so fast,

That

That one may never stir without the other.
Oh! now my Tryal comes: Heart, bear this Shock,
And nothing, sure, can hurt thee. [*Aside.*

Rosa. Why do ye tremble?
Your Blood is summon'd from your Cheeks
By some strange Call; or have I press'd too hard,
And kiss'd it from 'em?

King. It will not out.

Rosa. What will not?

King. Fate has so order'd. (bounds Ruin!

Rosa. How has Fate order'd? Oh! my Soul

King. I'll call it by a gentler Name than parting.

Rosa. Nothing that's gentle is allay'd to it.

King. We must separate.

Rosa. Not when my Arms grow round thee.

King. My Stars have loos'd 'em.

Rosa. 'Tis false, they clasp thee still.

King. My Son, in whom I plac'd intire Repose
Has cast off Duty, and now heads Rebellion!
The factious Clergy all applaud the Act!
His Mother knows, but softens the vile Treason!
And if the Current be'nt with speed turn'd off,
'Twill burst the Barriers of our Love for ever.

Rosa. Let me go with you.

King. Impossible!
Thy tender Body cannot brook such usage,
As the Necessity of War throws on us.

Rosa. I'll like a Page attend you where you go,
Run by your Side, and watch your sleeping Hours,
And in the Fight I'll always meet your Danger.
I'll step before you as your Fate approaches,
That when the God of War beholds my daring,
And sees he must through me create his Conquest,
Honour shall find it self out-done by Love,
And blushingly reverse your Destiny.

King. Oh wond'rous Constancy! (other?
Heav'n! Art thou not asham'd to let us want each
But we must bear it:

Our

Our present Pain will make our future Joy,
And to shew much of Love, is much to suffer.
Within this Bower, which purposely I fram'd
For thy Security, thou shalt remain;
The Labyrinths Conveyance none does know
But *Vaughan*,
He, and thy Confessor, are all shall wait thee.

Rosa. Alas, I shall not need 'em.

King. Why?

Rosa. Oh! I shall never see thy Face again!
An evil Dream this Morning entertain'd me,
And now it is Confirm'd.

King. Divert those fears, for I shall come again!
I've made a Vow to Heav'n, in thy behalf,
And sure 'twill Guard us till it is perform'd.
I'm call'd; once more into thy Arms, and
Then to War. Farewell. [*Trumpets sound.*

Rosa. Nay, let me see thee to the Gates:
Let my fond Eyes the most o'th' Object make:
Oh that they could such a long Slumber take,
That I, thy Absence, might in Sleep beguile,
Then wake to run with a transported Smile,
And meet thee at thy last returning Mile.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Abbot *and* Bertrard.

Abbot. IT must be done; there is no other way:
We must launch out, or split upon the Rock
Of her Displeasure.

Bert.

Bert. Ay, but the King! (spicious Gale

Abb. Fear not, the Wind sits fair, and the au-
Will in few Hours waft him to *Normandy*.

Bert. Ay, ay; You've fed me up all along with Fancies, and made me believe the Lord knows what, that I should be promoted and advanc'd: I'm in a very fair way indeed, if hanging will do't.

Abb. The lucky Hour is come, accept the Offer,
And be what thou desirest.

Bert. What, because I'm *Rosamond*'s Confessor, and have the Privilege of the Bower, you persuade me to make my self a Property to the Queen's Revenge, and be accessary to the Death of my sweet Charge?

Abb. You take me for a Villain then, it seems.

Bert. It seems somewhat scurvily; Not that I
Am afraid I shall be so. (take you for one, but

Abb. Go to; you are to blame. and I must chide
What, think you I'd impose a Falshood on you, (you,
Upon the Man I love, my Confident?

Bert. Oh, she's a furious Queen! I shall never forget what a fright she put me in; I am not come to my self yet, nay, 'tis a Question whether ever I shall.

Abb. I tell thee, she's a perfect Convert, Brother;
Moves with my Will, and acts as I direct.
Come, shall I tell thee why she courts this Visit?
I have enjoy'd it as a Penance to her,
To mortifie her Pride, and haughty Humour,
And work, if possible, a Change in Nature.
Where thou fear'st Danger, thou shalt find it Calm
As Peace it self.

Bert. This is wonderful!

Abb. The tim'rous *Rosamond* shall be surpriz'd,
And with the Arms of Clemency embrac'd;
The Lioness and Lamb shall yoke together.

Bert. Ay, but can it be lasting?

Abb.

Abb. My Life for't.
Mark what I say, and thou shalt find it Truth:
This Queen thou dread'st, shall daily visit her,
Condole their sep'rate Loss in *Henry*'s Absence;
Nay, with the Bowl of Plenty shall caress her;
Each Day shall still beget new Marks of Friendship,
As this must usher in the happy Union.

Bert. Why this is from one Extreme to th'other:
Can magnificent Majesty condescend to this?

Abb. You soon shall be convinc'd: See there,
I've been her Purveyor already:
Choice Wines and Fruits, the best of Nature's Store,
Are ready to Regale the fair Recluse.
Come, will you do the Office of a Friend,
Or shall I tell the Queen of your Refusal?

Bert. Oh, no, no, by no means. (I believe he's in earnest, and I will not baulk my Fortune. *Aside.*) But do you really think in your Soul I shall ever live to be an Abbot? (*to Ard.*

Abb. The Mitre waits thy own Acceptance, *Bert.*

Bert. Why truly a Mitre's a fine Thing; next to a Crown there's nothing above it; nay, I have often known the Mitre govern the Crown; and really 'tis great to govern a Crown; 'tis part of the Churches Prerogative: and though I am but a little Abbot, I shall be a rite Abbot, and the World is not over-stock'd with rite Abbots. Well, Father, I am all Obedience, I'll do't.

Abb. About it then.

Bert. What just now at this Minute? ha!

Abb. Why dost thou tremble so?

Bert. Cold, only Cold, nothing else. There's no going back now, I have given my Promise; but my Mind misgives me plagily. If she murders *Rosamond*, I must certainly make up the Chorus: and if, instead of a Mitre to enlighten my Brow, I should have a Halter to encircle my Neck, Oh Lord!

Abb. Who waits? *Enter*

Enter two Servants.

Bert. Who are these, ha? They look terribly. That Fellow has a dreadful cut-throat Countenance.

Abb. They are my Servants.

Bert. I never saw 'em before.

Abb. What then?

Bert. Nay, be not angry, I'm ready.——Sure this Abbot cannot have the Heart to murder one of his Brethren, when I am no hindrance to his Preferment. *Aside.*——My Lord!

Abb. What say you?

Bert. Is the Queen ready?

Abb. At hand.

Bert. Sir *Thomas* is dev'lish Jealous; you must keep out of Sight till I've secur'd him; if he sees us, I'm undone.

Abb. Oh! fear not. [*Ex.* Bert. *with the Ruffians.*
The Fool's grown Troublesom and Dangerous,
Too fearful, too inquisitive to live.
Therefore I've sent him on this speedy Errand.
I hope his Curiosity will tempt him (son'd
To taste both Wine and Fruit; all which are poy-
Beyond the reach of Art to Remedy.
'Tis not improbable, but he may urge her
To follow the Example of her Grandam.
But say this Project fails, what then must second?
A Dagger must complete the erring Potion.
Remov'd she must be; let come on, what will;
There is no middle Course in doing ill.

Enter Queen and Attendants.

Queen. What, at a loss, my Friend, my Oracle?
Is this a time for thinking?

Abb. 'Twas for your Service, Madam.

Queen. I believe you, but cannot brook delay:
My Rage boyls o'er, and Nature's in a Flame;
Fierce as a Tygress that has lost her Young,

I thrust

I thirst for the Pursuit of the Destroyer.

Abb. Your Guards must stay behind.

Queen. Why so? (Suspicion,

Abb. They are too Numerous, and will breed
Besides, I have provided Hands enough,
And nothing's wanting, but your Royal Presence
To Grace the Scene.

Queen. Now, *Rosamond*, thy Last of Life is run:
Since thy Ambition levels at my Crown,
Swift as the first Usurper thou shalt down,
To Molten Seas, and Lakes of Sulph'rous Fire,
Whose Flames are restless as thy own Desire;
Seem always dying, but shall ne'er Expire. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Out-side of the Bower.*

Enter Bertrard *and Ruffians.*

Bert. Oh, yonder he is. What, ho! Sir *Thomas!* [*Knocks.*

Sir *Tho.* (*above.*) The Devil's in the Fellow: If a Man were not Deaf, here's Noise enough to make him so.

Bert. 'Tis I, your Friend.

Sir *Tho.* Father *Bertrard?*

Bertr. The same.

Sir *Tho.* What Wind drives you hither?

Bert. A Message from the King, and a Present for (the Lady.

Sir *Tho.* I'm coming, I'm coming. [*Descends.*

Bert. My Heart beats still; I sweat with Apprehension: I should make but an Ill Martyr for Religion; and to die for these Lovers would be ten times more terrible.

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir *Tho.* What have we here, ha! I should have thought a Present of Jewels had been more proper than

than Wine; but may be he thinks it fit she should be kept Maudlin till he return: In with your Engage Friends.

Bert. What, before you? (it therefore,

Sir *Tho.* This is no place for Ceremony, I take Troop, or— [*Ex.* Bert. *and* Ruff.

There must be something more than ordinary in this, for he never mention'd a Syllable to me; yet now I think on't, Lovers are very apt to forget; and the poor Gentleman was in a strange Confusion at parting: Well I'll in, and examine the whole. Ha! who comes yonder! the Queen! Gods Life, there's Villany, I'll House presently and secure my Charge. [*Re-enter* Ruff. *and stab him.* Murder, Murder.

Enter Queen and Abbot

Abb. Drag him to yonder Thicket. Now, Madam, all is safe, and we may enter.

[*Ruff. Drags off Sir* Tho. *Ex. Queen and Abbot.*

Enter King, *and* Verulam *Disguis'd.*

King, Pity me rather than condemn my Frailty,
And spare the rigid Censure I deserve;
I cannot rest, some Devils haunt my Soul:
When late last Night I sunk to my Repose
A dreadful Vision entertain'd my Slumber;
Poor *Rosamond* methought was all on Fire,
And as I strove to quench the raging Object,
The Queen threw Oil on the expiring Flames,
And made 'em blaze a-fresh with fiercer fury.

Veru. 'Tis but the restless Passion of your Love.

King. I started from my Dream, and call'd to thee,
Bad thee get Horse, attend me instantly,
And thus unknown we've posted from *Southampton*;
Methinks we have rid upon the Wind, ha, *Verulam*,
I scarce could feel the Speed my Spurs created,

And

And yet methoughts 'twas a slow pace to Love,
Veru. It is not fit that I dispute your Will,
Tho' I could wish, nay, do with all my Soul,
This Ague fit of Love had never seiz'd you;
For by it, you may lose the bless'd occasion
That time e'er offer'd to surprize your Foes.
King. Tell me no more of Foes while she's in (danger,
For, oh, my Soul is wedded to the Fair,
Whose Power is boundless as her Beauties Charms;
When I would go, there's something holds me (back;
Even while I talk, my boding Heart, with more
Than usual fierceness, beats its time,
As if that Life were on the hurry.
Why this cold Dew, which flows from every Pore?
Why do I tremble thus?
Surely the Earth suffers the throws of Labour,
And some strange Birth starts forth to view the (World.
Ver. Imagination gains upon you, Sir.
King. Ha! Is't not Blood?
By Heav'n a mighty Tract! where is the Source?
Search! find it out! I'm on the Rack!
[*They search and drag in*
Am I to blame now, *Verulam*? [*Sir* Tho Vaughan.
Oh, speak! where is my Soul? my Love? my (*Rosamond*?
Sir *Tho.* I shall never recover.
King. Say, is she living? Answer me quickly,
If thou dst save the King.
Sir *Tho.* The Queen and Abbot.----
King. The Devil. (me:
Sir *Tho.* Ay, and his Dam too, they have mam'd
King. Force open the Doors.
Ver. Impossible' the means are wanting.
King. Would I have answer'd so to *Verulam*?
To thy Relief I would have added Wings.
Would I had Men, not Walls, to Combat with!
With my keen Sword I'd hew a passage through!
Spight of all Opposition force my way,

And

And from the Harpies Talons snatch the Prey.

[*Exit* King *and* Veru.

Sir *Tho.* Gently, gently, good Gentlemen, I shall reach my Journy's end soon enough. If the King does force in, and my Life keeps me company so long, I would fain see my self reveng'd on this damn'd *Abbot*. (recover?

Gent. Will you not be dress'd Sir, you may

Sir *Tho.* No, I'm past the Cure of a Salve-dauber, would I had the Grace to ask Pardon for my Sins: But I have put off my Repentance as I us'd to do my Business, till the last hour, and now I'm hurry'd to the Devil at a moments warning! Softly, good Sirs, softly. [*Exit*.

SCENE, *the Bower*.

Enter Rosamond *and* Bertrard.

Rosa. You have remov'd the Mist of my Offences
Which, like a Cloud ascended up to Heaven,
And hinder'd all my Prayr's from being heard.
How willingly could I relinquish Life!
Part with this wretched being! and for ever,
Within the Earth's cold Womb, contented lye?

Bert. Have you a mind to destroy your self?
Go to, you're to blame; by my Order you are.
What! spoil that pretty Face with whimpering,
and crying for a little Absence?

Rosa. I am miserable, Father! A lost Creature!
For all the comfort of my Life is gone!
The Sun has left the Horrizon, and I,
Like those who live under the Frozen Pole,
Am now all Darkness, Horror and Confusion.

Bert. He'll return, I warrant thee, speedily; he can't live without you. You're the Apple of his Eye, the Joy of his Heart, the Lamp of his Life,

and

and he'll bring Oil to feed it; I'm certain ------ If the Queen should bolt upon us, while she's in this humour, 'twould scare her out of her Wits; there is no perswading her to Reason: I'll see what a comfortable Dram will do. Why, Madam! Madam! you have forgot what the King sent, he foresaw there would be occasion, and, like a prudent Man, provided against a Rainy Season; see how it sparkles, 'tis as bright as your Eyes: [*Opens a flask of Wine and fills.* As red as your Lips. Now cannot I forbear His Majesties Health: May he live for ever. [*Drinks.*

Rosa. Heaven say, *Amen.*

Bert. It has an odd sort of a Farewell---I can't imagine what growth this Grape is of-----'tis not *Burgundy.* Gad shall save me, it warms one strangely; such a twang I have not met with: I must cover his Majesties Health with your Ladyships. Come bless both! bless both! [*Drinks.*

Enter Queen *and* Abbot.

Queen. What stately Rooms! what glorious (Apartments!
How Furnish'd! how Adorn'd! These shew a (Grandeur,
Fit for the Empress of the Universe.

Abbot. Love always serves his Minions at this (Rate,
And 'tis her turn to be ascendant now.

Queen. Not and I live my most Officious Sir.

Rosa. The Queen!

Bert. Ha! how terrible she looks.

Queen. An unexpected Visitor it seems.

Rosa. Where is my Guardian? Where my (Servants?

Abbot. They're gone before to Usher you the (way.

Rosa, I am betray'd! Undone.

Queen.

Queen. Thou art, indeed.
Thy Guilt arraigns thee, and thy Conscience has
Pronounc'd against thy self the fatal Sentence:
Here all thy Glories mingle with the Dust.

Bert. Oh Lord! what will become of us, she's got into one of her mad Fits again? I'm ruin'd! A lost Man!

Rosa. What means my Queen? (the Queen,

Queen. No, you mistake, I am the Slave, you are
For all of Majesty, of Power, and Pomp,
Are Center'd by my Lord, the King, in you;
I servilely attend your leisure Hours,
And humbly wait upon his idle Pleasures.

Bert. Here will be Murder; I'm in a Sweat al-

Abb. Peace, Fool. (ready.

Bert. Peace Fool! where is it? here's no likelihood of Peace; here's nothing but Fire and Tow, and I burn already.

Rosa. Will you but hear me? (set;

Queen. No, 'tis in vain, thy bounds of Life are
Thou dyest Usurper. (Blow.

Rosa. Yet stay, one word before you strike the

Abb. She is not fit to Live, therefore Dispatch:
Strike home, and while she's studying for a Lye,
Let her sink quick to Hell, and tell it there.

[*A Noise within.*

Enter Ruffian.

Ruff. The King.

Queen. Ha! where;

Ruff. Is upon Entrance.

Abb. Has Mischief plaid the Jilt.

Rosa. Oh lucky Minute! (dedly.

Bert. Welcome, dear King; but I burn confoun-

Queen. Thou shalt not escape.

Rosa. You will not Murder me! (should end.

Queen. Had'st thou ten thousand Lives, here they

Abb.

Abb. We trifle time away.

Queen. To let thee ſee I am yet Charitable,
And would not kill but on Neceſſity,
Here, take thy choice, drink this, and linger out
A moments Space.

Roſa. Yet Mercy! [*Kneels.*

Queen. Here's all I have. [*Offers to Stab her.*

Roſa. Oh, hold! Give me the Cup! The Dag-
(ger gives
Immediate Death, and I ſhall periſh e'er I ſee the
(King.

Abb. What, will you ſpare her? (*Noiſe louder.*

Queen. No---Drink or--- (of Life;

Roſa. I do. Thus I ſubmit, and drink the Bane,
The Bane of Love. Oh *Henry!* thus I fall thy
Sacrifice. [*Drinks*

Bert, What! Do I ſee the ſame Wine I drank?

Queen. Riſe, *Roſamond.* (Oh! My Bowels!

Roſa. Only to fall again? No, I am down for
Bert. Is the Wine poyſon'd, no help? (ever.

Abb. None; you muſt be faſting, fall to your
(Prayers.

Bert. I've none of my Beads: Oh! I'm gone!
(I'm dying! I'm dead!

Abb. Lead the Fool out; let not his Noiſe di-
(ſturb us.

Bert. Oh, Gentlemen, what will become of my Soul? what will become of my Soul? Take notice, Friends, that I die in doubt! I die in doubt! for I dont know where I'm going.

[*Ruffians lead out* Bertrard.

Enter King, Verulam, *and Guards.*

King. Am I then come too late? And is my Roſe,
My lovely Roſe, torn ſhort from off the Stalk?
Look up my Love, and bleſs me with thy Eyes;
Oh, gaze upon me while their Luſtre laſt,

And when they close, I'll sink in darkness with 'em.

Rosa. I do, I must while I have any Being;
But, Oh, the Date is short, yet I am blest
That I expire within your Royal Arms.

King. Open the snowy Mansion of thy Breasts,
Where Natures everlasting matchless Sweets ('em.
Shoot forth, to bless the Sence that can approach
Oh, shew me where the bleeding Sluces are,
That I may piece meal tear my trembling Flesh,
To stop thy flowing Life.

Rosa. I have no Wounds.

King. Why then dost thou talk of dying?
Why stretch my Soul upon the Rack of Tortures?

Queen. Oh, most detested Sight;
Curse on my Hand that spar'd the Object
Which so much torments me.

King. Help me to rear her.

Rosa. O, if I stir I die, my Dear, Dear *Henry*.

King. What? (time

Rosa. I'm Poison'd; let me Embrace you for the
I stay, and breath my Soul out here, for 'tis on
(Wing.

King. Some run with speed, and call Assistance
My Crown to him that saves her. (hither,

Enter Sir Thomas, *led in.*

Sir *Tho.* Thank you Gentlemen for your good Company hither, I am Travelling; the Abbot, that Spiritual Guide, has given me a wrong Pass, a Pox on him.

Abb. While Fate is busie, I will shift the Place,
It grows too hot for me.

Veru. Your Pardon Sir,
[*As the Abbot is going, Verulam stops him.*
We must not part yet.

Sir *Tho.* No, hold him good *Verulam*; let not the Layery be ever the Sufferers; let the Church have

have her ſhare of this Miſchief, that ſhe may not Laugh at us always.

Abb. An Ax, a Gibbet, or a Wheel; Oh, Scandal of my Tribe, to be thus caught.

Roſa. Have I your Hand?

King. Why, doſt thou queſtion it?

Roſa. A ſudden Miſt intrudes upon my Sight,
My Limbs grow Numb; I ſhiver with the Cold,
Cold touch of Death; Oh, help me, claſp me hard;
A tall lean ſhade is plucking me away:
I muſt along with him.

King. Oh, dreadful Sound! (hereafter,

Roſa. Remember me a little amidſt your Joys
Indeed I'll think on you; Oh, in my Grave,
(when you
Expire, be laid; I'll keep it warm againſt your
(coming.
I'm very Sick----my Pain's exceeding great----
But yet I Love, believe me that I Love, Farewell.
[*Dies.*

King. Oh, one word more, my *Roſamond*, one
She's gone, the beauteous Frame's diſſolv'd, (more,
Life is no more; and what is Life without her?
Now for *Meduſa's* Head to work a Change,
That I might grow a Statue by her Side,
And be each others Monument for ever.

Veru. My Royal Lord, (her Lips?

King. What wond'rous ſweetneſs dwells upon
Tho' Death has Ravith'd hence the blooming Roſe,
The Lillies ſpring afreſh --, but a pale yellow
Steals upon their Beauty, and with the ſetting Sun.
They ſeem to wither.

Veru. Sir, I beſeech you; (gles.

King. Oh, *Verulam*, behold! how Nature ſtrug-
The Red again ſeems to aſſume her Cheeks,
And Death's unwilling to perform his Office;
He's ſtopt to Heav'n to beg her a Reprieve:
Life, like a Lambent Glory, Dances round her,

And waits for fresh Admittance.

Vern. Will you not hear me Sir? (plain'd,

King. The Gods were deaf to me when I com-

And I will now be so to all the World.

Queen. May I not speak?

King. And justify the Murder: Hence begone.

Queen. No; as an expiation for the Fact,

Here take my Life, but spare my Children.

King. Ha! what say you?

Queen. Our easie Natures were impos'd upon,

Abuled by yonder Villains Sophistry;

Had he ne'er blown the Embers of Suspicion,

That you design'd to Ruin them and me,

These Hands had ne'er been stain'd with Blood.

King. Speak Fury, what could urge thee to this (Deed?

Abb. Remember *Becket*, and then shake with

King. Away with him to Death. (Horror.

Abb. Thou dar'st not kill me *Henry*;

Too much o'th' Church's Blood hangs on thy Head:

If thou tak'st mine 'tis multiplying Murder.

King. Thou shalt not live, tho' I appeal unto (his Holiness.

Sir *Tho.* That's asking my Fellow if I am a (Thief.

There's Justice cheaper for you:

[*Stabs the* Abbot, *who falls.*

Sink Pulpit-Furniture,

Abb. 'Tis done, and all your torturing Projects are prevented: But Monarch, here I Prophesie thy Ruin! To *Becket's* Shrine thou must a Pilgrim go, the Church has vow'd it; shun it if thou canst. And next thy Son; Thy Son shall wear thy Crown in thy own Life-time. *Becket*, thy Hand, and Guide me, for I'm coming.

King. Can Wickedness, like thine, e'r hope for (Heav'n?

Abb. No matter what I hope for, this I know,

Thy

Thy Plagues on Earth will equal mine below. [*Dies.*

Sir *Tho.* So, here's a Temporal Pimp, by a Spiritual Knave, and how to get to Heav'n without him will be hard.

Ver. Poor Sir *Thomas.*

Sir *Tho.* As Rich as I was born, the Earth has her own again, and I owe the World nothing. [*Dies.*

King. Behold what thou hast done, unthinking [Woman a
Thou wretched Instrument to yonder Villain!
Prithee begone, lest that my trembling Hand
Rush on a Deed unworthy of my self. (ever,

Queen. I go, and if thy Rage will banish me for
It will some Pleasure to my wrongs appear,
As I must ne'er have thee, thou can'st not her. [*Ex. Queen.*

King, Oh, *Rosamond!*
What Wonders would I do to purchase thee again!

Ver. Take Comfort, Sir, since she is past restoring:
Let War, and thoughts of Conquest, drive her from (you.
Your Country wants you, and your Honour calls,
If you'd do something to Revenge her Loss,
Now is the time; your Son invites you to't.
We'll raise a Funeral Pile of *Norman* Rebels,
And burn 'em to the Memory of her. (me;

King. I thank thee, *Verulam,* thou hast awak'd
Let's hasten to Erect that Monument.
Oh *Rosamond!* thou shalt be nobly follow'd;
Of my own Bowels I will make Attonement!
And my curs'd Queen shall find her Rage outdone,
For I'll Revenge thy Loss upon her Son. [*Ex.*

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